A SONG WRITTEN JUST FOR THEM

Forty Years of Burnt Toast

VERSE

A village dance, forty years ago,
Helen saw Daniel and said hello.
He tapped his feet, he found his grin,
And that was where the story would begin.

CHORUS

Oh Daniel, Daniel, forty years with you,
Burnt toast on Sundays, and I love it too.
You fix the bikes and you bring me flowers,
Happy anniversary, here's to our hours.

VERSE

Every bike along the street
Gets a patch and a turn of the seat.
Every birthday, never late,
Flowers waiting at the garden gate.

CHORUS

Oh Daniel, Daniel, forty years with you,
Burnt toast on Sundays, and I love it too.
You fix the bikes and you bring me flowers,
Happy anniversary, here's to our hours.

OUTRO

So take my hand, let's dance once more,
Just like the night that we first met.
Forty years, and I'm still sure,
The best is yet to come, my dear. Not yet!

Lyrics written and song composed by an artificial intelligence from your answers.