

## She

Donovan

Enter She, with her scent of violetta  
Yesterday gown, granny hand-me-down chiffon  
Fragile She, with her beaded bag of treasures  
Pale and pretty by the palm tree on the lawn.

Enter Me : 'Do you wanna have a drink, love ?'  
'Yes' - she say - 'Perrier with a twist of lime'  
Sexy She, with her see-through soft intentions  
She for one was out to have a sober time.

She is my lover, our kisses of passion  
Leave lips bruised and burning  
Bodies so close, we live as one.

We stepped into a room Oriental  
Where a Victrola played ole Pablo  
Sad and distant like a melancholy maiden  
From a movie in monochrome long ago.

She is my lover, our kisses of passion  
Leave lips bruised and burning  
Bodies so close, we move as one.

She let fall her dragon shawl from her shoulder  
Dancing slowly to the sombre melody  
I reclining on a chaise-longue, silken tassled  
Quite enchanted by her delicate beauty.

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