Pinky

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I don't want to wake you
But I'd like to tell you that I love you
That the candlelight fell like a crescent
Upon your feather pillow
For there's more ways than one
And the ways of the world are a blessing
For when Pinky's dreaming
She owes the world nothing
And her silence keeps us guessing
Pinky's as perfect as the Fourth of July
Quilted and timeless, seldom denied
The trial and the error of my master plan
Now she rolls like the dice in a poor gambler's hands
You don't want to tell me
But somehow you've guessed that I know
Oh when dawn came this morning
You discovered a feeling that burned
Like a flame in your soul
For there's toast and honey
And there's breakfast in bed on a tray
Oh it's ten below zero
And we're about to abandon our plans for the day
Pinky's as perfect as the Fourth of July
Quilted and timeless, seldom denied
The trial and the error of my master plan
Now she rolls like the dice in a poor gambler's hands

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