

Unrequited Love Song

By John Potts
Wayne

Why must every open door
Invite a woman so proud and pure?
When the night is cold
And the north wind blows,
You know I'll never desert you.
And though you say my words are cruel,
Like letters from some misguided fool,
While sticks and stones may break your bones,
I never intended to hurt you.

Everything you say to me
Conveys impressions of destiny,
But I must admit,
When I think of it,
I can't seem to harness your feelings.
I try to take the open view
That love is to me what pain is to you,
So after a while,
I hold my own trial
And I find myself guilty of stealing.

I once tried the cool approach,
I tried compassion and I tried reproach,
But my only gain
Is an open vein
From which my blood rushes brightly.
So in the end I must presume
That your heart is a cold and darkened room,
Where you'll hear me say,
In my distant way,
I love you, I love you, I love you!