

A Different Place

Brett Anderson

We sat under London skies on
A perfect June day
I touched her hand
And whispered her name

And all of the birds flew by and
The clouds blow away
The rose oil in her hair
And her infinite craze

These are the thoughts that take me
To a different place

These are the words that take me
To a different place

And I gave her a rose from my garden
And the petals blow away
They look like confetti on her
Beautiful face

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