Somebody to Love

Saint Privat

When the truth is found
To be lies
And all the joyWithin you diesDon'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 redYour 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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