

There's a girl somewhere under the moon  
with her heart made of love  
and soul made of truth  
with a spark in her eyes  
and spirit so bright  
that I can't sleep at night.

She's the angel that makes flowers grow.  
As she sings with her smile,  
the whole Earth starts to glow  
and there's something inside of my bones  
when I'm with her, I know that I'm home.  
Now I'm so proud to say that she's mine.

I wish I could take back the pain that I've caused  
but I can't learn to walk if I don't trip and fall.  
You're the only one who's ever held my hand for this long  
and to you, I will always be long (and to you, I will always be  
long)