

I'm love sick, I tell you, truly I am,
I don't know what the matter is but just know I can;
Fall in love with the wrong kind of woman,
One who wants to push herself past her own limit.

I know that there's one love special in my life,
But that causes me heartache and plenty of strife;
For I don't know where she's been or how it will workout,
When I find her I want to ask questions but her answers I doubt.

Love sick, love sick well what does it mean,
Is it something unclean or something obscene;
I know the times passing but what happens in the end,
Do I just keep on writing or run out with my pen.

Love sick you say, well I say it's alright,
Still writing poetry up late and well into the night;
And what about love sick is it too hard to pick,
The true one, the right one and you want to be quick.

Love sick well it's the end to end all of all ends,
Maybe that right one will be my true long friend;
Love sick I tell you leaves me dead and bit dim,
Lost from my sense and out on a limb.

Love sick love sick well that's nearly all folks,
I hope you're not laughing at all my love sick jokes,
Maybe someday we'll meet and there'll be no more love sick time.

Signed,

Lots of love