



To Kitten

You say to call you Kitten
Yet your so demure.
Seldom a hand touches you,
When then do you purr?
Naught is good enough,
'Neath your perfect eyes.
Too perfect to compare yourself,
To what you freely criticize.
Highborn gutter lady,
Why then look at me?
Do you wish for someone,
To come and set you free?
I've been dreaming,
'Bout showing you the way.
An' I've told you so,
What more can I say?
I guess I could lie,
An' say I love you.
But, I need you very badly,
Would be far more true.
I'll not be above you ,
Or bow beneath your hand.
Just come spend a while,
You'll find I am a man.