

Her.

I'm sitting at the table
With my family all around me
They're trading all the gossip
And laughing very loudly

But I'm not taking part.
No, I haven't said a word
My mind's on someone else
And I'm certainly not bored

I picture her head in my lap
As we lounge all day long
But it shouldn't be a her,
People told me it was wrong.

But these thoughts don't stop,
My head on her shoulder
I can't think of anyone else,
Her fingers snake through the loops on my jeans as I pull her closer

Watching a movie together
But my gaze is locked on her
This doesn't feel wrong
Now my thoughts are all unsure

How can this be wrong
Our arms intertwined
How can I be wrong
When I want to call her mine

Dancing around my room
We couldn't be happier
I laugh at her pleated skirt spinning as she twirls
It appears that I'm in love with this girl