

# Andrea Bocelli, Because

Because you come to me with naught save love  
And hold my hand and lift mine eyes above  
A wider world of hope and joy I see  
Because you come to me  
Because you speak to me in accent sweet  
I find the roses waking around my feet  
And I am led through tears and joy to thee  
Because you speak to me  
Because God made thee mine, I'll cherish thee  
Through light and darkness through all time to be  
And pray his love may make our love divine  
Because God made thee mine