

# MS#1c Jo

**Start** →

Jo:

3 4

Who is he, who is he with his 'mar-ry me,' With his ring and his

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'mar-ry me'?— The nerve, the gall. This is not, not what was

8 9 10

meant to be. How could he ru-in it all— with those two words?

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12 13 3

I thought I knew him, thought that he knew me. When did he change, what— did I

14 15 16 17

miss? A kiss? When I thought, all a-long. That we were meant to

18 19 20 21

forge fron-tiers. How could I be so wrong? ← **End**