

"Bush Babe"

In my dreams I'm confined
Waiting on her to appear
Sometimes our hands meet together
Upon the smudged glass door
She mirrors the yearning
That I have felt below
Our eyes can't hide the attachment
She's lovely in all that can be
Then in confusion I hear her say
"If you stir - you'll wake"
"Lay still - sleep"

But a Rouge Lion never sleeps -
Not when a lovely creature
Is loose in the bush

Maybe if she'd kiss me - I'd remain dreaming
And not having to wake up to confinement