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I think

I think of the day you meet a new,
the someone you want to spend your life with to.
the day when you going to say, you love her,.. by the way.
I think about how it would make me feel,
how it changes all for me.

I think about what i will say,
I'll love you anyway.
I wish you all luck in the world,
and that i\'m happy for you and her.

But inside it\'s not the same,
i will hate my self more everyday.
I will hate my self more all the time,
because you can never be mine.

But i would never tell this to you,
Because i really want you to be happy to.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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