

Flight 409

"Bret's Day"

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I was wondering through the streets of the city
Rambling through the avenues of time
When from nowhere my eyes fell onto a girl, and by
chance her eyes fell onto mine
So I sat and I acted all nonchalant
She smoked her lavender cigarette
Reading the future that lay in my hands, as my shadow
played a bass clarinet
Where are you going with this Bret?
We waltzed down a molded boulevard
Just two silhouettes in the mist
Oh yes
Days went by and years went by
Moments went by when we kissed
When was this?
She said "your beard is woven of heartache"
And we'll drink for the lonely tonight
And the moon is a horny old drunkard
Uh Bret, could you please move over to your right?
We drank dandelion wine and we reminisced about the
moment we first met that day
I'm trying to watch TV
Then we reminisced about how we first reminisced
Oh ya? Sounds a bit gay
She handed me a broken memory
A keepsake to forever more save
That a brief taste of love is as sweet as any
And with that she made her way

She said her name was a secret
Then she said her name was Cherise
Is her middle name Cherise?
So it's a secret Cherise? Maybe?
Hmm maybe
What'd she look like?
She looked like a Parisian river
What, dirty?
She looked like a chocolate éclair
That's weird
Her eyes were reflections of eyes
Oh no

And the rainbows danced in her hair
Oh ya
She reminded me of a winter's morning
Oh frigid?
Her perfume was eau de toilette
What does that mean?
She was comparable to Cleopatra
Quite old?
She was like Shakespeare's Juliet
What 13?
The bohemians of Soho did pirouettes as we waltzed
through the streets of Manhattan
The rivers of ribbon and sails of sock
Bret, did any of this actually happen?
The girl I described, she's as real as the wind
It's true, I saw her today
The other details are inventions
Because I prefer her that way

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