

The Ruse

Abigail Barlow

Maybe there's another way
Another role to play here
To keep the press and the desperate mothers at bay
We can change the story
What do you say?

What are you suggesting, Your Grace?

We convince them there's a flame between us

Between us?

And you will be the diamond of the season once again

And you'll have reinstated your freedom

We can convince them there's a flame
That since we met our hearts were set ablaze
And we will be exactly what they say we are
Me, unavailable
You? Desirable

Look me in the eyes. If this is to work, we must appear madly in love
Dance with me, Miss Bridgerton

Perfect

Not so bad yourself

Could there really be a flame?
Could she be the one to change his ways?
And they are sure to be the talk of all the town
He's unavailable and she's desirable

She must be mine
She must be my bride

Why her?
Why not me?
Why not I?
When he looks her in the eyes
Could she have won the most coveted prize?

It's clear as day that there's a flame
A spark that must have caught them by surprise
They seem to have enchanted one another's hearts
He's unavailable and she's desirable
She's a diamond once more
Who would have known?
It must be fate