When she loved me

When somebody loved me,
ev'-rything was beau-ti-ful.

Ev'-ry hour we spent to-geth-er lives with-in my heart.
And when she was sad,

I was there to dry her tears; and when she was hap-py, so was I, when
she loved me.

Through the summer and the fall, we

had each other, that was all. Just she and I together, like it was meant to be.

And when she was lonely, I was there to comfort her, and I knew that

she loved me.
So the years went by; I stayed the same. But she began to drift away;
I was left alone. Still I waited for the day when she'd say,
"I will always love you." Lonely and forgotten,
never thought she'd look my way, and she smiled at me and held me just like she used to do, like she
loved me when she loved me. When somebody loved me,

everything was beautiful. Every hour we spent together,

lives within my heart, when she loved me.