

# Love Of Mine

**Richard Julian**

One, two, three, yaPlaying dead on the unmade bed  
With the book unread and the New York Times  
Undone in my head over those words  
I said to that love of mineThat love of mine  
Of mineSo many blessings, so little time  
It's easier I find to dwell on the lows  
But not her, she's a child of the sun  
She sees everyone through a veil of roseThat love of mine  
Of mineAnd in the mirror of her eyes  
I've seen my lies and they scare me half  
To death with their troubles so deep  
I start to weep at the end of a laughThat love of mine  
Of mineOh yes, love, the pleasure and the pain  
A blessing and a bane blah, blah, and all that  
I need this like a hole in my brain  
Like a downtown train needs an uptown track

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