

# It's Love That Holds Your Hand

Jonatha Brooke

I am not a child now  
I can take care of myself  
I mustn't let them down now  
Mustn't let them see me cry  
I'm fine, I'm fine I'm too tired to listen  
I'm too old to believe  
All these childish stories  
There is no such thing as faith  
And trust and pixie dust I try  
But it's so hard to believe  
I try  
But I can't see what you see  
I try, I try, I try...  
My whole world is changing  
I don't know where to turn  
I can't leave you waiting  
But I can't stay and watch this city burn  
Watch it burn 'Cause I try  
But it's so hard to believe  
I try  
But I can't see what you see  
I try, I try I try and try to understand  
The distance in between  
The love I feel and the things I fear  
And every single dream  
I can finally see it  
Now I have to believe  
All those precious stories  
All the world is made of...  
Faith, and trust... and pixie dust So, I'll try  
Because I finally believe  
I'll try, cuz I can see what you see I'll try, I'll try  
I'll try...  
To fly

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