

WHO WILL LOVE ME



Who will love me, if not you.
Who will care about anything I do.
The dawn will come and so to the night
The sun will rise and the wind will fight.
Though the sky is clear and crystal blue.
Will anyone notice, anything I do.

If I die right here and now
Will a tear be wiped from my saddened brow.
Will the trumpet roar and the band play loud.
Will angels dance, upon a fluffy cloud.

Will it reach sky news or the national press
Would it pass, the editors, admission test.

I guess for now there is only me.
The oval window and the dancing tree.
Its ok, for I, can do no wrong
I can sing my own, silly saddened song.

I write these words just to be.
Though we chat, you know nothing of me.
And if someday all is peaceful and fulfilled
Remember, everything is perfectly, silently
Still