

It's simple and it's sweet and it's easy to say,

Unless you really mean it then it's difficult each way;

And if it's said from the heart and it's meant for good,

It's the most beautiful thing in the world you really ever could.

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It's three little words that thrush the lip slip off the tongue,

When two lovers are in love and they're both fresh and young;

Or when you're old and grey and felt the goodness of God,

When the wisdom and pain are both brilliantly odd.

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All you have to do is to wait for the right one to tell,

The words in your heart that flow and roll off so well;

When the anguish is left and felt heaven to be true,

Then say I love you and mean it as nice as you do.

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And if you're dying inside and your heart is starting to break,

And you're hurting and loving and trying still to make;

It's a hard thing to have to say and to know for a long time,

But make the effort and say I love you as I do in rhyme.

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Then you stress and you strive to hold on for the end,

When you're falling apart and are happy to settle as a friend;

Remember the years of trouble and toil and of all the strife,

When you want to get away from it all for the rest of your life.

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What's remaining is the memory of a passionate and romantic love,

And the truth is that it's worth saving and it really always was;

Then continue to live and hold hands and kiss and to cuddle,

And know that I love you very much in the middle of a muddle.

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Signed,

A kind mind