

Balladeer, A "Robin"

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You wrote about New York.
There had been a change of plans.
You had put your dream on ice for your life felt too intense.
The distance in your eyes popped up in the lines you dropped.
Endearments disappeared right before your writing stopped.

That last time at the bar I observed you from the back.
Your famous wooden necklace looked all tight around your neck,
And I could not help but watch and to speak on my behalf:
Your friend seemed quite a bore.
Not once I saw you laugh.

I gave up on the hope.
You won't ever come around.
Run into me by chance in some record store downtown.
May you really seize the day and those horsemen do it all.

P.S. By the way, does Robin ever call?

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