

# You Have Been Loved

George Michael

She takes the back road and the lane  
Past the school that has not changed  
In all this time  
She thinks of when the boy was young  
All the battles she had won  
Just to give him life That man  
She loved that man  
For all his life  
But now we meet to bring him flowers  
And only God knows why For what's the use in pressing palms  
When children fade in mother's arms  
It's a cruel world  
We've so much to loose  
And what we have to learn we rarely choose  
So if it's God who took her son  
He cannot be the one living in her mind Take care my love, she said  
Don't think that God is dead  
Take care my love, she said If I was weak, forgive me  
But I was terrified  
You brushed my eyes with angels wings, full of love  
The kind that makes devils cry So these days  
My life has changed  
And I'll be fine  
But she just sits and counts the hours  
Searching for her crime  
So what's the use of pressing palms  
If you won't keep such love from harm  
It's a cruel world  
You've so much to prove  
And heaven helps the ones who wait for you Well I've no daughters, I've no sons  
Guess I'm the only one  
Living in my life Take care my love, he said  
Don't think that God is dead  
Take care my love, he said You have been loved.

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