

Bishop Of Hexen

"Yeats And Joyce"

Visit "[Yeats And Joyce](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Oh, the lights shone down on Broadway
They lit up old Times Square
When we waltzed like Fred and Ginger
All along the great White Way

But you never said that ultimately
There would be a choice
When we tripped the light fantastic
And dreamed of Yeats and Joyce

How do you measure a heartache?
How do you hold on to a dream?
How do you tally the worth of a life
When you're comin' apart at the seams?

Maybe it's all in the books that we read
Or the music that we make
Or maybe it all comes back to
Your particular smile on that day
Oh, how you loved the poetry

And the secret words we shared
You wondered when you were old and gray
If I would continue to care
But time hasn't made any difference

You're as lovely as ever, my dear
So I'll just go right on lovin' you
Down all the days and the years
This city keeps on changing

But you haunt me everywhere
From the lions at the library
To the skulls at the terminal
If only I could remember how not to care

Visit [Bishop Of Hexen](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.