



THOUGHTS OF A WEDDING

SILVER MOONS RIDE THE KISS OF
A LOVELY NEW BRIDE.

ENCHANTMENT IN THE AIR
FOR ALL THOSE THAT WOULD DARE
THE TRIP OF LOVE
THAT HAS THAT SPECIAL FLARE.

WEDDING BELLS OF THE
CHAPEL RING,
CHOIR OF THE ANGELS AS THEY SING.

HER EYES ONLY FOR ME,
TIS THE BLESSING WE SHOULD AGREE
THAT IS THE STRENGTH OF LIFE.
WALKING THAT ISLE TOWARDS MY
SMILE

HER HAND GIVEN GENTLY TO ME.
TIS BUT A DREAM THAT IS TRUE.