

Poetry

Wrabel

It was that summer
I learned your number
Like it was my own
I still remember
That first September
Driving you home

And oh my, my, my
It's a big, big, big world out there
And looking for something
I finally found it right here

I see poetry in your eyes
You're the only reason we rhyme
And oh my, my, my
It's a big, big, big world out there
And looking for something
I finally found it right here

I know it's cliché
I guess I felt it
That night we met
Your old red jacket
You let me have it
So I don't forget

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Love makes no lighter sound
(You know the first time, first time)
The first time it comes around
(I see poetry, yeah)
Love makes no lighter sound
(Something 'bout the first time, first time)
The first time it comes around

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I finally found it right here