

You Have Been Loved

George Michael

She takes the back road and the lane
Past the school that has not changed in all this time
She thinks of when the boy was young
All the battles she had won just to give him life
That man, she loved that man for all his life
And now we meet to take him flowers and only God knows why
For what's the use of pressing palms when children fade in mothers' arms?
It's a cruel world, we've so much to lose
And what we have to learn, we rarely choose

So if it's God who took her son
He cannot be the one living in her mind

"Take care, my love", she said, "Don't think that God is dead"
"Take care, my love", she said, "You have been loved"

If I was weak, forgive me, but I was terrified
You brushed my eyes with angels' wings
Full of love, the kind that makes devils cry
So, these days my life has changed and I'll be fine
But she just sits and counts the hours, searching for her crime
So what's the use of pressing palms if you won't keep such love from harm?
It's a cruel world, you've so much to prove
And heaven help the ones who wait for you

Well, I've no daughters, I've no sons
Guess I'm the only one living in my life

"Take care, my love", he said, "Don't think that God is dead"
"Take care, my love", he said, "You have been loved"