

# Love Of Mine

Richard Julian

Playing 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 mine  
That love of mine  
Of mine So 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 rose  
That love of mine  
Of mine And 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 laugh  
That love of mine  
Of mine Oh 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

Songwriters

JULIAN Published by

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