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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