

The Song In You

Everyone is composing their own song,
Shaping new chords as they move along.
Every tune is unique, each melody diverse,
All at their own pace, on a different verse.

Yet one sound shone through the rest,
Forcing my heart to beat in my chest,
Matching the rhythm that your song set,
Falling for the music of this girl that I met.

Her voice represents her personality,
The best parts of her, singing the melody,
Carefully crafted and flawlessly performed,
With complexity and beauty never seen before.

Her guitar is next, each string that is played,
Reflects the small things she does in the chords that are made.
Every note she strums adds to the gentle noise,
Creating harmony beneath the sound of her voice.

With the music complete, she choreographs a dance,
Embodying her image, pulling me into a trance.
In the way she moves, in the way she walks,
In the way she smiles, and in the way she talks.

With all this perfection, I can't help but long
For each sound, every word, and chord of her song.
Yet with all of this, she still can't comprehend
Why I would wish that we were more than just friends.

She says a duet would cause too much stress,
That the tuning would falter, turn into a mess.
But give me a chance to harmonize to each word,
And be the fifth to my octave, a perfect chord.