Serenade

Slim Whitman

Serenade,
Our love is a serenade,
Our song the heavens made
And angels played
When first we metWe touched and I became divine, my love
Because of you,
The stars that shine, my love,
They're mine, my loveSerenade,
Our love is a serenade,
our song of sweet desire
No earthly choir
Could quite resistI have known the magic of
Our theme that cannot fade,
Our serenade of love

Songwriters
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