

I love it when it's tropical when it rains in paradise,

When all the goodness of the earth is heavens nice delights;

And when you fall in love drinking pineapple and passion fruit juice;

The best is yet to come in this tropical paradise fresh fruit.

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As each moment comes so special with this girl you want to love,

You keep falling down to lower yourself to honor her beauty from above;

And when you think you have hold of it, this true love in paradise,

Another tropical storm takes hold and sends you off back thrice.

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And I know I really love her as I await to see her again,

As these words of adorning love go down from within my pen;

Now I don't think I want to take a chance of not allowing this to happen,

But when in tropical paradise my eyes meet hers in heaven.

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Well I'm not allowed to touch her just admire from a distance,

This beauty she possesses that enriches my heart with persistence;

So it does not really matter if another one comes along,

Because she has won my heart and in my heart is where she belongs.

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I know this tropical paradise was the perfect place to meet,

Where God lead and guided me to and her for me to greet;

Now I know romance is blooming in my mind and in my head,

But it is her heart I have trouble winning as her beauty leaves me dead.

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Now I know this sleeping beauty will awake from her tropical paradise,

And will come home with me and do her duty of loving bride and wife;

But the seduction in this introduction is still best left well unsaid,

As she is just like me wishing and waiting while she's in bed.

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Signed,

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Dreaming Again