

## **SHE'S FOREVER YOUNG**

Miles Villalon

As I look back on my days, I reflect on that girl - the one who got away.  
With pretty eyes and long, brown hair, I'd lose myself in her stare, thinking about her  
bare essentials:

soft skin

full lips.

And deep kisses

now seem like long lost mementos.

It was in her gait and the way she tasted

that had me following her like a period at the end of a sentence.

Committing all kinds of verbs.

Had me feeling like I was chasing a dream; if she was the movie don't let it be the end  
of the scene. Can't we play that back like a dvd menu screen?

PRESS PAUSE

And keep her memory still, some call her a perfect dime - I used to call her a hundred  
dollar bill. We had a good run; if she was an assassin, let her touch be the gun.

Had me living for today and feeling like without her there was no tomorrow.

This isn't a love story

but a **STORY** about **LOVE**.

Cause when the canvas has been painted,

**AND**

**THE** memory of her song has been sung,

I'll remember her as

**FOREVER YOUNG.**

