

From out of nowhere she came to be,
From around the city to meet with me;
So beautiful a girl and delightful to see;
I wondered just when or where she'd appear to be.

I also wondered what would come of this girl,
Her beauty so outstanding from anywhere in the world;
Many had tried and many who had not matched,
The burning desire and passion in which to be caught.

So worry not I at the thought of it all,
For perhaps she's on the phone making a call;
Maybe even talking away to her boyfriend,
So there's no chance of meeting her or knowing again.

Many a time I had chance to stray though,
Of what could be nice or what could be bought;
But a girl as I sit here writing under a tree,
Thinking how lovely she is but must be left free.

Here all alone not a chance it will agree,
The torment of heart a pained leg in agony;
Miracles happen and there is a hope here for me,
That the lord will decide and give a little love to thee.

Surely my life is not meant to be with love at all,
Perhaps he will give me a cuddle and kiss before I go;
So really I should reach out and touch love,
But in life the reality is that dream can come true.

Signed,

A blonde ballerina