

Dont look for me now,  
i'm safe where i am  
happy and listed under another name  
and he's good to me  
and she's gorgeous  
and they love me  
and i adore them

If this were a book  
It'd start with a line  
I once knew a man  
I was his and he was mine

So predictable  
So confused  
I'm at a loss for words  
to explain my mood

I stitch this poem  
to the bottom of my dress  
The one that touches me  
directly on my legs

And I work that poem up until  
It sits over my heart  
And I hold it tight  
And dream

Baby, won't you help me be my best  
Help me find a way back to our nest  
And dreams