

## **A Tale of Tulips and Two Lips**

Hey there, what's that I hear?  
Is it the sounds of luv or just the birds chirpin in the air?  
Whatever it be, the wind and cold, once a lion, now merely nips

'Tis winter's farewell, of that you've nothing to fear  
For spring is upon us, time to be wild, to frolic, without a care  
On a breezy terrace, her sangria she sips

Yes indeed, the days longer, the sun's warmth so near  
To strut the urban landscape, look into her eyes if you dare  
Into the concrete jungle, creeps the scent and kiss of tulips.

Or is that two-lips?

- To: A Lady of Rock
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