

# This Kind of Love

**Bill Miller**

You speak to me through a broken window  
You are alive in an old oak tree  
You hold me close when the winter wind blows  
I hear your footsteps on the streetI feel your presence in the early mornin'  
I dream of you in the darkest night  
You call to me without a warning  
I see your face in the fires lightThis kind of love you cannot hold  
This kind of love it has no shame  
This kind of love is never old  
This kind of love you cannot hold  
This kind of love you cannot tameYou found a way through all my secrets  
And made my proud defenses fall  
This kind of love it knows no distance  
This kind of love it knows no wallsThis kind of love you cannot hold  
This kind of love it has no shame  
This kind of love is never old  
This kind of love you cannot hold  
This kind of love you cannot tameThis kind of love you cannot hold  
This kind of love it has no shame  
This kind of love is never old  
This kind of love you cannot hold  
This kind of love you cannot tame  
This kind of love is without blame

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