

Helplessly Hoping

Crosby, Stills & Nash

Helplessly hoping her harlequin hovers nearby
Awaiting a word
Gasping at glimpses of gentle true spirit
He runs wishing he could fly only to trip at the sound of good-bye
Wordlessly watching he waits by the window and wonders
At the empty place inside
Heartlessly helping himself to her bad dreams he worries
Did he hear a good-bye or even hello?

They are one person, they are two alone
They are three together, they are four for each other
Stand by the stairway, you'll see something certain to tell you
Confusion has its cost
Love isn't lying, it's loose in a lady who lingers
Saying she is lost and choking on hello
They are one person, they are two alone
They are three together, they are four for each other

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