

## For A Song

Michael Peterson

She learned to hate the limousine  
The fancy full-length fur  
Dom Perignon and French cuisine  
Don't mean a thing to her  
What good is her pedestal  
When he works all though the night  
So in time, she found a dance floor  
And some arms to hold her tight

Now every night they dance with her to some brushes on a drum  
A standup bass, and steel guitars, play a tune, she can hum  
Ain't it sad, ain't it funny, how a man can be so wrong  
He tried to buy her love with money  
He could've had her for a song

She wanted him...but what a shame  
He didn't realize  
Love can never stay the same  
It either grows or dies  
What made him think his duty was to place her high above  
He married her for beauty, she married him for love

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