

Clifford T. Ward "Trespass"

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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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