

Love



Oh I stare at the sky,
I see a shooting star
I think of you
and all that we could be.

I made a wish
about that shooting star,
hoping you would love me
The way that I love you.
When I looked into your eyes
I knew it was true:
I loved you,
and I thought you loved me too.

Since that you found a girl,
I wish that I was her,
But I am not,
and I can't stop wishing for you.

Day after day,
I wish you would hold me tight,
Kiss me with your soft gentle lips,
And say that you love me.

But every time I see you,
You're holding on to her;
You're kissing her so gently,
and saying you love her.

I love you more than words could say,
I wish I could hold you night and day,
I'll love you shorter and sweeter,
Even if you don't love me.

