

“112”

My love awaits for me
sitting upon the willow tree
he waits with flowers
as the rain dues shower
oh my true love waits for me

Brown eyes do stare
with matching black hair
the flowers are mixed with roses and daisies
he got ma necklace from a store called Macy's

Three Days to Kill was our first date
some people liked it but others did hate
The tender lips so softly kissed with a goodbye he will truly be missed

My true love waits for me in the halls
from the other side of school, I hear his
sweet calls.
hand in hand we walk together
I think to myself, this could last forever.

love is in the air
many peers think we are a good pair
as spring arises, our love grows
this is the best day ever, I suppose

Then at last, the dreaded day came
maybe one day, he will be mamed
he broke my heart with two little words
I look up in the sky and all I see is birds

I walk down the paths we used to take
I hear the songs birds used to make
I walk up to that old willow tree,
and there he is, my true love waiting
for me

And each day it stands a test so sweet
For the day I find the one whose soul shall meet
What love I know and love I wait
for the soul whose pair will make mate