

Eric Benet, Poetry Girl

Sing to me...

She was a poetry girl I adored
Late at night I'd hear songs from her window
Myrrh and frankincense seeped through her door
And they lingered on

As her fingers caressed her guitar
Felt like the strings of my heart she was strumming
With her words we made love from afar
As she sang her song

Chorus

They were songs of change, joy and pain
All the love she made
Like she took the words from
Every dream I've known, every love outgrown
Singing on and on, like she took the words from my heart

And to the poetry girl down the hall
Late at night I would answer her calling
Like the lyrics from one of her songs
She made love to me

Now our bodies and souls intertwined
On the wings of passion we were soaring
Then by the flickering candle at night
She would sing to me

Chorus

Love is often unkind when we fall
For now my poetess sings to another
But when I think of those nights down the hall
From somewhere deep inside

I sing songs of change, joy and pain
All the love I've made, I take the words from
Every dream I've known, every love outgrown
Singing on and on, and I take the words from my heart