

# Twisting and Turning

Ed Jahn

She'd warm feet and pink lips, they slapped her, she gave a cry  
The pitter of tiny feet, from first kiss to goodbye  
She moved to the city, she phones if she's still alive  
Lives with a young man, said she'd be his bride  
She told me that love was mostly illusion  
Then laughs like a child, it hides her confusion  
Twisting and turning, finally falling  
Twisting and turning, finally falling  
Twisting and turning, finally falling for you  
Short hair, a long dress, a ring on her finger  
He plies her with cheap wine and perfumes that linger  
She tries not to think of the chances she smothered  
And hides in the arms of the children she mothered  
She moved to the country, the fields and the rivers  
And all that was promised but never delivered  
She could have been more if she wanted to be  
She could have been more than the woman you see  
The choices were plenty, but chances were few  
Now she's twisting and turning  
Finally falling for you

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