

MY VALENTINE

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I did all as a fashionable young man,
And waited for her for years.
On that Valentines' Day
I had run to the rendezvous with smiling tears.

My red rose had already faded
And the plastic heart I bought her
Was in perfect shape but had stopped croaking
'I love you.'

The clock struck
And I realized
I had run out of luck
How! I could hardly imagine.

Too late I noticed
At the next table she was sitting,
In the arms of a body so expensive
She was all smiles.