

we were cut from the one cloth the very fabric of our beings is  
the same  
sewn and stitched to our tailors purpose given freedom only in  
name  
you were made into a gorgeous golden gown of the finest  
array  
though rarely were you donned mostly you were put on  
display  
for your tailors hoped you'd be worn by a wealthy queen  
someday  
when all you truly wanted was to be able to dance frolic and  
play  
I was made into a satchel meant to hold all manner of  
treasures  
til my seams wore out and they felt the need to take sterner  
measures  
and they stitched me with sinew and made me so much  
stronger  
that they'd fill me to bursting and i couldnt take it any longer  
So late into one evening I managed to get lost along the way  
and I sat by the roadside so long that my edges began to fray  
but as fate would have it a cosmic twist did then arise  
and some rouge found me laying there and much to his  
surprise  
a priceless treasure still lay deep in my pocked well hidden  
so to the nearby town of Hearthal he felt suddenly bidden  
He heard a sweetly sung song by a street borne lass  
though she was poor in pocket was wealthy in grace and  
class  
drawn in by the sirens sound he wove thru the streets  
searching for the song source and its singer he must meet  
for he was awed by her melody and knew he couldnt just pass  
suddenly he walked by a window and there behind the glass

you flashed your buttons at me while i hung off his shoulder  
and I remembered you as my bolt mate yet looking much  
bolder

the rogue turned and he too saw your beauty well reflected  
and entered the shop where the treasure i held was inspected  
and then he left stuffing you deep into my warm embrace  
and returned to the street to seek out the songbirds face  
and find her he surely did for she was round the next corner  
where he gifted you to her in a kind gesture of honor  
and we laughed together while dancing all over town  
the treasure filled bag and the most graceful of gowns.