

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 **pain**;
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**.

(4 Bar Instrumental)

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(TAG)

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