

Might look so grand from a distance that you need to touch
It gives a vision of the simple but it is so much

I won't be fooled by its touch of emotional supply
The scent of affair in heavy love we dry
The cold in the bare grass so delicate by one's eye
Is why we can't ally and elope tonight

Almost forgotten the way we used to live for play
To be accepted, I must blend into convention's way
And sing the universal ways

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