

# Don't Leave a Diva

## Velvet Chain

He told her to wait in the lobby  
While he finished his calls for the day  
Lying on the couch was the Christmas issue of 'New Life Magazine'  
She swept it up to her lap  
Silently praying through its pages of red and green  
A door opened across the way  
Its muffled beat escaping and swirling towards her  
And the eyes lifted from the page  
Dont leave a diva, never leave a diva, baby  
Dont leave a diva, never make a diva wait  
Dont ever tease her, that will never please her, baby  
Dont leave a diva, never make a diva wait  
Her intuition will change condition, so dont leave a diva  
Her blue-bowed shoes pointed at to two men in black t-shirts  
Mumbling over a bad track  
Too much Juno and what to use for an ending  
The door clicked shut and she started to sing  
Out loud, throaty notes, spaced over another magazine  
This one filled with pastel and voile visions  
On the cover was a bride  
Dont leave a diva, never leave a diva, baby  
Dont leave a diva, never make a diva wait  
Dont ever tease her, that will never please her, baby  
Dont leave a diva, never make a diva wait  
Her intuition will change condition, so dont leave a diva  
He emerged from his office on an F note  
Portable phone still in hand  
She had been waiting in the lobby a lot lately  
And waiting was never a divas occupation  
He moved, motioning to quiet her aria  
But she took advantage of his cellular audience  
And increased her volume  
The spring issue falling to the floor as she rose  
With higher notes, oohing from her lipstick-pressed lips  
She turned towards the stairway, an ascension was occurring  
His eyes followed her shadow, eclipse-like  
As it passed across the room

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