

Caroline Lavelle, Come To Me

come to me
while I'm sleeping
and their wagging tongues
will not find you my love
all the while
they dull
our lighter souls fuse
fly and dive my love
so stamp the night so strong
that I will remember
and have it ever after
come to me
in my dreaming
so their wagging tongues
will not find you my love
round the corner
back of hands
they'll still be talking
whether or not we'd ever...