

Lydia

Morten Abel

I need a voice to hear
A hand to hold
A mind to be near
I need skin to touch
The scent of hair will mean so much
I need lips to kiss
The laughter of someone to miss
I need to wake up to the sound of you breathing

I need to comfort you
And let you cry when you have to
I need to kiss your tears
And let you be alone

But you don't know what it's like
But you don't know what it's like

I need to comfort
And to say that it will be OK
I want to feel the taste of tears in my mouth
I want to give away what I got
And get nothing back
Except for moments of you love me from the heart

I need to share what I got
Or else its not worth a lot
I want to pick up the phone
And apologise

But you don't know what it's like
But you don't know what it's like

I met a man whose mission was to
Crawl across the land
He called me lucky because of what I was made
Hey man take my shoes take my coat
And understand
I am a salesman and sorrow is my trade

I share what I got
But you don't know what it's like
I share what I got
But you don't know what it's like
I share what I got
But you don't know what it's like
I share what I got
But you don't know what it's like
I share what I got
But you don't know what it's like
I share what I got
But you don't know what it's like
I share what I got
But you don't know what it's like

I need to share what I got
Or else its not worth a lot
I want to pick up the phone
And apologize