

Brad, Those Three Words

I could have written a story
Out of those three words
But as it stands
My organ's pumping notes
To the skill of your smile
All the while I ask for flowers
To be placed by your cheek
So the mornin' is sweet
The pleasure is close
Tick tick tick tick my dear
Can't you see?
I could have written a story
Out of I love you
I could have given
I could have given something new
But as it stands
My organ's humpin somethin' old
And all the while I ask for flowers to be
Placed by your cheek
So the mornin is sweet...
Somehow
From beginning to end
Is right here
Holding your hand
And shining your shoes
And pouring the wine
And lately, seems like everything
I'm a slave, I'm a master
And sometimes my heart, and sometimes my soul
And sometimes my fingers walk round my eyes
And precious thoughts, and diamond dreams
Somehow, from beginning to end
Is right here holding your hand
(Wednesday will come)