

## Next To Me

Roy Harper

I lost the only reason that I ever had  
I did it crazy by myself  
I've always been that mad  
I needed someone by me  
To share the madness with  
To help me through the growing pain  
See me through the myth  
I thought I'd found the goddess  
I never was so sure  
But she, as fickle as the wind  
On the springtime heather moor  
Cavorted on her whim of change  
And with her laughter loud  
Cursed my good and howled my wrong  
And left me in my cloud  
I lie in awful silence  
Pierced by passing seconds  
Every one so long  
And full of you  
And why  
I wake in dreadful hours  
Frightened by each turning  
Feeling that quite soon  
I should give up and die  
Of you, of you but stay alive  
To walk the echoing  
The feeling that it was  
Or maybe not  
A wretched lie  
The silence of the night is pierced  
By owls and thieves  
Sudden gusts of wind  
Rustling my leaves  
Loud explosions in the still  
Born thoughts of old  
Please don't leave your bed for long  
It's next to me and cold