

Bitter Sweet

Our fingers brushed as we reached for a box
Of Thornton's Luxury Assorted chocs
Your chocolate brown eyes gazed into mine
Like Curly Wurlys our futures entwined

How we laughed at our Twirlwind romance
'Sweet Dreams are Made of This' – our wedding dance
I thought I had found the girl of my dreams
When you vowed to eat all the orange creams

I liked the hard centres only you see
We were made for each other, it was meant to be
But one day I came home only to find
You'd been sampling sweets of a different kind

You'd shared a box with the boy next door
You said you preferred your chocolates hard core
No more soft sweet centres for you
Dark, hard and nutty only would do

I sit alone grieving for a love not to be
A box of chocolates on the seat next to me
With a bitter reminder that I'm now bereft
An orange cream is the only one left