

End of the Run

Debbie Harry

Darkness falls like a black leather jacket and melts into the sidewalk like a sleeping drunk.

In the streets, the wind throws yesterday's headlines around.

Another night comes and goes. So, for awhile back then there was someplace to go.

Somewhere more home than a house.

A family of choice, not an accident, but sometimes as soon as something gets started it's over. Now the days are much shorter and the people from the good part of town all come around, but the something is missing even though there's more there now.

I shrug off my attempts to explain how a torn T-shirt made it all danger again. I don't like flashbacks in movies.

I like the story to proceed.

I don't like talking about the old days except if it tells where the future will lead. So we take a walk down this haunted hall or stumble through a shattered recall.

I know there's nothing to relive, it's just the shape of it all.

I don't want it different.

Don't want it again but value for value, now I'd never want it to end.

You think of the old friends and faces no more to be seen.

You think how much fun a line-up would mean. And once that tape starts playing, it's too hard to make it rewind.

That one special face takes over your mind. That end of the run.

We almost won.

The end of the run.

We had our fun.

The end of the run. I knew it then.

It won't be back again. We stood in the cold night, though we should be warm, in the back of the lot with me in your arms.

The sun was falling.

The grey rain was pouring.

The cars were all dirty and slow.

We both had our kiss and, out of the depths and darkness, with my eyes closed I still see you fine.

Cause that was the season we make our dreams come true.

There was no limit to what we could do. The end of the run.

We almost won.

The end of the run.

We had our fun.

The end of the run.

I knew it then.

He won't be back again. Once that tape starts playing it's too hard to make it rewind.

With my eyes closed I still see you fine.

That was the season we make our dreams come true.

There was no limit to what we could do. The end of the run.

We almost won.

The end of the run.
We had our fun.
The end of the run.
I knew it then.
He won't be back again.

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