Dans Mon H.L.M.

Renaud

In a long and involved conversation with myself
I saw precious things come into view
And I poured through the files taken off my mental shelf
I dusted off some memories of youThen I thought about the times when all the fair was green
How the phoenix of our love, first flapped it's silver wings
All the urgency and passion of each new day as it happened
And how it all mellowed as it grewI remember the times that our laughter would explode
And how you would turn to hide your smile
And then the hours of silence while the perfumed candle glowed
And both of us meandered on for milesI remember the time I said, I really had to go
I remember the tears that filled your eyes
Then I touched your hand and told you that it really was a lie
And though you never knew it dear, I criedWell it's amazing how time can so softly change your ways
And make you look at things that can't be seen
And how the years that roll by can start you listening
Not just to what they say, but what they meanSo forgive me my dear if I seem preoccupied
And if the razor edge of youth filled love is gone
But we're both a little older, our relationship has grown
Not just in how it's shaped, but how it's shownSo forgive me my dear if I seem preoccupied
And if the razor edge of youth filled love is gone
But we're both a little older and our relationship has grown
Not just in how it's shaped, but how it's shown

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