

Anna Ternheim

"Calling Love"

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I miss the common life we had
Monday mornings and quiet nights,
Being bored feeling fine,
Was a gift if you ask me now
I never knew, when I had you

All the same, whomever's to blame for this
I call love by your name
I take it's no use but I miss you still
Calling love by your name

Your worn apartment outside town,
I miss Saturdays when your kids came by,
It first seemed hard to accept,
But who can choose the love they get_
I thought I could
You nver measured up
Your life wasn't good enough but
Who am I to judge you now

All the same, whomever's to blame for this
I call love by your name
I take it's no use, but I miss you still
Calling love by your name

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