Basia, 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 I know you don't 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