

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 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 rose
That 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 laugh
That 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

Songwriters
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