

Quiet Evenings

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The quiet evenings of our lives
We spend together side by side
You light the candles
and pour a glass of wine
The golden ring on your finger
is mine

Magnetic smile so fair
Shirley Temple golden hair
You hold my hand
as dusk becomes the night
Your crescent eyes still shine bright

Another day is done
We live them one by one
We share our stories
There's nothing more to do
Our bed is made for two

I see our picture in a frame
I'm proud you bare my name
I watch you undress
and slip beneath the sheets
We read our books
before we sleep

I turn the lights down low
My arms now hold you close
The house is quiet
The burdens of the day disappear
As if they never were here

The Quiet Evenings