

Elegy

"The Guiding Light"

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Falt on my face in the pool of desire,
she was walking dynamite.
Tricked by tentation, a blinding sensation,
she set my soul on fire.

Tease me, please me, anyway you want.
Hold me back, I'm gonna blow.

One with intuition, hit and run.
She won't loose, till loss has won.
Turn the wheel of passion, shoot at sight.
Fortune is her guiding light.

Out of her Vet, right into my bed,
And I thought OOH lord she's mine.
But she had been fakin', my money was taken,
Hello, have fun, good bye.

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