

GOLDEN FRIES

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The power of us is mystical,
We add up every way like statistical,
I'm going to hold on to your waist,
And dance with you, staring at your pretty face.

Always in love, as I am crazy for you,
Every moment is shining and brand new,
All the people want, what we have,
As our trademark, is to smile and to laugh.

Knowing, we would write our own pages,
As our love is slow and burns in stages,
I love you to the end,
Someone who I will never will offend.

We have magic and passion,
Always dressing in our own fashion,
Staring in our beautiful eyes,
Thankful of the days of golden fries.