

In the distance I hear a call,
A sound so beautiful as a teardrop s fall;
It's the sound of the bells of a church in heaven,
So when the moon lights the sky I'll be married at seven.

But much is to be done for this special occasion,
As two find their match for a lifetime vacation;
I'll search every nation and follow that seams,
To locate that very special person that I dream.

It's worth every pain and suffering I make,
For the say we do wed and cut the white cake;
As never again will I commit the full lot,
And then in my heart I'll have at last tied the knot.

As we walk down the aisle with the organ and bells,
And wait at the front for all to go well;
How precious it will be to exchange those vows,
Of marriage and commitment in Gods holly hours.

Signed,

Where's my heart