

Publicerad 2005-06-01 23:00 av Daybreaker

Big old heart

I got myself a big old heart.
I bought it on the market sale.
We got off to a great, big start,
me and my heart.

I felt things I never felt before.
Joy, laughter and love.
My heart made me warm to the core,
just before it made me sore.

I soon found out
that hearts are fragile things.
The hardest thing is doubt,
which unfortunately everything is about.

Doubt led me to despair.
My heart turned black and cold.
I was alone and bare,
without anyones love and care.

My heart showed me ache.
But with a little time passing by,
I found that despair was kind of easy to take,
without even having to fake.

Because my big old heart
soon turned red and warm once more.
The beauty of love - another start,
for me and my heart.

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