

I Know How to Love

VAST

She was a ballerina, until her feet gave up
She spends her summers in the north and winters in the south
I met her through an accident, but you could call it fate
I may not have that much to give, but I know how to love Save me from this empty life, save me from this place
She wants to go to Paris, she want to go to Spain
and she can buy the ticket, it wont put her out
I may not have that much to give, but I know how to love

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