

## **Black 47**

# **"Yeats and Joyce"**

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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

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