My little third grade hand wrote "I love you" on a note of yellow paper, and sent it to the front of the room to a little blonde-haired girl.

The blonde-haired girl just opened it, and read it to herself
I was so embarrassed when she turned around and said:

I'm already taken
you spoke up to late
I love somebody else,
so you'll just have to wait

The years flew by so quickly and there we were in junior high I realized that I still loved her so. So I called her up and told her - exactly how I felt

Then she said:
There's something that you really ought to know:

I'm already taken
you spoke up to late
I love somebody else,
so you'll just have to wait

So wait I did, and never changed my love for that little blonde-haired girl- who's now the mother of our little blonde-haired boy - who's to our hearts so close I hate to think how fast he's growing up.

Last night I overheard them as she tucked him into bed He said: mommy, will you marry me?

And this is what she said:

I'm already taken
you spoke up to late
I love your daddy, son,
so you'll just have to wait.

I'm already taken
you spoke up to late
I love your daddy, son,
so you'll just have to wait...