If a picture paints a thousand words, then why can't I paint you?

The words will never show the you I've come to know.

If a face could launch a thousand ships, then where am I to go?

There's no one home but you, you're all that's left, me too

And when my love for life is running dry, you come and pour your-self on me

If a man could be two places at one time, I'd be with you

To-morrow and to-day, be-side you all the way

If the world should stop re-volving, spinning slowly down to die,

I'd spend the end with you, and when the world was through

Then, one by one, the stars would all go out, then you and I would simply fly a-way
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