

When You're Gone

To My Beloved Linda

When you're gone though the sun is out, it's gray.
When you're gone is the only time I pray.

And when you're gone the flowers just don't bloom.
The house feels like a tomb and I sit for hours just staring at the moon.

When you're gone I find it hard to get out of bed.
When you're gone your voice keeps swirling in my head.

And when you're gone everything tastes bad, even Charlie's lookin' sad
and I go to work dressed in prints and plaids when you're gone.

Picture me with a symphony
conducting a new requiem in D. (Minor).
But no one plays they all just walk away
except a clarinetist with a broken reed.

When you're gone I sometimes sit and cry and reach for you at night then
turn to Jamison's to ease my pain, when you're gone.

Music Interlude:

Picture me standing by the sea
all alone except a salty breeze.
Then it starts to rain and gloom pores on my brain.
I take a deep long breath and whisper out your name.

When you're gone I sometimes sit and cry and reach for you at night then
turn to Jamison's to ease my pain, when you're gone.

And when you're gone I dream of you alone
that one day you'll come home
and bring with you the sunshine warm and bright...
But until then I'll live a hermit's life
When you're gone.

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