Daffodils

Charlene Soraia

Strollin' past the Daffodils
I won't forget how it feels
To be lost in the maze.
Laying on the sunkissed patch
Of grass we found round the back
Of that palace garden place...
There wasn't a cloud in sight,
Nor people strolling by.
You held your hand in mine and I sighed,
For there was not much
To be found... in your eyes
Oh, of all the sights I've seen
never knew it'd be you me and Buckley Bee
in the cool, warm shade.
And I should of kissed your face
I should've explored all the places...
Ooo, oh my...

How you seem to make me shy...
Ooo, and every time you kiss me on the lips
I think of how I could get used to this.
Used to your kisses
So wakey, wakey, rise and shine...
So wakey, wakey, rise and shine,
T'was another lovely evening again last night
Honestly did I not blige to your every whim,
Seen as I was beholden?
Ooo, oh my
How you seem to make me shy
Ooo, and every time you kiss me on the lips
I think of how I could get used to this
So wakey, wakey, rise and shine.
Ooo, oh my...
How you seem to make me shy...
Ooo, and every time you kiss me on the lips
I think of how I could get used to this...

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