

Michael George, You Have Been Loved

She takes the back road and the lane
Past the school that has not changed
In all this time
She thinks of when the boy was young
All the battles she had won
Just to give him life

That man
She loved that man
For all his life
But now we meet to bring him flowers
And only God knows why

For what's the use in pressing palms
When children fade in mother's arms
It's a cruel world
We've so much to loose
And what we have to learn we rarely choose

So if it's God who took her son
He cannot be the one living in her mind

Take care my love, she said
Don't think that God is dead
Take care my love, she said

You have been loved

If I was weak, forgive me
But I was terrified
You brushed my eyes with angels wings, full of love
The kind that makes devils cry

So these days
My life has changed
And I'll be fine
But she just sits and counts the hours
Searching for her crime

So what's the use of pressing palms
If you won't keep such love from harm
It's a cruel world
You've so much to prove
And heaven helps the ones who wait for you

Well I've no daughters, I've no sons
Guess I'm the only one
Living in my life

Take care my love, he said
Don't think that God is dead
Take care my love, he said

You have been loved..