

Helplessly Hoping

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young

Helplessly hoping her harlequin hovers nearby
Awaiting a word, gasping at glimpses
Of gentle true spirit
He runs, wishing he could fly high
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 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 for each other

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