

Beside the One You Love

Peter Hammill

You're helpless, entranced by the magical touch of her skin against yours, adrift - what else is there but this? It feels so sweet to fall asleep beside the one you love

Remember this fireside, this quiet room, embers now flickering their last, like ghosts and still she holds you close. Who else could know such afterglow beside the one you love?

Someday the memory will come again as vivid as sensation now and then there'll be no 'why?' or 'when?'. Who else could do these things to you beside the one you love?

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