

# Basia Trzetrzelewska, A Gift

strong, that's what they say  
i'm only complacent  
and i will admit to the crime  
of being too blind  
feeling too certain  
that you'll always be on my side  
i often forget  
your love is a gift  
a gift  
i take it for granted  
i know you don't have to be here  
you don't have to love me  
yet you do  
you still do  
weak, when on my own  
confess i'm pathetic  
befriended by panic and cold  
and then you arrive  
my torment relenting  
again i appear to be strong  
that's what they say...  
i often forget your love is a gift, a gift  
trusts and lets me breathe, repairs every cut  
and sting  
i often forget your love is a gift, a gift  
you don't have to be here, you don't have to  
love me  
i know you dont have to love me and be here  
with me  
you are a gift  
i take it for granted and...  
how can i forget your love is a gift  
and you do