There is one time that a woman falls in love
And one time only... and it will never happen again.
Let the man's love die and she clings till the end.
Let her love finally wither and perish for lack of love,
Like a flower for lack of rain and with her love is done.
She will try, perhaps, to capture the elusive thing
And work hard at it for years and years until one day she is no more.
Thus her love story is told, one love that went not well
And another half-love that did.
Let all men hear my words.
A woman is an act of love.
If you listen to me, as you listen to the rain that falls
And tells truths again and again
Until it washes away everything but one fundamental truth,
Namely, that somebody loved or loves you.
She is a girl like any other girl and she has but onething to give,
Her love over and over in a thousand different ways.
It is written in her eyes when she looks at you,
It is in her touch when she ill and she cares for you,
It is in the way she looks at you to see your soul,
It is in the way she cooks to keep you alive,
It is in the way she cares how you feel, live breathe.
You may think such a miracle will happen to you again,
With somebody else.
Listen to the rain as it whispers in the eaves,
Listen to the name it spells over and over.
A woman is an act of love just once with one man.
It happen again to you with somebody else?
to the rain on the roof, listen to my words,