

Anne Wilson, Seventh Of June

My friends, they know I won't pick up if they call me
One day a year
And that one day is here
My tears just like a summer rain are falling
It's just what they do
When I start missing you

Why'd you have to go
Why'd I have to stay
When's it gonna get easier
To make it through the day

I go out walking
I ain't much for talking
Just thinking and crying
And praying and trying
To make sense
Of what don't make sense in this life
Like why you're up there
And not here by my side
They say it's gonna get easier
And I want to believe that's true
It's just harder on the seventh of June

I've been singing songs ever since the day you left me
Crazy how my life has changed
Every night a different stage
And sometimes it feels like you and God are watching
Are you looking down on me
I wonder if you're proud of me

I miss you
Oh I miss you

My friends, they know I won't pick up if they call me
On the seventh of June
It's just me and you