

'Cept You

David Firth

I stood neath a tree in a cool, gentle breeze at sunrise one Easter morn;
And I watch with delight at the beautiful sight of a butterfly being born.
And as it took to the sky in all it's glory and dance with the springtime dew,
I thought to myself "there is nothing as delicate in all of this world
'Cept you."

On that day as the clouds burned away I happened by a lush, flower bed.
As they smiled at the sky a single rose caught my eye dressed in yellowish-orange and red.
I was in awe of this splendid creation; a masterpiece from petal to root.
And I thought to myself, "there is nothing as beautiful in all of this world
'Cept you."

With my guitar on my knee, I wrote this sweet melody
To put wings on what I know is true...
All the stars in the sky don't match the light in your eyes;
'Cause there will never be another you.

Later that night 'round a fire burning bright I sat for hours with those I love.
There were family and friends; old and new and the kids playing cribbage
And singing songs.
I was surrounded by living treasure; a collection of rare and priceless jewels.
And I thought to myself, "there is nothing as precious in all of this world,
'Cept you."

"There is nothing as precious, delicate and beautiful in all of this world,
'Cept you."

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