

Razzle dazzle walking smiles,
Beautiful girls of looks for a while;
Turning the eye to earn a peek,
Men and their ways just so to sneak.

City women walking their way,
The gift of their heart one blue sky day;
No purpose of heart no will to win,
It's just preview of all dead sin.

Buildings like the street scraping the sky,
The streets down their low, reaching from high;
All on their way each their own cheek,
Meaning so well to reach their life's peak.

Men all at numbered one wins the heart,
The man in the mirror so beautifully smart;
Naturally there's only one to each man,
The magic sweetened by the perfect miracle plan.

All of their turns still all different stars,
Men passing in traffic in their fast speeding cards;
Each wins a glance then one perfect chance,
Of finding their true love for God to enhance.

City women not so easily pleased,
The tight hussle and bussle with men they have squeezed,
Not so very long or hard if you care,
Or tried your mightiest and looked with prayer

Signed,

It's a one man's world