

~~AM7 D9 GM7 C9~~  
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Who are you darling  
I can't find a trace  
W ~~with~~ such a lovely face  
I cannot find a trace

Who surprises the days delight  
Who penetrates the nights  
And who ~~is~~ the bliss

has a way with Sunday  
Who ~~is~~ now who would be just right

I know it's the lady in white  
They call it love cause there ain't no words  
I call it love too but I still feel a bit

mess round  
I could go on  
I could go on all night

and after we've made love  
I could go on all night