

FORGET-ME-NOTS by Christopher Matthews

There's only you and I my love, lying here among the flowers,
and though I have to go away, let's enjoy our last few hours.
Forget-me-nots are growing, beside your golden hair,
whilst I'm away remember, the good times we will share.

Forget-me-nots of vivid blue, compliment your eyes,
time cannot negate our love, no matter how it tries.
For here and now there's only you, lying here, beneath the bough,
your sweet kiss still upon my lips, as I give to you my vow.

That when this war is over, again we'll lay within the flowers,
with little else to do my love, but kiss away the hours.
Vivid blue forget-me-nots, grow by your golden hair,
forget me not my love, sweet moments we will share.

(Post war)

I longed for your sweet kiss, throughout those long cold hours,
to see your golden hair again, beside those vivid flowers.
I kept that promised vow my love, I made beneath this bough,
to lay with you within the flowers, but things are different now.

For amongst the wild flowers, beneath our shady apple tree,
as we lay alone together, our two became our three.
You lying there so beautiful, golden hair and eyes of blue,
cradling your lookalike, if there could be another you.