

Gatsby

He told me I was beautiful
He told me I was sweet
He said that he'd look after me
...then swept me off my feet.

I was the talk of the town
The envy of them all
Who opened doors, and graced the floors,
Of party, dance, and ball.

Then no occasion was complete
Without me on his arm
And everyone that we would meet
Adored his wit, his charm.

Our faces were on every page
My eyes, my lips, my hair
The world could not get enough
Of this perfect, golden pair.

As spring turned into summer
And summer into fall
So winter's winds were blowing
And love began to pall.

And as the seasons came and went
It was too plain to see
That I, the woman on his arm,
Was the cause of his ennui.

He told me I was beautiful
He told me I was sweet
He said that he'd looked after me
...then threw me on the street.