

# The Changing Lights

Stacey Kent

Were we leaving Rio  
Or were we in New York?  
I remember bossa nova on the breeze  
We were in the back seat  
Of a cab we couldn't afford  
You were holding my old rucksack on your knees  
You leaned towards your window  
To see the traffic up ahead  
"These commuters here," you said  
"Could be the walking dead."  
And we vowed to guard our dreams  
From all the storms that lay ahead  
From the winds of fear and age and compromise  
And we laughed about the hopelessness  
Of so many peoples lives  
As we slowly moved towards the changing lights.  
It was near Les Invalides  
Or perhaps Trafalgar Square  
It was late at night the city was asleep.  
You were clowning in the back seat  
With some friends we'd found somewhere  
The kind, back then, we always seemed to meet. There were those in this great world you said  
Just fated to go far  
And among the lucky ones  
Were we inside that car.  
And your friends began to sing  
When You Wish Upon A Star  
And you clapped along like you didn't have a care  
But once I turned to glance at you  
As we drove across the square  
And your face looked haunted in the changing lights.  
Was it last September?  
It was autumn more or less  
You were waiting to cross some busy boulevard  
Talking on your phone  
To your family I guess  
Your briefcase tucked up high beneath your arm  
As I approached you turned around  
A question in your eye  
As though I might ignore you  
And just simply walk on by  
But we smiled and talked awhile  
About each others lives

And once or twice I caught a wistful note  
Then you moved towards the crossing  
As the cars slowed to a halt  
And we waved and parted beneath the changing lights.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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