

## David Arn

# "Fantasy #127 In F# Major"

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I wanted to transport my life to you in Amherst  
Even if my car was too small, my feelings could not be  
reversed  
When you hunger for touch you can be misled  
I could be wrong here's what I think you said  
If you come with me, your soul is revealed  
You take a chance in the mine field  
And must learn to fly over bare wires that lay  
concealed

We only had a weekend, impossible to extend.  
Then Sue warned me of men you dismissed  
Who were doomed to hike mountains to view what they  
missed  
Still I swore I could restore your perfection again  
By crossing my fingers and dropping names of my  
friends.

The churchyard was ancient, we were drinking wine,  
trees were turning red  
Baby, oh baby, it's cold, let's get warm instead.  
There was only one thing to fear in that place  
Our eyes might do less talking in coming days  
The cold was too real, I didn't know what to feel  
So my heart kept its eyes peeled  
For safer places to lay down its sword and shield

We only had a weekend, sundown was brilliant at the  
end  
You proudly proclaimed a toast to heartbreak and  
fame,  
The words were sublime but brave just the same  
Then you said you felt fine, like when you were eleven  
or ten  
And someone should take pictures before the light  
changed again

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