

ME WITH NO YOU

Larry Jon Wilson

When I think about eternity I hate to think what I might be
Suddenly I turned around and I found me with no you

I'd be a castle with no towers, a springtime with no flowers and a mountain with no view,
A baby child with no name, an ol' light house with no flame, a clipper with no clue
A symphony with no strings, an eagle with no wings and a sapphire with no blue,
That's me, that's me with no you.

And of of all the things I've yearned about and all the things I've done without
They all shrink down to nothing
When I think about no you

I'd be a dreamer with no time left, a poet with no rhyme left and a mystery with no clue
An old goldmine with no dust and an old friendship with no trust 'nd a promise with no true
A journey with no endin' and a willow with no bending, painted colours with no hue
Hmm, that's me, that's me with no you.

Thank God, there's you.