

Carla Thomas - A Love Of My Own

Tom: G

I look at the mountain
 I look at the sun
 I look at everything
 Mother Nature has done

Then I wanna know
 Why can't I find a love of my own
 (Love of my own)

I look at the skyline
 I look at the trees
 I look at the moonlight
 I feel the soft breeze

Then I wanna know
 Why can't I find a love
 of my own

Of my own (my own)

Love, how I've waited for you
 But it looks like you'll never come
 So I sit down, sit down
 And think the thing over

Is it something I've done
 I look at the flowers
 In fullest bloom

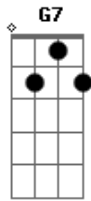
I should be happy
 But I'm filled with gloom
 Cause I wanna know
 Why can't I find a love of my own
 (Love of my own)

Cause I wanna know
 Why can't I find a love of my own

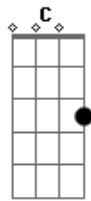
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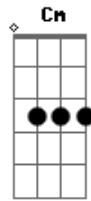
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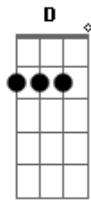
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