I Miss You

Paul N. Dion / Allen M. Dion

I miss you very much.

I sometimes wonder if you miss me too.

I want to be of use and help you follow through, as only I can do.

I miss you.

I think of the blue skies in heaven above. Wrapping around you with God’s holy love.

I’ll work behind the scenes where shadows do their work without reward.

Only a woman can know what’s in your heart, one who’s been there from the start.

A secret counterpart.

It’s true. I’m lonely without you.

But the whispers can still be heard.

The lines are getting blurred.

As the world is watching, you’re in my thoughts and in my heart.

The timing’s not right, so for now, we must be apart.

I could say that I miss her too, but that’s not a simple matter.

This priest is also a man. What kind of man leads a nun astray?

Do I not understand the rules and not understand my feelings?

Who else will be there for me?

She makes me feel we could win the day.

I could send her away. She’s nothing but a burden.

But then I’d miss her face, of that I am most certain.

She’s taken quite a hold. Only my mother ever had that role.

Should I take the step and cross that bridge?

She’s a woman and a nun who understands what must be done.

Is she just the devil that I know? Or does the hand of God command?

I think of the blue skies in heaven above. Wrapping around you with God’s holy love.

Yes, I miss you very much. No one can annoy me like you do.

I see the way is clear, so please help me follow through.

As only you can do. So, I miss you.

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Website: www.lapopessa.com Email: allen.dion@lapopessa.com Phone: (978) 337-5902

Mailing Address: 458 Old Petersham Road, Barre, MA 01005