

Heather Dale, May Queen

I went to meet her for a friend, a beloved friend
Who knew he couldn't be there and knew someone should be
We love each other, he and I--a brother's love, he'd say
So who else would he send to bring his bride that day?

They said she's lovely as the spring. Imagine my surprise
To find that they were right and hadn't said the half
The careless sunlight in her eyes, the petals in her hair
I saw how he could love her, the May Queen standing there

And in that moment I understood how he could love her
And what they shared could never be for me
I understood, but yet I've never really conquered
That part inside that wishes it had been me

And I was staring at the sun for hours the morning after
Trying to burn it from my eyes
He's never been what I can't help but see when he is with her
And so of course I wished them joy--else what friend would I be?

And in that moment I understood how he could love her
And what they shared would never be for me
I understood, but yet I've never really conquered
That part inside that wishes it had been me