

Shortlived Shows

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She's a barefoot young blonde
in a strapless snow-white dress
She sings three chord songs
With a soothing caress

An anklet and a peace sign
a flower in her hair
a five string beatup wood' box
Your secret love affair

She smiles her songs of war and peace
The whole world is her stage
You lose your smarts when she's around
She's only half your age

She chants her dewy eyed poetry
a potluck of beliefs
She's savouring your every word
Your golden gift of speech
But

Your wisdom will get old
A tale so often told
You tragic man
You're fooled again
You'll pay for shortlived shows
And then

She'll leave you in the cold
Feeling bought and sold
She gave her word
An elusive bird
Who sings the sweetest song
you heard

But flies away when autumn comes
Your time is marked
The requiem, so painfully clear
Will echo in the dark
Douse the final spark

Her random acts of kindness
A patchwork of idea's
She's never worked a day and yet
She tells you how it feels

Are you the one to lift the veil
From a young face, so naïve
To break the blisful spell for her
You know she's sure to leave
And so

Her beauty will get old
A tale so often told
You tragic man
You're fooled again
You paid for shortlived shows
And when

Your love for her grows cold
You'll forever have and hold
The illusive words
of a captured bird
Who sings the saddest songs you heard

White lies disguise her pain and fear
Her time is marked
The requiem, so painfully clear
Will echo in the dark
Douse the final spark