

Happy Ending

Like a cape she drapes the night around her shoulder.
She pulls its quiet tight around her throat,
Wringing hands over chances missed, wishing she were bolder.
But love is a foreign tongue she cannot translate or emote.
She's getting used to the sound of her shoes shuffling down the lonely street,
Used to avoiding the stares from pairs of lovers that she meets.

There's a man and a woman on a desert island in a movie matinee.
And the Lonely Hearts Club, they're calling in, asking for group rates,
Thirsty for a taste of the winning,
To taste the tears of a happy ending.

With the dawn, he's off and running for the cafe
For the coffee and comfort found there with his friends.
But then it's all down hill from there, rolling through his work day.
Into the corner pocket he falls, returning to do it all again.
He's hit the wall with the mating calls and never reaches for the phone;
Tired of looking for more than he finds, he winds up leaving it alone.

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To taste the tears of a happy ending.

Hey, baby, hear that sound? In the night it sighs,
And those billion stars are shining in your eyes.
There's a feeling like heaven's here within our reach, within our control.
Walk with me down this windswept beach while the music plays and the credits roll.

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