

Nervous Wreck At Best

[Shannon McArthur](#)

a sad attempt to sweep her off her feet
he was on his way to meet
August night so sweetshirt too small, sleeves too tight
hoping that he looked alright
for her thinking,
did she kiss on the first date?
would it be better to wait?
he couldn't mess this up
not with his spirits oh so high, oohso he left around a quarter until eight
hoping that he wasn't late
didn't want her to wait a violet top and light blue jeans
a beauty only seventeen
she was perfect so she became his only one
a whole new journey begun
he never meant to do her wrong
never meant to make her cry, ooh though your beauty it sings
it's nothing more than a whisper
to that angel beneath, angel beneath now you can fly if ya want to
go and do what you gotta do
but just remember I'm still here for you the clock hit twelve he walked her to the door
heart beating faster than before
did she feel the same anymore? should he make the move or would it be too fast
would her feelings even last?
well he was hoping they would last

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