

DUST

by Harry Baker

It's not the flowers, it's the weeding in the mud with you.
It's not the champagne, it's the cuppa in the favourite mug you use.
It's not the chocolate, ok yes it is but not one or two
It is becoming Bruce Bogtrotter or Augustus Gloop.
It's voting frozen pizza over fancy grub with you
because some nights nothing can beat a slice of comfort food.
It's knowing anything I eat will include some for you
because you're not hungry but you might just have a couple of spoons.
It's not the dreaming, it's the waking up with you;
I want to be here long enough to gather dust with you.

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