October

Borghesia

Make her a flower in late December
When the sun is not shining on her
Write her a love song and play it all day long
To remind her of all that she is worth
Never, never leave her
Take her on long drives for ice cream by sea sides
And give her your coat when she is cold
Tell her you miss her, when you're close enough to kiss her
And that you'd walk a thousand miles to tell her so
But never, never, leave her
Take photographs of her on Brooklyn street in October
When her nervous smile is slightly curved
Some days when she is slightly down tell her it's okay to frown
It makes you just fall more in love with her
But never, never leave her

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