

## Showbread

### "Dear Music"

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(It's four o'clock)

If I could turn my back on anything  
I'd choose it to be you  
I've lost all interest in almost everything that you do  
You've more to do with complacency  
And the whims and trims of children  
Than any sort of worthwhile thing  
Or the few folks left to feel them

Who am I but another fool who's flirting with divorce  
Like every other thing  
You keep my foolishness on course

Maybe there is someone else less like an awful void  
Who might beckon me with open arms  
And offer new employ  
I've got to say I'm looking for it  
But if it never comes  
I'll think of when I love you  
Before you were what you've become

Who am I but another fool who's flirting with divorce  
Like every other thing  
You keep my foolishness on course

Still we have our common ground  
Which can never be annulled  
To sing of the one who made us both  
For he is wonderful

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