

## Dear Lord

Steve Forbert

Dear Lord, hear Lord  
Please, if you will, my plea  
Send me someone else  
Send me someone else

I can't eat, I can't sleep  
I don't even brush my teeth  
Down here by myself  
Down here by myself

Though my paths may wind through walls of grapevine  
Though the trees hang ripe with fruit to eat  
Though the berry buds may bloom and taste fine  
I can't help but look for fruit more sweet

The one thing that I'd bring  
To this scene so free  
Is somethin' much like me  
Is somethin' much like me

Except with soft lips  
An' tender breasts an' hips  
An' pretty eyes to see  
An' pretty eyes to see

Though these last few nights were white with moonlight  
Though your brooks and streams are clean and clear  
Though your morning sun's a fine and bright sight  
I can't help but look for more down here

So dear Lord, hear Lord  
Make me someone new  
If you'd be so kind  
If you'd be so kind

My bed's cold, the game's old  
I'm awf'ly bored and blue  
If you would not mind  
If you would not mind