

# Vaya semana....



..When youre all alone and lonely  
In your midnight hour  
And you find that your soul  
Its been up for sale  
And you begin to think bout  
All the things that youve done  
And you begin to hate  
Just bout everything  
But remember the princess  
who lived on the hill  
Who loved you even though  
she knew you was wrong  
And right now  
she just might come shining through  
And the glory of love, glory of love  
Glory of love, just might come through...

Otro poeta que se va....