

The Carpenters, Eve

Eve I can't believe
That you could mean
What you just said
Think of what you are
How very far you are from being real

Look into the mirror
Nothing there to see
Eve I can't believe
You'd really leave him

(*) Notice how her image saddens
How lonely she's become
Just once I'd like to see her happy
Before the winter comes

Eve, I wouldn't lie
The open sky is not your home
Wide as it may be
Reality is here among the stones

Thorns among the roses
Add to what is real
Eve, you are a rose
Among the thorns here

Repeat (*)

I wish her only good times
Before the winter comes