

# Merril Bainbridge, Between The Days

I'd say I love you but my words are spent  
I lost them in the heat of argument  
And consequence falls around me like rain  
I dream and see you floating overhead  
I let my passion fly furious red  
Out to meet you again and again  
Now I feel your touch in the night  
With me my lover lays between the days  
So no matter what the day will bring  
I have the space in between  
To touch and taste enjoy my dream  
I know its true or so it seems  
You paint the pictures in my dreams  
My lover lays between the days  
Now I feel your touch in the night  
With me my lover lays between the days  
I've built an empire custom made for me  
In the moments between two and three  
Well thats where you'll be  
Now I fell your touch in the night  
With me my lover lays between the days