

SWEET LOVE

Caramel sugar brown and sweet  
Your eyes look up and in them I see  
Rays of honey and chocolate heat  
Sunrays dancing on a glistening sea

Like summer on the island of Capri  
You unwrap my soul and set me free to bloom like an orange flower  
Cream soda bubbles and raspberry tea  
All of this sweetness could never sour

A sparkling croquembouche tower  
In a spun sugar sky  
You give me strength, you give me power  
When you look at me, I cannot lie

Your smile always brings me to life  
Once your sweet girl and now your sweet wife

MOTHER

A mother's sacrifice is silenced in her devotion  
She is changed forever  
Heart as heavy as the ocean

Days and nights melt into one motion  
Sleep deprived, body sore, infant clinging, to let go – never  
A mother's sacrifice is silenced in her devotion

New life cuts through her and lets out a flood of emotion  
This is more than a new endeavor  
Heart as heavy as the ocean

Her aging hands, soft, smell of baby lotion  
A bond exists, stronger than love alone, stronger than pain –  
which no one could ever sever  
A mother's sacrifice is silenced in her devotion

Though sometimes difficult, still like a dream, or a magic potion  
It's effects of which she hopes never wears off – not ever  
Heart as heavy as the ocean

Her life has become such sweet commotion  
This divine responsibility is hers forever  
A mother's sacrifice is silenced in her devotion  
Heart as heavy as the ocean

AMY ROBSART

Sorrowful Amy fights back the tears  
Cloaked in velvet and gold  
Hears of her husband, unfaithful for years  
Their marriage bed lonely and cold

Away with the servants, she must be alone  
The acting rips her apart  
If only she could find a way to de-throne  
The ice queen who's captured his heart

Alone, alone, she thinks of him, No!  
The poison touches her lips  
From the top of the stairs, she lets herself go  
Blood from her head gash drips

Sorrowful Amy's ghost appears  
Trapped between Heaven and all of her fears

NEVER TO FORGET HER

In a little green house  
On a little green hill  
In the little green country of Ireland  
I sat with my Nana for the last time  
At a table with a cloth of little green flowers  
She crocheting  
Me contemplating  
I watched her hands  
They moved with automatic grace  
Almost complete  
A little green hat  
For me  
She asked me what was wrong  
I said, "What can a small girl do in a great big world?"  
She said, "You see this hat?"  
I nodded  
"It is not a hat at all. It is a ball of green yarn. We are like the yarn. You may stay a ball of green yarn in a green box on a green shelf, or you may mold yourself to be a hat, and venture out into the great big world. What will you see? The inside of a box, or the great big world? Follow your heart."  
My Nana was wise  
That night she suffered a stroke  
In her little green house  
On that little green hill  
Never to be herself again  
But here I am in the great big world  
Holding tight to my little green hat  
Never to forget her