

# Somebody to Love

## Saint Privat

When the truth is found  
To be lies  
And all the joy Within you dies Don't you want  
Somebody to love  
Don't you need  
Somebody to love  
Wouldn't you love  
Somebody to love  
You better find  
Somebody to love  
When the garden flowers,  
Baby, are dead yes  
And your mind, your mind  
Is so full of red Your eyes, I say your eyes  
May look like his  
But in your head baby  
I'm afraid you don't know where it is  
Tears are running  
Down your breast  
And your friends baby  
They treat you like a guest

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