

Richard Shindell

"The Last Fare Of The Day"

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I saw them standing in the rain
Out on 7th Avenue
He held her tight, like she might fall
If he let go

He helped her in, he shut the door
Our eyes met in the mirror
"To Englewood, just take it slow"
Was all he said

Into the stream, we pulled away
I know it well, this old ballet
Finding the flow, minding the sway
Catching green lights all the way

Up Amsterdam, the meter dark,
I turned off the radio
She said, "Thanks,
I could not bear another word."

Out the bridge, the traffic slowed
In the brakelights and the wash
Of all those truckers heading south
On 95

Into the stream, we pulled away
I know it well, this old ballet
Finding the flow, minding the sway
Catching green lights all the way
I brought them home, I brought them home
I brought them home in that cruel, cruel rain

And now it's spring, and where's the rain?
All the wells are running dry
And the reservoir has reached
An all-time low

And if this red light ever turns
If I can make it through the park
I'll head uptown
For the last fare of the day

And turn it does, I pull away
I know it well, this old ballet
Finding the flow, minding the sway
Catching green lights all the way

And there they are, outside St. Luke's
With their flowers and balloons
All amazement at the baby
In her arms

As Amsterdam makes us a place
I ask about her name
We all laugh when he says "Hope"
And she says "Grace"

And then it starts, the heavens give
I know it well, this old ballet
Finding the flow, minding the sway
Catching green lights all the way
I brought them home, I brought them home
I brought them home in that sweet, sweet rain
I brought them home in the sweet, sweet rain

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