

Richard Julian "Love Of Mine"

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One, two, three, ya

Playing dead on the unmade bed
With the book unread and the New York Times
Undone in my head over those words
I said to that love of mine

That love of mine
Of mine

So many blessings, so little time
It's easier I find to dwell on the lows
But not her, she's a child of the sun
She sees everyone through a veil of rose

That love of mine
Of mine

And in the mirror of her eyes
I've seen my lies and they scare me half
To death with their troubles so deep
I start to weep at the end of a laugh

That love of mine
Of mine

Oh yes, love, the pleasure and the pain
A blessing and a bane blah, blah, and all that
I need this like a hole in my brain
Like a downtown train needs an uptown track

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