

Showbiz & A.G.

"The Missing Wife"

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Should you hurt yourself or simply sleep?
I shall collect myself after I weep,
And garb myself in ocean blue,
With no method of goodbye for you,
Should the marsh render a crane to cry,
And should the sea suspend her gulls to fly,
I'll lend myself unto their wings,
And hear the voice of Jesus sing,
No wish for she whose whimsy does soar,
No wish to sleep forever more,
No eye shadow as thick as paint,
No pigment pleads unto the faint

Forgiveness like a blanket of snow whispers like the
wind does blow,
Beckoning unto the deep, offering unto the meek,
And there you lay in Jesus' hands, resting there beside
the lamb,
There will not be a circular piece to drive into a square
shaped keep,
No hands to hold within my own,
No second soul inside our home,
We'll walk beside the crystal sea,
Myself for my love, and my love for me

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