

Ocean Blue, I've Sung One Too Many Songs For

TO HEAR

She walks through my mind

She strolls through my moods

And we're wasting time in the coming, going

Losing time in the coming, going

I hold your hand in the air.

Tune drifts through my mind

Tune that isn't my kind

I hear a voice and it's speaking to me

I hear a voice and it's speaking to me

I have sung one too many songs

For a crowd that didn't want to hear . . .