

# The Last Fare of the Day

Richard Shindell

I saw them standing in the rain  
Out on 7th Avenue  
He held her tight, like she might fall  
If he let goHe helped her in, he shut the door  
Our eyes met in the mirror  
To Englewood, just take it slow  
Was all he saidInto the stream, we pulled away  
I know it well, this old ballet  
Finding the flow, minding the sway  
Catching green lights all the wayUp Amsterdam, the meter dark,  
I turned off the radio  
She said, Thanks,  
I could not bear another word.Out the bridge, the traffic slowed  
In the brakelights and the wash  
Of all those truckers heading south  
On 95Into the stream, we pulled away  
I know it well, this old ballet  
Finding the flow, minding the sway  
Catching green lights all the way  
I brought them home, I brought them home  
I brought them home in that cruel, cruel rainAnd now its spring, and wheres the rain?  
All the wells are running dry  
And the reservoir has reached  
An all-time lowAnd if this red light ever turns  
If I can make it through the park  
Ill head uptown  
For the last fare of the dayAnd turn it does, I pull away  
I know it well, this old ballet  
Finding the flow, minding the sway  
Catching green lights all the wayAnd there they are, outside St. Lukes  
With their flowers and balloons  
All amazement at the baby  
In her armsAs Amsterdam makes us a place  
I ask about her name  
We all laugh when he says Hope  
And she says GraceAnd then it starts, the heavens give  
I know it well, this old ballet  
Finding the flow, minding the sway  
Catching green lights all the way

I brought them home, I brought them home  
I brought them home in that sweet, sweet rain  
I brought them home in the sweet, sweet rain

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