169. In this heart. Sinead M.B. O’Connor

In this heart lies for you,

a lark born only for you,

who sings only to you,

my love my love, my love.

I am waiting, for you,

for only to adore you,

my heart is for you,

my love my love, my love.

This is my grief, for you,

for only the loss of you,

the hurting of you,

my love my love, my love.

There are rays on the weather,

soon these tears will have cried,

all loneliness have died,

my love my love, my love.

I will have you with me,

in my arms only,

for you are only,

my love my love, my love