

# Edith Frost, True

Blue like your eyes you left me blue  
Like my heart you left me blue  
On the night you told me  
You could never love me

You said you could never let me through  
To you that was true

True I could hold a torch for you  
Though you'd never love me true  
I could rush to meet you  
Every single morning

I can't believe you never knew  
A true act of gentleness  
A true act of tenderness  
True