

Violet Eyes

Paula Cole

Years keep dripping away, I notice the little things,
Moments in a mirror, holding the paper farther.
Moving slower and feeling colder,
Scared to trust my heart to another.

But I realized in the bottom of my well, that I was nowhere: safe but still in hell.
I had to pick myself up and believe that I would love again.
Yes, I will love again.

And I'll love you for life, heart of my cry, darling of mine.
And I'll walk through this fire, lay down my life, my violet eyes.

Oh Universe, oh Godly place, delivered you in a Christmas cake.
Sweaters and cheddars and knowing your mother,
Poems, and lamas, and children among us,
Valentines, and showing spine,
Going after what was mine
So divine, those kisses on our first night,

And patience and wisdom pulling us to each other,
blessings in finding our life together,
I'm picking myself up and believing that I will love again.
Yes I do love again.

And I'll love you for life, heart of my cry, darling of mine.
And I'll walk through this fire, lay down my life, my violet eyes.

A notarized paper will never together make our unity.
The wreckage of marriage, the bloody damned baggage between you and me,
Won't tarnish this silent of sacred decrees,
That I will, I will be
Yours eternally.

And I'll love you for life, heart of my cry, darling of mine.
And I'll walk through this fire, lay down my life, my violet eyes,
Violet eyes, violet eyes.