

Chosen One

Happy Rhodes

She walked down the aisle
with all eyes on her
And she glowed
Someone chose her above all other
women they had known
I can only wonder what it must be like to be
So perfect in a lover's eyes
The only one they see

Well, it's never been me
The Chosen One
It's never been me
If ever I see
A Chosen One
I feel ugly

I have never had a symbol
a vow or declaration
Instead I seem to inspire
practical consideration
It's difficult to say just what it is I think I've
missed
It's only One Day in a white dress
with a guest list

But, it's never been me
The Chosen One
It's never been me
If ever I see
A Chosen One
I feel ugly

It's in every picture,
His eyes intently fixed on her, and
It plays on my need to be anything
To anyone

Everybody sees me, as a solitary entity
But I long to be important
to somebody

It's a love of fairy tales that
Drives this guilty wish
To walk serenely in front of family
to collect my kiss

And though this notion is as flawed as any I have
learned
I'd like to think that, like the others, it's something
I deserve

But, it's never been me
the Chosen One
It's never been me
Whenever ever I see
A Chosen One
I feel ugly

If ever I be
The Chosen One
If Ever I be
The Summer breeze is inconstant, I'm ever so lonely
Will ever I be
A Chosen One
Will ever I be?