



Prisoner of Love

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I'm trapped in a cell with padded walls
Constantly I hear her name being called
I've tried to get out and tried to escape
Yet the surroundings of this place are imprisoned by gates
Two o'clock in the morning, I'm still awake
Envisioning a picture of her beautiful face
Fields full of wild flowers, sweet dreams from above
She stays in my mind, I'm a prisoner of love

I can't get through the day without her sweet voice
Who do I want to be with? She's my first, second, third choice
I walk with my head high and a smile on my face
In class I daydream and start to feel dazed
I feel for her deeply and wouldn't let anything harm her
I'd take on the world with love as my armor
I see her as perfect, pure and graceful like a dove
The judge has sentenced me to life as a prisoner of love

Each morning I awaken with a smile on my face
Thinking of seeing her gets me through each day
If I can't see her, then to her I must talk
Because her sweetness is my strength and without it I can't walk
I live for her happiness and thrive upon her joy
She puts a twinkle in my eye, like a child with a new toy
Feelings like this are from God up above
And so I don't mind being a prisoner of love