

Aga Zaryan, Waltz for Debby

In her own sweet world
Populated by dolls and clowns
And a prince and a big purple bear
Lives my favourite girl
Unaware of the worried frowns
That we weary grown-ups all wear
In the sun she dances to silent music
Songs that are spun of gold
Somewhere in her own little head
One day all too soon
She'll grow up and she'll leave her dolls
And her prince and her silly old bear
When she goes they will cry
As they whisper "goodbye"
They will miss her, I fear
But then, so will I...