

Coup de Foudre

He met her at a party, in her heels and velvet black
He knew, and in an instant, there'd be no turning back
It wasn't just her beauty, which could not be denied
But a strong connection that reached him deep inside

They talked and talked for hours of all the books they'd read
Of childhood homes and holidays and politics and bread
When later he was thinking of all the things they'd said
The music of her laughter kept ringing round his head

They met next day for dinner, and the next day and the next
A pattern was established with an email or a text
All the meetings, all the kisses, all the laughter forged a bond
That stretched into the future, to their dotage and beyond

The friend who introduced them became a friend for life
Without that invitation she would not have been his wife
So often he remembered the feeling in his bones
As his friend, so warmly smiling, said "Have you met Miss Jones?"

