

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 to tight
hoping that he looked alright
for herthinking,
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 waita violet top and light blue jeans
a beauty only seventeen
she was perfectso she became his only one
a whole new journey begun
he never meant to do her wrong
never meant to make her cry, oohthough your beauty it sings
it's nothing more than a whisper
to that angel beneath, angel beneathnow you can fly if ya want to
go and do what you gotta do
but just remember I'm still here for youthe 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 to fast
would her feelings even last?
well he was hoping they would last

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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