

The Life of My Love

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I play this in DADGAD and (unusually for me) strum the guitar like Joni Mitchell does on "Both Sides Now".

♩ = 100

I am the drea-mer. She is the dream— a bad one when she goes a- way. Where did my love go? They
 say that I can't know. They won't tell me why she can't stay. I'm ly-ing a-wake with my heart like to break and
 cry-ing to the sky a-bove. For the love that owns my heart and bones. She is the life_ of my love. She
 is the air_ that I'm breath-ing— she is my con - fi-dante and I love her more than a-ny-thing_ more
 than a - ny - thing_ In the af - ter- glow, that's when I know she's all I e - ver need, she's all
 that a - ny man could want. She's my sun in the mor - ning, my stars in the eve - ning, my
 a-me- thyst, my tur tle dove My true love owns_ my heart and bones She is the life_ of my love.

I am the dreamer. She is the dream – a bad one when she goes away. Where did my love go? They tell me I can't know. They won't tell me why she can't stay.
 I'm lying awake with my heart like to break and crying to the sky above. For the love that owns my heart and bones. She is the life of my love.

*She is the air that I'm breathing - she is my confidante and I love her more than anything - more than anything
 In the afterglow, that's when I know - she's all I ever need, she's all that any man could want.
 She's my sun in the morning, my stars in the evening, my amethyst, my turtle dove.
 My true love owns my heart and bones. She is the life of my love.*

When we're apart, I can feel her breathe - like a wind, singing on the wire. I taste her lips, feel her fingertips and the fond, familiar fire.
 She smiles at me in my reverie. I'm singing to the sky above. For the love that owns my heart and bones. She is the life of my love.

When the storm and winds do blow, and try to pull love apart. I will be true to the love that we knew. I will keep her safe in my heart.
 I'll heal the pain. We'll be together again. I'll thank the sky above. For the love that owns my heart and bones. She is the life of my love.

I want to hear her sing again. I want to be her troubadour. To lie as one, by the moon and sun, for now and for evermore
 My lover. My friend, all the way to the end, when we fly into the sky above. My true love owns my heart and bones. She is the life of my love.

*No prizes for guessing who the "Life of my Love" is! Wazoo, GRM ... for Valentine's Day, 2019.
 This started off as a song to exorcise a recurring bad dream in which Glynis had left me and no-one would tell me why or where she'd gone.
 The song turned out far more positive when the chorus asserted itself! It transmogrified from fears to hopes and happiness!*