

Lisa

Lisa *loved* me.

She pursued *me*,
And got me,
And filled my life with kisses.

Once, I hid from the world,
But Lisa found me,
And took me by the hand,
And led me out of the darkness.

When we were together,
She was always smiling,
And she always made *me* smile.

And Lisa didn't love me for my money.
I didn't have any.

She didn't love me for my name.
I wasn't famous.

Lisa didn't love me for my possessions,
Or my job prospects,
Or my prominent friends.

Lisa just *loved* me.

The year was 1973,
And we were *only* five years old.
But I'll always be grateful
That Lisa loved me.