

EASY CHAIR

1. When the winter rolled in, you turned to a lover
Like an easy chair.
Never mind all the sweet things,
That were never there.

So, I gave you my hand, and swore that I loved you,
Pray we make do.
Now, I'd gladly go blind,
If that would make it true.

How hard we cling to a lie.
How hard to give in and say...
One kind good-bye?

If I thought I could pray my way into heaven,
I would make a start,
But all I have is a song,
And a broken heart.

2. If I took all my trouble down to the doctor,
She would smile and say,
“Boy, I think you will live, 'til your dying day.”

But you have planted the thorns that tear at your memory,
A brambled heart in chains,
And we haven't a pill
For that kind of pain.

How hard we cling to a lie.
How hard to give in and say...
One kind good-bye?

If I thought I could pray my way into heaven,
I would make a start,
But all I have is a song,
And a broken heart.

Too many tears. Too many long good-byes.
Too many years

I choke on the memories,
For I am to blame.

But we haven't a cure for thorns in you memory
But you have planted the brambles tearing, the thorns that tear at, your memory,
You're the one to blame,

Why can't we give in, turn loose, let go, and say
When will, why can't, we learn how to say

How many tears must we cry
Before it's OK to say / Before we can justify
Before we can learn how to say...
Goodbye