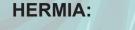
## LOVE RECTANGLE



Love! This simply cannot be,

I was sure Lysander was my destiny,

Sleeping by the tree, didn't think he'd flee,

This whole thing seems peculiar to me...

LYSANDER:

Love! Oh, what an awkward thing,

Thought that Hermia would wear my wedding ring,

But I'm realising that was just a fling,

So now I'll fight for Helena. ALL: Ding ding!

ALL:

We're caught in a sort of a love rectangle,

Four, where there should be two and two.

Love is a stressy, messy tangle,

LOVERS:

What on earth are we supposed to do?

ALL:

Feelings are fraught and our hopes are mangled,

Tempers are getting hot,

Who's going to help us untie the knot?

HELENA:

Love! I'll never understand.

All I wanted was Demetrius's hand.

And Lysander's grand, I'm just not a fan, This really isn't turning out as planned!

**DEMETRIUS:** Love! I've got to make her mine,

Fairest Helena, my goddess, nymph, divine! Hearts are on the line, darling, don't decline

Demetrius will be forever thine.



