

Susan

Country Joe and the Fish

No more the flute-sound air speaks love songs,
No more alone and in my head.
No more your child's sweet voice speaks softly,
Softly, softly, in my ear.
Nothing's true, it doesn't matter,
The love you see not yours to judge.
Too late now, your fears surround you
Spinning seasons around you,
Susan, inside you say the words and I'll go.
Gone away, and still we're lonely.
Nothing's changed, two lives to live.
Love is cold when dreams are old.
In a dream what you see
Images that used to be.