

Better Than A Thousand

"Waxing Or Waning?"

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You in your coat
Writing a note,
"dear sal, i hope you'll agree..."

Then catching a bus,
Just after dusk,
A one way trip to the city.

A cold water flat.
A hot plate,
A hat.
The want ads are strewn on the floor.
And you get so mad, when your ma and dad
Reflect when you look in the mirror.

But i see you there
Nude at the top of the stairs
(but so far away)
And i recall all
Your dreams and your schemes
Moving me.
The plans that we made,
A street serenade

You can't be like your brother and mike,
Content just to live and get by.
I hope that your fine,
At 13th and 9.
Waxing or waning?
Your call.

But i see you there
Alight at the top of the stairs
But so far away
And i recall all your
Hands and your plans moving me
The sense that it made
A street serenade.

