

Publicerad 2016-09-11 16:39 av Hon kallar sig poet

SOLD

Baby, you don't know,
it, yet
but,
"you had me at hello"
and I bet
you'll keep me
figure of speech
til my last breath
cause I owe you
"big time"
I owe you
To be myself in large amount
and to look even half that fine

SOLD

I'm sold
To that fine piece over there
glowing like gold

SOLD

I'm sold
To the one that makes my heart
go shopping
and my mind being told
open your wallet
well spent
Yours to keep
Yours to keep

you come in different shades
sway in different ways
I dig you like a crown
I want to put on my head

move into that castle
we've been talkin' bout
salute you
like a glass of wine
when you let me call you mine

going once
going twice

strike

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Hon kallar sig poet med Poeter.se id #38499 innehar upphovsrätten