

Favourite you

I want you to bring me my favourite drink
served up with my favourite meal.

I want you to put on my favourite song
and dance with me in the night air.

I want us to sit in my favourite place
and go on my favourite walk.

To come in the door at the end of the day
and know you will be sitting there.

I want you to know me
and I want to know you,
but you have no identity,
because I have no you.

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