Middle of May, two lips are blooming This is the place like making room and Please hurry home The sun will be setting soon

Dear if I may, my two lips are waiting
It's not a race and I'm not complaining
Cause all this is lovely, but I'd rather be kissing you

All the birds singing sweet
A song for us
Singing loud from the tree
The one that you love
In the wind in the leaves
Well I'm glad to be here
But I'm sitting here missing
But I'd rather be kissing you

Dear if I may, my two lips are waiting
It's not a race and I'm not complaining
This day is a gift, but I'd rather be kissing you

All the trees blooming pink
A show for us
Swaying bright in the breeze
Just like your love
And the petals, they dance
It's beautiful here
But please hurry home
I'd rather be kissing
This day is a gift
But I'd rather be kissing
I'm sitting here missing
When I'd rather be kissing you