Circles

John Laval

Inquisitive and thoughtful,
she was the challenge he'd been waiting for;
a reminder that creativity runs deep like secrets.
Dark eyed dreamers; they were a dangerous pair,
Q next to U scribbled out on paper...
They stop, they go, they're done.
Go back to the place we knew before retrace our steps to the basement door,
I'll ask you if the rain still makes you smile,
Like so much time that we spent in the fall it put color in our cheeks while the air turned cold,
Preceding what became our bitter end.
Round in circles, lets start over,
Round in circles, lets start over.
Unanswered questions would be the only thing to stop them now...
He was the poet while she was the muse,

but she had a pen that she knew how to use,
with a touch of redemption, a hint of elation;
a recipe for disaster.
Go back to the place we knew before retrace our steps to the basement door,
I'll ask you if the rain still makes you smile,
Like so much time that we spent in the fall it put color in our cheeks while the air turned cold,
Preceding what became our bitter end.
Let this be a lesson to us all...
round in circles, lets start over
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round in circles, round in cirlces
round in circles, round in circles

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