

# LACE AND WHITE

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After school, we would walk,  
To her house of only two blocks,  
Wanting to hold her lovely hand,  
Hoping to be her husband and her man.

Three months later, past the turn,  
She asked me out, as my heart burn,  
A feeling where it was just enchanted,  
As it was a privilege, as she granted.

Don't ever close your eyes,  
I want to see what's inside,  
I can see my reflection,  
of true beauty of perfection.

Now's she's my beautiful bride in sight,  
With a gown with lace and white,  
As our children, will run around,  
Being a family, shaking the ground.