

I had a dream of learning to dance,

Of living my life just full of romance;

With a girl so nice I could hardly speak,

And when I took her hand I succumbed and grew weak.

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It's beautiful to think of love along these lines,

To take her out to dinner and make subtle signs;

And romance has a way of touching your heart,

So delicate and lovely you can't believe it will start.

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I think the time's come to start courting again,

To find one who's beautiful and who's heart I'll love then;

In life there's only one chance of which you must take,

That's deciding the wife for the love you will make.

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So romance is like the bloom of a rose in the spring,

It's finding the right partner and buying a ring;

It's like two birds flown out far from their nest,

And sharing night and day till they come to a rest.

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There must be a way of ending this rhyme,

With some kind of wisdom at such an important time;

I guess that this romance is now never to end,

As long as you know how to treat this new found friend.

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When romance has started let love fill the air,

And talk over dinner of the things that you'll share;

You can buy roses or chocolate and all these nice things,

To make the fullness of romance and what love it brings.

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Signed,

Feeling lucky.