

# What Could I Compare You to...

What could I compare you to my old friend?  
What could I know better than the memory of you.  
The one to see me through  
To hide the thought of you  
in a small brown paper bag  
concealed in my head  
the vision of the summer's shine  
the smile so kind  
the hopes resigned

You were worth every tear you caused  
all recordings of the past you paused  
the moon in all it's glory  
knows little of our story and yet there you were  
in all things new  
survivors few  
from the past of your delicate mind  
The smile that slew the serpents of shame  
and gave me breath again.  
And so I remember because I am the only one  
who saw certain things about you that no one could claim.  
this is my undiscovered fame.