



My son

My son would have his nose
Would have my eyes
Would be bad tempered
Certainly like his dad
Happy mummy! Oh lucky me!

My son would have his mouth
Would have my hair
Would be capricious
Just like most children now
Funny mummy! Oh lucky me!

Lovely baby from a breech birth
All night crying, afterpains
Dirty diapers, baby blues
Only pleasant news in my life

I'll forbid him to be cheeky
He'll forbid me to go out
Oh lucky me!

My son would have my time
Would have ours lives
Would spend our money, our health, our energy
Oh lucky me, I'm not crazy

I've been warned but I'm not saved
Maybe someday hormones will rule my mind
And I will say
This stupid sentence we hear in all romantic movies
"It is the most beautiful day of my life"
And I'll love this

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