

Twisting and Turning

December Flowers

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 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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