Dear Lord

Steve Forbert

Dear Lord, hear Lord,
Please, if you will, my plea,
Send me someone else,
Send me someone else.I can't eat, I can't sleep,
I don't even brush my teeth,
Down here by myself,
Down here by myself.Though my paths may wind through walls of grapevine,
Though the trees hang ripe with fruit to eat,
Though the berry buds may bloom and taste fine,
I can't help but look for fruit more sweet.The one thing that I'd bring
To this scene so free
Is somethin' much like me,
Is somethin' much like meExcept with soft lips
An' tender breasts an' hips
An' pretty eyes to see
An' pretty eyes to see.Though these last few nights were white with moonlight,
Though your brooks and streams are clean and clear,
Though your morning sun's a fine and bright sight,
I can't help but look for more down here.So dear Lord, hear Lord,
Make me someone new,
If you'd be so kind,
If you'd be so kind.My bed's cold, the game's old,
I'm awf'ly bored and blue.
If you would not mind,
If you would not mind.

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