

# Freya, Sir Oliver

Sir Oliver

Oh, Oh It's not fair, it's not even close to fair  
I Can't help crying, though I don't want to go there  
He was beautiful, he was special  
He would listen even talking to myself

I will miss him, I will cry  
I don't get it yet, but God I try

In the memory of Oliver  
I sing to you Sir Oliver  
In the memory of Oliver  
I sing to you Sir Oliver

He still warms my feet in bed at night  
In my dreams we still have our playful fights  
I Can't help blaming him for leaving so soon  
Can't help thinking there was something we could do

I will miss him, I will cry  
I don't get it yet, but God I try

In the memory of Oliver  
I sing to you Sir Oliver  
In the memory of Oliver  
I sing to you Sir Oliver

It's not fair, it's not even close to fair  
I can't help crying, though I don't want to go there  
He was beautiful, he was special  
He would listen even talking to myself

I will miss him, I will cry  
I don't get it yet, but God I try

I, I miss you  
I, I, I cry  
I, I miss you  
I, I, I cry

In the memory of Oliver  
I sing to you Sir Oliver  
In the memory of Oliver  
I sing to you Sir Oliver

In the memory of Oliver  
I sing to you Sir Oliver

You're an angel now Sir Oliver  
Bet you always wanted to fly

You're an angle now sweet Oliver  
Bet you always wanted to fly, Oliver  
I do miss you sweet Oliver  
I will miss you ...