

# You Are

Christine McVie

Tell me the whole thing isn't a dream  
I have opened my eyes and truly seen  
The colour of the eyes  
The feel of your lips on mine  
It took me a thousand years  
To discover love is fine

You are  
Everything to me  
The touch of your hand is like a blind man  
That now can see  
The colour of your eyes  
The feel of your lips on mine  
It took me a thousand years  
To discover love is fine

When you slow down  
Won't you give me some time  
I wait endlessly  
There's no reason or rhyme  
For the joy and pain you bring me  
I guess it's not a crime  
Well if it is then you're guilty  
But somehow we will be fine

You are  
Everything to me  
The touch of your hand is like a blind man  
That now can see  
The colour of your eyes  
The feel of your lips on mine  
It took me a thousand years  
To discover love is fine

Everything you are  
Everything you feel  
Belongs in a little way to me  
Like a spinning wheel

You know  
You know  
You know  
You know