

Love of Mine

The Kool Katz Band

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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