

## Grace Slick "Often As I May"

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I love him,  
as often as I may,  
and I will give him before it goes away,  
the grass and wine brought love that makes him laugh  
and gentle.

Look! at him he may be smiling,  
the eyes are wide and black and acid clear,  
not exactly knowing why he stays when he speaks of  
leaving.

He won't same time,  
I want to love tomorrow he knows the one I love who  
tries never quite the same,  
but It's so near in the back in mind I'll ask to borrow him  
Look! At the love that has him moving more,  
and though, stop, anything that makes a loving bore,  
and when he loses every soft word that I say,  
He'll go away.

Repeat.

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