

Too young to care and share your feelings,
Too young to love and understand his dealings;
Forever perfect in beauty alone,
Soft and tender down deep to the bone.

Too young to offer the things of the world,
Too young to know a life so full of the word;
As lovely as the sky on a blue, blue day,
But as innocent as a deer in her innocent way.

Too young to imagine all that life can be,
Too young to love and come away with me;
So true and honest in all she does do,
But true in heart and live to you

Too young to sing of the joy of life,
Too young to love and be my wife;
So nice to touch and have and hold,
Her beauty so sweet and her heart pure gold,

Too young to live in a life full of pain,
Where all the earth is only after her gain;
Too young to live in this heart of mine,
Yet has the strength to lure this love in mind.

Too young to look out on every raised hill,
Too beautiful to put up with me being such a dill;
Too young to live in all that she does,
Too good to question and answer my love.

Signed,

Growing a Little Older