young Love

Bride

Roxanne doesn't think she's pretty enough
She sits staring up at the sky
Dreams about a life that could be
She throws her diary into the seaIt becomes a very long summer
The careless nights of fantasy are over
When you see her she's white as a ghost
She misses the sun on her face the mostYoung love, kiss him goodbye
Young love, don't you cry
Young love, it's no lie
There is love before the day you dieShe feels her life has fallen apart
I tried to tell her the world has a bulletproof heart
Sometimes the past is hard to escape
When the future is bent out of shapeAt the church, she knelt to pray
Sweet lord Jesus, give me the strength
She cried his name
She cried his nameRoxanne doesn't think she's pretty enough
She sits staring up at the sky
She wears a cross around her neck
Got the words at her fingertips

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