Time Together

Michael Franks

Flora, though you sleep
On our guru's lap now
All we see everywhere is you
As we recall our time together

Lucky is how we felt
The day we found you
And we were such a happy three
O how we loved our time together

Why must the Present
Turn to Past so fast?
The disappearing Now
I wish I had a golden bough
To bring you back somehow

Someday when all our hearts
Are reassembled
Love will connect us once again
And we'll resume our time together

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