

Millionaire

"For A Maid"

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Like a picture in a book,
Peaceful is your look,
Quietly walk your way,
Duty fills the day
Tears nor fierce delights,
Day nor tossing nights
And you're troubled dreams confess
Something more or less

The weeks are on the wing, years are brief and love a
Thing,
Blooming and fading like a flower

When the night has come,
With it's quiet group at home
Broider, knit or sew
Chat in voices low
Suddenly lift your eyes
Honest look and wise
But I cannot read their lore
Tell me less or tell me more

The weeks are on the wing, years are brief and love a
Thing,
Blooming and fading like a flower
Seize the little hour, what tomorrow may befall,
Love me more or not at all

U don't have to worry about me,
Think of me
Or feel for me
I'm gonna keep my money safe
Stacked safely under the floorboard
Save every penny earned
I'm keeping my money safe

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