

Quietly, Slightly

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When he first met her she seemed quite manic
Screaming out lyrics at passing traffic
Grooving away to her inside song
He heard the chorus so he sung along...

(Junk bond trader)

He took her to a place that dealt in organics
I think it was called a "Mother Nature's Planet"
He paid for her large chai tea
But all the while he was invading her reality

Spoke to her with words by Yeats
Or maybe it was Hendrix, maybe it was Keats
Stole his way back to her bed
But he could never stop the music playing in her head...

Because her music still plays (da da da)
Her music still plays (da da da)
Her music still plays (da da da)
Her music still plays... quietly, slightly

(And quietly, slightly)

The dawn light brought her nothing to borrow
And neither did a hundred, thousand tomorrows
Most mornings she found him in a corner
A condition that he had and always failed to warn her

He only feels joy when he suffers
Which is great for a poet but it's lousy for a lover

And so he'd stumble to a different venue
Where you have to pay and "click to continue"
Like everyone they found their own meaning
But he never could stop that girl from dreamin'

Because her music still plays (da da da)
Her music still plays (da da da)
Her music still plays (da da da)
Her music still plays... quietly, slightly