

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