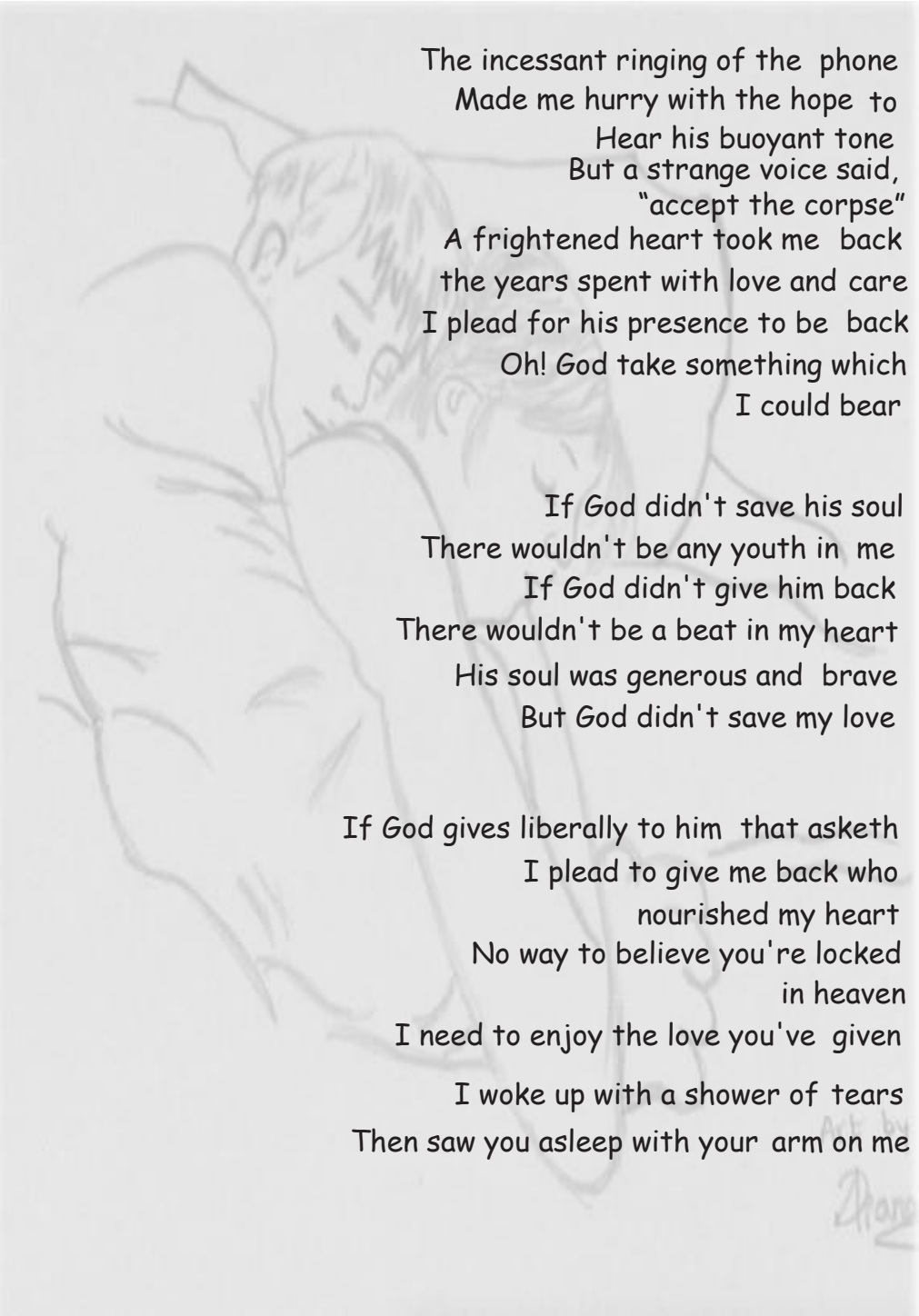


## A Torturous Dream



The incessant ringing of the phone  
Made me hurry with the hope to  
Hear his buoyant tone  
But a strange voice said,  
"accept the corpse"  
A frightened heart took me back  
the years spent with love and care  
I plead for his presence to be back  
Oh! God take something which  
I could bear

If God didn't save his soul  
There wouldn't be any youth in me  
If God didn't give him back  
There wouldn't be a beat in my heart  
His soul was generous and brave  
But God didn't save my love

If God gives liberally to him that asketh  
I plead to give me back who  
nourished my heart  
No way to believe you're locked  
in heaven  
I need to enjoy the love you've given  
I woke up with a shower of tears  
Then saw you asleep with your arm on me

