

The Blouse

I took the blouse
Off of the hook
That I wore
When you held me tight
Close to my face
Letting no air in,
The fragrance was
Of you and me.
What will it be?

Days gone by
You're not at my side.
Tell tell tell of the
Intuition inside of me
That held me back
From the passion of you
Is coming true
Will you show again
To try your style?

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