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..