

Jeff Bates, Heat At Play

Love games are but a hart at play. In the golden meadows of "live for today" & And the part we play in that kaleidoscope scene, Are but shattered fragments in a stain glass dream. I remember the days of way back when. Now we've been caught in that web again. I remember moonlight and our first kiss And sandy beaches and summer's bliss. But we went our seperate ways and others married, yet, al