

# After You

Jeri Southern

Though with joy I should be reeling  
That at last you came my way,  
There's no further use concealing  
That I'm feeling far from gay,  
For the rare allure about you  
Makes me all the plainer see  
How inane, how vain, how empty life without you would be.

After you, who  
Could supply my sky of blue?  
After you, who  
Could I love?  
After you, why  
Should I take the time to try,  
For who else could qualify  
After you, who?  
Hold my hand and swear  
You'll never cease to care,  
For without you there what could I do?  
I could search years  
But who else could change my tears  
Into laughter after you?

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