

# Daffodils

Charlene Soraia

Strollin' past the Daffodils  
I won't forget how it feels  
To be lost in the maze.

Laying on the sunkissed patch  
Of grass we found round the back  
Of that palace garden place...

There wasn't a cloud in sight,  
Nor people strolling by.  
You held your hand in mine and I sighed,  
For there was not much  
To be found... in your eyes

Oh, of all the sights I've seen  
never knew it'd be you me and Buckley Bee  
in the cool, warm shade.

And I should of kissed your face...  
I should've explored all the places...  
Ooo, oh my...  
How you seem to make me shy...  
Ooo, and every time you kiss me on the lips  
I think of how I could get used to this.  
Used to your kisses....

So wakey, wakey, rise and shine...  
So wakey, wakey, rise and shine,  
T'was another lovely evening again last night  
Honestly did I not blige to your every whim,  
Seen as I was beholden?

Ooo, oh my...  
How you seem to make me shy...  
Ooo, and every time you kiss me on the lips  
I think of how I could get used to this...

So wakey, wakey, rise and shine...

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I think of how I could get used to this...

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