

# Trespass

Clifford T. Ward

Love it seems isn't all that it's made out to be  
As I found out to my dismay  
I feel this way inclined  
For love, it trespass on my time. I was so taken in by all the promises she made  
I don't expect that I will change my mind  
For all that you might say  
For love it complicate my way. INSTRUMENTAL How can you ever hope to justify the things you've done?  
I don't suppose that you will even try  
And I'll get by  
And why did you interfere with me?

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