

## Dear Pretty Girl

Gavin Covell

I saw you at the concert, you and your friend,  
Black top with the strobe light, something about it did you so right.  
Black hair blended into the dimmed lights  
a rockstar vibe,  
like we could go out all night.  
You called me cute, my heart stuttered  
you dissipated into the crowd,  
like a ghost.  
I chased your essence through the sea of bodies,  
And as I got close to you,  
the beat dropped  
bodies were being pushed, people jumped, yelled.  
(It felt like fate,  
this gorgeous girl gone)  
I scanned the crowd  
the show over, no one waited on me.  
I stayed, faking a call like I had someplace to be  
waited for you to come through the door,  
except you didn't.



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