Counting the Ways

My heart holds a mountain, flow'ring with thyme, It once was all ours, the meadows so fair. I'm counting the ways that my love abides.

I recall the days when everything rhymed, when you wove a wreath of thyme for my hair. My heart holds a mountain, flow'ring with thyme.

Soft, you touched me, and I did not deny. For happiness will we not sometimes dare? I'm counting the ways that my love abides.

The mountain soared and ended in a sigh.

The herb tasted sweet; my love I declared.

My heart holds a mountain, flow'ring with thyme.

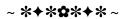
I broke, when your love you did not confide. Bitter my tears, squandered, this love so rare. I'm counting the ways that my love abides.

You, as callous as a fruit's outer rind, Could nothing more meaningful with me share. My heart holds a mountain, flow'ring with thyme. I'm counting the ways that my love abides.



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