

## Love Utopia

A friend like him is hard to find  
A face for a face and a mad good time  
He leads me to a state of mind where I can leave my life to die  
Wisdom of sorts is his claim to fame he toasts a pretty dame  
He loves and lives like he knows how  
I bet he'll show me his secrets now

Oh my god, I think I've seen his face before in my love utopia  
Lucky me

To all intents and purposes we  
touched and loved and loved to be  
Does that thought evoke a kiss?  
memories drift and hit and miss...

©1999, Amy Beth Kirsten, bad wolf music