

# Calling Love

Anna Ternheim

Missed the common life we had  
Monday mornings and quiet nights

Being bored  
Feeling fine  
Was a gift if you ask me now  
I never knew  
When I had you

All the same  
Whoever's to blame for this  
I call love by  
Your name

I take it's no use  
But I miss you  
Still calling love  
By your name

Your worn apartment outside town  
I miss Saturdays when your kids came by  
First seemed hard to accept  
But who can choose the love they get  
I thought I could  
You never measured up  
Your life wasn't good enough  
But who am I to judge you now

All the same  
Whoever's to blame for this  
I call love by  
Your name

I take it's no use  
But I miss you  
Still calling love  
By your name

All the same  
Whoever's to blame for this  
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