

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 ...