

## You Can't Measure the Cost

Bread

The silken skies that so remind and mesmerize  
And finally blind me  
The downy softness of herself forever lingering  
Behind me  
Never ever has there been  
Nor will ever be again  
One someone to give you love, tenderness and be  
Your friend  
Hanging on 'till the bitter end  
You can't measure the cost of a woman lost  
But it's a heavy loss indeed for those in need.

I've tried to look inside myself  
To find the strength from which to draw from  
The view she saw from.  
Since she tried to go too deep  
Limitations brought her down  
And though I'd like to free her mind  
Visitations bring a frown  
I gotta find the place she found  
You can't measure the cost of a woman lost  
But it's a heavy loss to bear when she's not there.  
Where she is no one seems to know  
The silken skies have swallowed her up or so it seems.

The morning mist that melts upon the meadow  
Brings a touch of sorrow  
The one I kissed is all alone  
And may or may not know tomorrow.  
Just an ordinary girl  
To the ordinary eye  
But so much deeper goes the vein  
Like the glittering of gold you want to touch  
Then you gotta hold  
You can't measure the cost of a woman lost.