

# Amber Heart

She was the kind of woman you'd write books, songs, poems about  
She'd light her cigarette with a candelabra  
In gorgeous rooms where gold glitters  
Hair colored like redwood and eyes like fire opals  
Black silk, fluffy white fur  
Beating all men at poker  
Striking, the epitome of glamor  
Men would line up to be her lover  
But she only had eyes for one  
Never seen two people so possessed by each other  
Never seen two people so opposite yet similar  
He was not the kind of man you'd write books, songs or poems about  
He was the man who was always running out  
But never seen unless keen to be close  
His eyes were priceless emeralds and hair colored like earth  
He'd always tell you what your opinion was worth  
Tattered clothes, big worn boots  
Finding the greatest treasure to loot  
In the chest of a glamorous woman  
A fluttering amber heart