

Publicerad 2011-07-17 02:04 av Sikska

Losing me and Loving another

He is loving somebody else
with an eternal flame
he will always come back
where ever he has been

I could not compare,
not a little, not at all
because somebody else hold him
in a firm grip, not letting him go

It was a love he inherent from his dad
with all the good and bad parts
They both fell for a Mexican lady
and they never looked back

His mother and I could cry
in our loneliness missing them
after loosing to their Latino flame
in a contest unfair from the beginning

But they are not the only one
falling for this Mexican treasure
They are though, the only one I care for
and they learned me to hate a Latino flame

Named Tequila

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Sikska med Poeter.se id #19803 innehar upphovsrätten