

## David Arn "Invisible Lady"

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When there was just one girl in my country 'tis of thee  
Names were carved in the side of a Jersey tree  
She vanished from my planet, she planned it with a  
perfumed note  
I watched silently from cold, dark corners, I couldn't  
see what she wrote

A little bit less it could have been a mystery  
A little bit more it could have been history  
That invisible lady still makes me half crazy,  
Memories of her slow smile refuse to yield  
Even when that part of my heart has been burnt,  
Has been burnt and sealed

Careless in Paris, stumbling down the hill from  
Montmartre  
Evening's red dress swayed to songs I won't admit I  
know by heart  
Neon nights never braced me for the hidden trap door  
Inexpensive wine can make peace bells chime but  
never settle the score  
And I was left begging for a message to glitter down  
from her morning star  
I guess she was either whispering in a foreign  
language or words had to tumble much too far

A little bit less it could have been a mystery  
A little bit more it could have been history  
Invisible lady-memory won't grow hazy,  
It's flying always backward across a roaring sea  
with the sound of its speeding engines unraveling  
when it reaches perfect you and me

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