Twisting and Turning

December Flowers

She'd warm feet and pink lips, they slapped her, she gave a cry
The patter 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 confusionTwisting and turning, finally falling
Twisting and turning, finally falling
Twisting and turning, finally falling for youShort 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 deliveredShe 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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