

All the Things You Are

Ray Conniff, Billy Butterfield

You are the promised kiss of springtime
That makes the lonely winter seem long
You are the breathless hush of evening
That trembles on the brink of a lovely song
You are the angel glow that lights a star
The dearest things I know are what you are
Some day my happy arms will hold you
And some day I'll know that moment divine
When all the things you are, are mine
You are the angel glow that lights a star
The dearest things I know are what you are
Some, some, some, some some day my happy arms will hold you
And some day I'll know that moment divine
When all the things you are, are mine, yeah, yeah
All the things you are, are mine
All the things you are, come to mine
Some day my happy arms will hold you
All the things you are, come to mine
All the things you are, come to mine
All the things you are, come to mine
All the things you are, come to mine

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