

## This Time

Well, you tell me that it's over now.  
Things are just not working out.  
Well, it seems I've heard that line before  
Last lover; last time.

Mockingbird in your gilded cage  
When will you set yourself free?  
Flying skyward to the highest branch  
To sing;  
Hear you ring.  
This time.

Throw back your curtains and open your doors.  
Let some light in for a change.  
Drop your shawl and reveal yourself  
Just once;  
Before you go.  
This time.

Secretly I dream that one day we may meet  
In some small town in southern France.  
And, I'll awaken to your gentle smell.  
Slightly, blushing smile.  
This time.