

# This Right Here

Marketa Irglova

Anything that I could say right now,  
Would only be a pale reflection of what I feel  
    Won't you let me just look at you,  
    Our eyes are the windows to our souls, and  
They will show one another all there is to know,  
About the things that I'd like you to understand  
    Hold my hand and listen with your skin,  
    Let your inner senses take me in, and  
We will go beyond wordsLike a wish that's remained concealed,  
    Like a wound that has never healed,  
    And the secret language of the heart,  
    I summoned you to me,  
As the missing part of my life's design  
    Your destiny's linked with mine,  
    As I light these candles for you, and  
Your unspoken wish coming true, but  
    The present is the gift  
    Yeah, this right here  
    This right here

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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