

With all the lovely women of the world,  
I can have but one to hold;  
It seems so easy to want them all,  
But being greedy leaves me feeling small.

Now how can I have that one in life,  
With so many so beautiful to be my wife;  
It is a torment to suffer so much,  
That none but one I can only touch.

They all challenge me to say there the best,  
But if I choose one what about all the rest;  
God grant me the wisdom to know what to do,  
And the liberty to take the one that's true.

So hard it is my heart stops and breaks,  
With all the potentials making so many mistakes;  
Torment it is and no other word will do,  
The pain and anguish with the problem of two.

Well I found one in which I think will do,  
Now the problem will be am I as good as you;  
It's for too late to change my mind,  
We're two peas in a pod and two of a kind.

We tied the knot and to the dare,  
Of love unfathomed and beyond compare;  
But how on earth could I forget the torment,  
There must be a way but depends where the war went.