Sequel

Euzen

Hey, she's actin' happy, inside her handsome home
And me, I'm flyin' in my taxi, takin' tips
I got into town a little early
Had eight hours to kill before the show
First thought about heading up north of the bay
Then knew where I had to go
I thought about taking a Limousine
Or at least a fancy car
I ended up taking a taxi
'Cause that's how I got this far
It was ten years goin' in the front seat
Drivin' stoned, feelin' no pain
Now, here I am straight and sittin' in the back
Hitting 16 Park Side lane
The driveway was the same, as I remembered
And a butler came and answered the door
He just shook his head, when I asked for her
And said, "She doesn't live here anymore"
But he offered to give me the address
They were forwarding her letters to
I just took it and returned to the cabbie
And said, "I got one more fare for you"
And so we rolled back into the city
Upto a five storey old Brownstone
Rang the bell, that had her name on the mailbox
The buzzer said somebody's home
And the look on her face as she opened door
Was like an old joke told by a friend
It'd taken ten more years, but she'd found her smile
And I watched the corners start to bend
And she said, "How are you Harry?
Haven't we played this scene before"
I said, "It's so good to see you now, Sue
Had to play it out just once more
Play it out just once more"
She said, "I've heard you flying high on my radio"
I answered, "It's not all it seems"
That's when she laughed and she said
"It's better sometimes, when we don't get to touch our dreams"

That's when, I asked her where was that actress
She said, "That was somebody else"
When I asked her, why she looked so happy now
She said, "I finally like myself, at last I like myself"
So we talked all through that afternoon
Talking about, where we'd been
We talked of the tiny difference
Between ending and starting to begin
We talked because, talking tells you things
Like, what you really are thinking about
But sometimes, you can't find what you're feeling
Till all the words run out
So I asked her to come to the concert
She said, "No, I, I work at night"
I said, "We've gotten too damn good at leaving, Sue"
She said, "Harry, you're right"
Don't ask me, if I made love to her
Or which one of us started to cry
Don't ask me why she wouldn't take the money that I left
If I answered at, all I'd lie
So I thought about her, as I sang that night
And how the circle keeps rolling around
And if I act, as I'm facing the footlights
How she's flying with both feet on the ground
Yes, I guess it's a sequel to our story
From my journey between Heaven and Hell
With half the time thinking of what might have been
And half thinkin' just as well
I guess only time will tell

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