

# Poetry Girl

Eric Benét

Sing to me...

She was a poetry girl I adored  
Late at night I'd hear songs from her window  
Myrrh and frankincense seeped through her door  
And they lingered on

As her fingers caressed her guitar  
Felt like the strings of my heart she was strumming  
With her words we made love from afar  
As she sang her song

[Chorus:]

They were songs of change, joy and pain  
All the love she made  
Like she took the words from  
Every dream I've known, every love outgrown  
Singing on and on, like she took the words from my heart

And to the poetry girl down the hall  
Late at night I would answer her calling  
Like the lyrics from one of her songs  
She made love to me

Now our bodies and souls intertwined  
On the wings of passion we were soaring  
Then by the flickering candle at night  
She would sing to me

[Chorus]

Love is often unkind when we fall  
For now my poetess sings to another  
But when I think of those nights down the hall  
From somewhere deep inside

I sing songs of change, joy and pain  
All the love I've made, I take the words from  
Every dream I've known, every love outgrown  
Singing on and on, and I take the words from my heart

[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>