

# The Gift You Are

John Denver

Imagine a month of Sundays  
Each one a cloudy day  
Imagine the moment the sun came shining through  
Imagine that ray of sunshine as you Remember your darkest hour  
With dawn still far away  
Remember the way that you longed for mornings light  
And think of yourself as a candle in the night Make believe this is the first day  
Everything all brand new  
Make believe that the sun is your own lucky star  
And then understand the kind of gift you are The gift you are  
Like the very first breath of spring  
The gift you are  
All the joy that love can bring The gift you are  
All of our dreams come true  
The gift you are  
The gift of you You are the promise of all the ages  
You are the Prodigal Son  
You are the vision of prophets and sages  
You are the only one Dream of a bright tomorrow  
Know that your dream will come true  
Carry your dream in a sparkling crystal jar  
Then you will know the kind of gift you are The gift you are  
Like the very first breath of spring  
The gift you are  
All the joy that love can bring The gift you are  
All of our dreams come true  
The gift you are  
The gift of you The gift you are  
Like the very first breath of springtime  
The gift you are  
All the joy that love can bring The gift you are  
All of our dreams come true, yes, they do  
The gift you are  
The gift of you  
The gift you are  
The gift of you

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