

# By My Side

William Fitzsimmons

I still hear you calling  
When sleep is escaping me  
I still hear you farther on I see you in waking  
A ghost in the window shade  
My lover, the form you take By my side, walk with me  
Make this well by my side We dance through the evening  
You feather around my toes  
I still hear the words you plead

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