

My Lady

I have a lady ever so wondrously fair;
Lovely, full of life, with light brown hair
Never a cross word with me, e'en though
I sometimes roam, she knows I love her so.

She's full of life and joy, a perfect mate.
I don't know why she allowed me to date
Her when she could have her pick of men.
No matter, she let me think I chose her then.

Sweet lips, oh, so sweet, and when I hold her
I am content, for there is nothing else I'd rather
Do than lie there with her, watching her abed,
Talking, loving, as if we were newly wed.

We have some very intimate words we use.
Perhaps we shouldn't, but when we fuse
As one in passion embraced, it's heaven,
And we two thankful for the love we're given.

Oh, she loves me, this I truly know to be so,
And I love her truly, this we both do know.
Yes, I miss her for we are often parted.
'Tis necessary, for our lives are so charted.

My lady comes to me when I cannot be
with her, for I think she wants to be with me
As much as I want to be with her, perhaps more.
Those moments are precious, like none before.

A career woman is she, with great responsibility,
For she is determined to create with her ability
As much as I am, doing the things that I must do,
And yet, at the end of the day, we miss each so.

I am quite lucky to have my very own, special lady.
And she is special, and loving, and lovely to see.
I take her, she takes me, she is so passionate
For me, with me. She is my lady, my love, my mate.

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