

# Tiny Goddess

## Nirvana

Tiny goddess wrapped in lace  
That certain smile upon your face  
Is telling me what's to be  
When you leave In a room just five foot eight  
I sit alone and I will wait  
To hear from you if you do decide to Don't try to humour me  
With letters I can't read  
Don't sympathise with me  
Don't try to be discreet  
Photograph that's in my case  
Will travel with me every place  
Reminding me what to be for you love Orchards smell of sweet perfume  
The mountainside is now in bloom  
And I am here waiting for your company Don't try to humour me  
With letters I can't read  
The clock's at half past three  
It's stopped to wake like me Photograph that's in my case  
Will travel with me every place  
Reminding me what to be for you love  
Tiny goddess wrapped in lace  
That certain smile upon your face  
Is telling me what's to be  
When you leave  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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