

caroline (03:56)

caroline you made me wait  
i remember you back in sixty eight  
unbearably beautiful  
with fire in your pale green eyes  
silver butterflies  
around your throat  
i wanted to finish what we'd begun  
i was there but you were moving on  
in the bitter dying summer days  
i hid in a hundred hideaways  
on the edge of madness on the borderline  
missing my caroline

caroline you made me wait  
i remember you back in seventy eight  
mother of two  
with love in your pale green eyes  
paper butterflies  
above their beds  
i wanted to talk about what we'd begun  
but he knew where i was coming from  
in the dark decaying autumn days  
i tried in a hundred different ways  
walking the wild and windy shoreline  
missing my caroline

caroline you made me wait  
i remember you back in eighty eight  
a wife but not a lover  
boredom in your pale green eyes  
faded butterflies  
on the nursery walls  
i wanted to awaken what we'd begun  
i hated to see what you'd become  
in the dead and dreary winter days  
i lit my fires and set my life ablaze  
and started back down the line  
wanting my caroline

caroline you made me wait  
all the way until ninety eight  
lovelier than ever  
passion in your pale green eyes  
iridescent butterflies  
and the buds of may  
we took right hold of what we'd begun  
felt the rhythm of the springtime drum  
we spent those early summer days  
in a hundred different hideaways  
making up for missing time  
kissing my caroline

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