

Emilia De Poret

"The Boy Who Giggled So Sweet"

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He came with the breeze
She told everyone, in the cold
She would hold him and sing a song,
Sweet little Anna, singing her sad, sad song,
To her beautiful boy that giggled so sweet.

The days went by until one little night,
With this one little moon hanging in it's black,
Sweet little Anna, whispered her goodnight song,
In the ear of the boy who giggled so sweet.

"My baby, my beauty, my boy, my baby,
What is your favourite song of all songs?
Sweet baby, my love, my darling, my baby,
Forever your rosie little lips won't turn blue.

I won't let nights hurt you,
I won't let them take you,
Take my hand and we'll run up that tree.

I won't let days hurt you,
I won't let them break you,
If so my little heart will die,
If so my tears will freeze and turn grey."

He just stared in her hardworking arms,
His rosie little lips had turned blue,
Sweet little Anna, chanted her goodnight song,
For her beautiful boy that giggled so sweet.

"My baby, my beauty....."

They took the boy who giggled so sweet,
Frozen grey tears glanced on her cheek,
And the goodnight song,
She never stopped singing,
Danced from her lips,
Down the dark grey street.

"My baby, my beauty....."

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