Seven Days

Ron Wood

She was so young and so afraid
Of a world she could not understand
For seven days I held her close
Like a child in the palm of my hand
There were, seven tears to wipe away
Seven fears to keep at bay
Seven words for me to say
In seven days
The strands of wisdom twist and curl
Soft flame in the warmth of my heart
Oh, essential words that lightly fall
Like snow through the mist of her thought
The gentle rain of innocence
That flows from her ebony eyes
Another secret moment shared
To be part of the rest of our lives
There were, seven dreams, to live for real
Seven streams, of hope revealed
Seven ways, of love to feel
In seven days
We are the only ones who know
Her smile was poetry
Her soul, she showed it to me
The dawning of the seventh day
Saw her shine like the radiant skies
I knew that she would leave me then
Bright hope in her ebony eyes
And now I watch her dance before the world
Soft flame in the movements she makes
Man, all those secret moments shared
Stay warm in my thoughts everyday, remembering
Seven tears, wiped away
Seven fears, kept at bay
Seven words, you heard me say
Seven dreams, to live and play
Seven streams, of hope revealed
Seven waves, of love we feel
Seven days, memory of seven days
(Seven days)

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