## **Circa 1991**

## **Brandtson**

with her there's no pretending to feel the way i feel i'd never second guess myself if everything was real she could keep a secret she could make the plans she would miss me when i'm gone but she would understand i wonder when i'll meet her, i wonder when i see her, will i know? another day without her another holiday i'll spend alone if ever i might need to hear her voice a while i could call from far away and she would make me smile are you really out there waiting around for me? i know i'll be here for you if this is meant to be one day i know i'll find her i wonder when she sees me will she know? and on that day i find her we'll be the two to never let it go

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