

Alfie, Isobel

Isobel by name, is a belle by nature,
Frightened of your hands,
But they're not out to get you.

And when you grow to be old,
Just do what you're told,
And life won't be half as bad

With strawberries on your head,
The world seems a better place.
Innocence is beauty, beauty may not last.

And when you're wide eyed with awe,
I'll open the door,
And show what this life can hold.

Follow your heart (I'll follow),
Lead with your mind and we will go.
(Anywhere you want to we will go).

And when it's late, late in the day for you,
Understand my words,
And keep them by your side.

And when you grow to be old,
You need to be told,
Need to be told life is good to you.