

Hall Tom T, Myra

Her name is Myra and her golden skin
Is tanned by the sunshine and the wind
She doesn't wear make-up and she firmly believes
In everything that Jesus came to teach

I am the opposite of her gentle ways
Yet, she remembers me each time she prays
Her heart ignoring what her eyes can see
One summer day she fell in love with me

What a pity that it cannot last
Before too many summer days have passed
She will be changing and I'll set her free
Myra, you have meant so much to me

Myra, Myra, Oh, what can I say
Go join the world and I will stay
Our lives, so different, it will kill your love
Maybe, I'll die with it when it does