

# 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"