

Story "Amelia"

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Amelisa, it's May and blossoms 1957, single, but bold
I see you, belle of the ball and
hometown sweetheart, gifted
I want to tell you seize this day,
Let someone else go tend tradition,
Take what's yours
No one else can tell your fire, paint with your words,
sing with your voice,
Take what's yours
Amelia, I see you all in white and lovely, blinded, by
love
And he too, is beautiful, and young, and blind
I want to tell you he's the wrong man, you'll look
Back
You were told that this is what you want, but it will hurt
you

(You can't live for someone else)
But you live
For me
For me
For me
He would do things to make your life easier
but never talk to you - know you at all
You were his showpiece,
charming as you entertained all his fancies
I wish I could have seized that day and torn it
from your history
(For me)
Now it comes down to a life that might have soared
(for me)
But I can tell your fire, paint with your words,
sing with your voice
Nobody can take what's mine
From me
From me
From me
From me

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