

If I Can't Love Her

John Barrowman

And in my twisted face, there's not the slightest trace
Of anything that even hints at kindness
And from my tortured shape, no comfort, no escape
I see, but deep within is utter blindness

Hopeless as my dream dies
As the time flies, love a lost illusion
Helpless, unforgiven, cold and driven
To this sad conclusion

No beauty could move me, no goodness improve me
No power on earth, if I can't love her
No passion could reach me, no lesson could teach me
How I could have loved her and make her love me, too
If I can't love her, then who?

Long ago I should have seen
All the things I could have been
Careless and unthinking, I moved onward

No pain could be deeper, no life could be cheaper
No point anymore, if I can't love her
No spirit could win me, no hope left within me

Hope I could have loved her and that she'd set me free
But it's not to be, if I can't love her
Let the world be done with me