

Bread, What A Change

You Can't Measure The Cost
Bread
(David Gates)

The silken skies that so remind and mesmerize
And finally blind me
The downy softness of herself forever lingering
Behind me
Never ever has there been
Nor will ever be again
One someone to give you love, tenderness and be
Your friend
Hanging on 'till the bitter end
You can't measure the cost of a woman lost
But it's a heavy loss indeed for those in need.
I've tried to look inside myself
To find the strength from which to draw from
The view she saw from.
Since she tried to go too deep
Limitations brought her down
And though I'd like to free her mind
Visitations bring a frown
I gotta find the place she found
You can't measure the cost of a woman lost
But it's a heavy loss to bear when she's not there.
Where she is no one seems to know
The silken skies have swallowed her up or so it seems.
The morning mist that melts upon the meadow
Brings a touch of sorrow
The one I kissed is all alone
And may or may not know tomorrow.
Just an ordinary girl
To the ordinary eye
But so much deeper goes the vein
Like the glittering of gold you want to touch
Then you gotta hold
You can't measure the cost of a woman lost.