

Turning Page (Instrumental)

Sleeping At Last

I've waited a hundred years
But I'd wait a million more for you
Nothing prepared me for
What the privilege of being yours would do
If I had only felt the warmth within your touch
If I had only seen how you smile when you blush
Or how you curl your lip when you concentrate enough
Well I would have known
What I was living for all along
What I've been living for
Your love is my turning page
Where only the sweetest words remain
Every kiss is a cursive line
Every touch is a redefining phrase
I surrender who I've been for who you are
For nothing makes me stronger than your fragile heart
If I had only felt how it feels to be yours
Well I would have known
What I've been living for all along
What I've been living for

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