

Holding his hand so lovingly  
    Pressing it gently too,  
    Dropping ~~his~~ my head on his shoulder dear  
    With whispers - that I'll be true  
    Smiling so sweetly in his eyes,  
    Tenderly brushing his hair:  
    Sure there was never such bliss before  
    And never a man so fair,  
    Just fussing and fussing the time away  
    In the most-romantic style  
    Quite forgetting the troublesome fact  
    There were people across the isles,  
    Ignoring the many beauties out side  
    And watching the "movies" within:  
    With varied expressions of wonder and shame  
    Combined with disgust - and a grin,  
    Until the whole car was convinced of the fact -  
    Altho not a word had been said,  
    That they were enjoying the honeymoon trip  
    Of these two dear newly weds.