

Brett Anderson, A Different Place

We sat under London skies on
A perfect June day.
I touched her hand
And whispered our names.
And all of the birds flew by and
The clouds blow away
The rose oil in her hair
And her infinite craze.
These are the thoughts
That take me
To a different place.
There are the words
That take me
To a different place.
And I gave her
A rose from my garden
And the petals
Blow away.

They look like confetti
On her
Beautiful face.
These are the thoughts
That take me
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There are the words
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