253

Vargas Blues Band

I watched her smile,
Dissolve like alco sell sell
And in all honesty,
Man, I wish I could have helped her

But the words I spoke,
Fell ? to the ground
Hitting that carpet,
With a muffled clanging sound

I remember sitting later on the 253,
Trying not to cry but the cryings on me,
Sick to my stomach feeling so guilty
But a cant change the fact that

She had nothing that a needed,
So over years the love receded
A bit like her old man's hair line,
And mine

And at first she was all that I could see,
Till other girls appeared in my periphery
And we lost something or so it seems,
Faded like her favorite jeans

I can't read her face,
It's in an unknown language
I just hold her pretty hand,
'Cause that's about all I can manage

I wish you wouldn't look at me that way,
Knowing I'm a selfish bastard
She'll be thanking me one day
And maybe we can even part this disaster

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No, no, no, no promises
No, no, no, no promises
No, no, no, no promises
No promises, no promises

And this is the final curtain call,
As in and out of love we fall
And its to late to change that
Aw its to late to explain that

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