When I Was a Fool

Concrete Blonde

I re-read silly lines that made sense at the time pages all stained with tears & red wine & I walk through the airport & read magazines so much younger than me every face that I see & I drink & I think my glorious past or the lips that I've kissed how I don't even miss & I smile to myself at how easy this is.. easy to breathe, easy to live I remember when I would tear myself in two. Over how to be, what to say & what to do did you really like me better then? did you really like me better when I was a fool? So I live in these days but I still have my old ways my future, somehow, she has yet to arrive & I see all around me the Women On Time. Kids & divorces & crisis in midlife so do I surrender & give up my dream for a brick in the wall & a washing machine who won't care what I've done grow up & get real have a kid in their teens where I've been, what I've seen .. & I wonder why I tear myself in two 'cause I know you liked me better then.. over who to be, where to be & what to do I know you liked me better when I was a fool. 45. I'm free to a fault. Playing guitar. I fly down the highway Living my life. I belong to no place. sun on my face I cry over poetry. I belong to nobody. & I laugh at myself. than anyone else. still, I'd rather be me.

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