

## **Spring Standards, The "Little Bug"**

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With eyes that crushed one thousand stars  
Comes truth in tears that she caught in jars  
Locked away just like fireflies  
Shielding their glare against friendly eyes

She's a self-forsaken angel  
She's just too sad to fly  
She keeps her feelings  
Just like ladybugs  
Protecting them against third grade thugs

No love comes more easily  
Than two sweet peaches in an apple tree  
One might fall and roll in the hay  
The others bounce around on a sunny day

Though she's my baby  
Can't call her mine  
People say I'm crazy  
I've gone out of my mind  
Lock me away just like a citizen priest  
She's the one I'm craving for  
But tasting the least

She may be my baby  
But she's no friend of mine  
All my friends say I'm crazy  
But I'm just biding my time

'Cause one man's cold handshake  
Is another man's pleantry

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