

Publicerad 2020-01-17 18:30 av the apache kid

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Silver Buckles

Never worn silver buckles or fancy shoes
never read the details of the daily news
when did this boy go astray
date and time please if you may
living in this wholesome prison blues
the candlelight screams and burns away
all my fancy plans and schemes
hinged on fallen angel wings
in flight tonight from realms untold
as the fate line on my palm
continues to unfold
athos, porthos, aramis and d'artangan
I need your friendship
Count of Monte Cristo I need your kinship
cross my heart and make it true
bring me love this scented eve
as the autumn mist sighs and the
wind gives a gentle squeeze
and around my ears
comes a chilly breeze
my prayer tonight is to
Let me learn how to please

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren the apache kid med Poeter.se id #22755 innehar upphovsrätten