

# Kirsty Hawkshaw, Smile

There is a smile of love  
There is a smile of deceit  
There is a smile of smiles  
In which these two smiles meet

There is a frown of hate  
And there is a frown of disdain  
And there is a frown of frowns  
Which you strive to forget in vain

For it sticks in the hearts deep core  
And it sticks in the deep back bone  
And no smile that ever was smiled  
But only one smile alone

That betwixt the cradle and the grave  
There only one smile can be  
But when it once is smiled  
There's an end to all misery