Your Move

It took so long to win your heart
I had to play it really smart
Strategising, made a plan
To steal you from that other man

I planned it, like a game of chess
Advance — but sometimes stay in check
'twas quite a trial, it took some time
A game of wits - to make you mine

Thinking back upon that scene
Me the King, you my Queen
The pleasure was all in the chase
And eagerness to win the race

And somehow once I'd won the game
The prize just didn't seem the same
I have no energy to debate
So
Goodbye Queen
And **that's** checkmate.