

## David Arn "Andrea"

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I was thrown when a saxophone died on Thompson  
Street  
Sexy radio voice said this day would be hard to beat  
Then in a traffic jam my mind got stuck in self-review  
You're planted inside of me,  
Can't take down the tree that grows more thoughts of  
you  
Andrea, what were we thinking of?  
This may not come as news  
You pushed me off my shoes  
I misread the scale that showed the weight of your  
shove

Anticipation of your touch was sweet and slow as a  
drug  
Lifting me from the dark crowded hole no one claims  
they dug  
I can still count those back steps leading to your place  
Who takes my space on your pillow case?  
Whose memory sees you like a doll always with a  
smiling face?  
Andrea, if you only knew

My love is a morning sun rising for you,  
High above the silver names the street gangs drew

Won't open up one more day wrapped in SoHo sorrow  
Don't want to delay turning shadows toward the light  
It's such a struggle to see past tomorrow  
When you're always there dancing in my line of sight

In the theater of my dreams I see a curtain rise  
Your beauty steals the easy applause until the sad  
clown cries  
In the spotlight your diamond dress appears sapphire  
blue  
Illusion fitting you complete  
As I rise from my expensive seat to cheer for more of  
you  
Andrea, that's what I'm dreaming of  
Nights when you treated to a backstage pass  
Don't leave me stranded in line for love

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