

# Sequel (Alternate Mix)

## Harry Chapin

Hey, she's actin' happy, inside her handsome home  
And me, I'm flyin' in my taxi, takin' tips I got into town a little early  
Had eight hours to kill before the show  
First thought about heading up north of the bay  
Then knew where I had to go I thought about taking a Limousine  
Or at least a fancy car  
I ended up taking a taxi  
'Cause that's how I got this far It was ten years goin' in the front seat  
Drivin' stoned, feelin' no pain  
Now, here I am straight and sittin' in the back  
Hitting 16 Park Side lane The driveway was the same, as I remembered  
And a butler came and answered the door  
He just shook his head, when I asked for her  
And said, "She doesn't live here anymore" But he offered to give me the address  
They were forwarding her letters to  
I just took it and returned to the cabbie  
And said, "I got one more fare for you" And so we rolled back into the city  
Upto a five storey old Brownstone  
Rang the bell, that had her name on the mailbox  
The buzzer said somebody's home And the look on her face as she opened door  
Was like an old joke told by a friend  
It'd taken ten more years, but she'd found her smile  
And I watched the corners start to bend And she said, "How are you Harry?  
Haven't we played this scene before"  
I said, "It's so good to see you now, Sue  
Had to play it out just once more  
Play it out just once more" She said, "I've heard you flying high on my radio"  
I answered, "It's not all it seems"  
That's when she laughed and she said  
"It's better sometimes, when we don't get to touch our dreams" That's when, I asked her where was that actress  
She said, "That was somebody else"  
When I asked her, why she looked so happy now  
She said, "I finally like myself, at last I like myself" So we talked all through that afternoon  
Talking about, where we'd been  
We talked of the tiny difference  
Between ending and starting to begin  
We talked because, talking tells you things  
Like, what you really are thinking about  
But sometimes, you can't find what you're feeling

Till all the words run out So I asked her to come to the concert  
She said, "No, I, I work at night"  
I said, "We've gotten too damn good at leaving, Sue"  
She said, "Harry, you're right" Don't ask me, if I made love to her  
Or which one of us started to cry  
Don't ask me why she wouldn't take the money that I left  
If I answered at, all I'd lie So I thought about her, as I sang that night  
And how the circle keeps rolling around  
And if I act, as I'm facing the footlights  
How she's flying with both feet on the ground Yes, I guess it's a sequel to our story  
From my journey between Heaven and Hell  
With half the time thinking of what might have been  
And half thinkin' just as well I guess only time will tell

Songwriters

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