

Peter Green

"Labour Of Love"

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You don't remember all the things I've done;
You never catch the careful words I choose;
Your present will not admit my patient efforts -
It's a labour of love I offer to you.
Unselfishness - does that hold the space between us?
A helplessness, a nothing-left-to-prove?
A silent more eloquent than any passion?
...It's a labour of love I offer to you...
...It's a gift of love.
Take this hand and you will hold its stories;
Beat, the heart, and find the tell-tale true;
Take this gift: receipt will give it value -
It's a labour of love I offer to you,
It's a gift of love

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