

The Poem

Andy Williams

Some people live their life
And others just survive
Some people live on love
And others live on lies
You always had a way
Of saying things in life
I'd find someone to love
Whose love is worth the climb

In your drawer I found
A poem that you kept
What I wrote back
When my arms were where you slept
While I've changed some lines
The meaning's still the same
Though you're far away
So much of you remains

Wide awake
I dream you
Out of sight
I see you
Without sound
I call you
Out of touch
I feel you

Without words
I write you
Out of reach
I hold you
Out of mind
I think you
Without tears
I cry you

Out of verse
I sing you
Without life
I breathe you
Out of faith
I pray you
Without me
I need you

In our time
I've loved you
Out of love
I've hurt you
Without pry
Implore you
Out of hope
Wait for you