

Clifford T. Ward, Trespass

Love it seems isn't all that it's made out to be

As I found out to my dismay

I feel this way inclined

For love, it trespass on my time.

I was so taken in by all the promises she made

I don't expect that I will change my mind

For all that you might say

For love it complicate my way.

INSTRUMENTAL

How can you ever hope to justify the things you've done?

I don't suppose that you will even try

And I'll get by

And why did you interfere with me?