

PERHAPS LOVE

Written by John Denver in about 1981, and was addressed to Denver's wife Annie Martell

Per-haps love is like a rest-ing place, A
shel-ter from the storm It ex-ists to give you com - fort, It is
there to keep you warm. And in those times of trou - ble When
you are most a-lone, The mem-o - ry of love will bring you home. Per-haps
Love is like a win - dow, Per- haps an o - pen door, It in -
vites you to come clos - er, It wants to show you more. And
e - ven if you lose your - self And don't know what to do, The
mem-o - ry of love will see you through. Oh
love to some is like a cloud, to some as strong as steel, For
some a way of liv - ing, For some a way to feel, And
some say love is hold-ing on, And some say let-ting go, And

some say love is ev'ry - thing, Some say they don't know. Per-haps

love is like the o - cean, Full of con - flict, full of change. Like a

fire when it's cold out - side Or thun-der when it rains. If

I should live for - ev - er And all my dreams come true, My

mem-o - ries of love will be of you. My

1st time: TO ☆(instrumental)
2nd time: TAG →

mem-o - ries of love will be of you.