

It wasn't supposed to be love  
My finger was captured, shackled  
Another had my heart  
Soft and gentle, a dove  
But there  
Your scarf, blue eyes and hair  
None of it was to catch me  
The December wind brushed your cheek  
You snuggled in your coat  
And for a moment our eyes did meet  
My mind wandered, desired a kiss  
To see your sleepy eyes in moonlight  
My finger, the shackle was now amiss  
All stopped around me  
Your voice caressed my ears, my heart  
We were never to be  
I swallowed the emotion down  
Silently my heart would drown  
I heard the world, noise all around  
With petit grip you shook my hand  
Soft skin, delicate fingers, perfect fit  
No, no, no! I had to understand

It wasn't supposed to be love

I walked away, heart, mind thrashing

My soul six feet down, you above

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