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Replay: for JS

She's a Barefoot Princess

She's a barefoot princess
And she likes to burn coconut
and cinnamon incense
Hallowing her halls with
Prairie sage
She marks her nightly journal page
In charcoal and kajal

Shopping
In market halls
By city squares
Or sneaking secretly into boutiques
Through a hidden wardrobe
By her French carved Bordeaux chair

Not afraid of sadness
In fact she embraces it
And makes traces of it

Remembering the story
Of her heart
Charting what keeps us together
And what sets us apart

Scarlet dinner roses
Hang from curvy straight shafts
Of aspen wood
In her boudoir

Savouring the memory
Recording the chemistry
Of a jasmine night that floods
In symmetry in harmony
Before her eyes once more

Eyes that burn and sparkle like comets
In the deep purple night sky
Shakespeare's sonnets turn her on

To a groovy place inside

She knows the beauty that glows
And has a heart
that beats along
Electric to a Jefferson Airplane song

A daughter of the mountains
And the sister of the sun
Never too old to laugh
Or cry - or show
That she's really having fun

But always on the run
there's always another song
Somewhere to be sung

Playing chords on
Moon beam guitars
Strung with fine silver strings
That awaken a quiet fire
When she starts to sing

(bridge)

She's a barefoot princess
And she likes to burn coconut
And cinnamon incense
She marks her nightly diary
In charcoal and kajal

Uh huh, a barefoot princess
And she likes to burn coconut
And cinnamon incense

Hallowing her halls with prairie sage
She marks her nightly journal page
In charcoal and kajal

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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