

# 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  
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