

Lovers And Friends

The Communards

All night you'd lay asleep
enfolded in my arms,
breathing slow and sweet.
I never understood
how it would prove to be
such a luxury to feel
your hand, warm in my hand
your kiss on my cheek.
Lovers and friends
are all that matter.
You'll never know how much it
came to mean to me
to have you by my side
in battles lost and won.
And now I understand
these things can never be
guaranteed.
I wish I could recall
each mundane tenderness,
remember every look, each word,
preserve every breath,
each kiss, each caress.
Lovers and friends
are all that matter.
I never thought that I would
watch you drowning
far from any sea, on crumpled sheets,
white sand in your eyes.
Lovers and friends
are all that matter.
And now when all I have of you
is a memory,
I raise my hand to touch my cheek,
imprinted with your love.