

Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder  
(lyrics John Bayley)

Simple thoughts and words, mixed with memories.  
Seen as he'd like the world to see.  
But just as freedom's own, their special key.  
Your mind restrains, what it wants to be.

"Speak to me," said he. "Only of us.  
Just like the crowd, in the prophet's song.  
"Give meaning to what we've, loved all alone.  
Convince me that my sight was not wrong.

Chorus:

And absence makes the heart grow fonder,  
And distance sees their love grow stronger.  
And solitude is a true, true companion.  
More constant than their love was ever true.  
More constant that their love was ever true.

And days pass as he, passes the days.  
Like unseen clues in the child's game.  
Miss a turn. Stays where you are,  
Dream of your face, whisper your name.

"Speak to me," says he. "Only of me.  
Tell me what, I wish to hear.  
Come and fill my head, with the candid joy.  
Absence makes you heart grow near."

Chorus: