

Spring Standards "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 pleasantry

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