

P J Loughran

"Grenadine"

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We roll through rhythmic roadside beams
Past franchise fare, that wasnt there
The last time we rolled by on our retreat

My sullen high school chum, it seems
Is running to the same stand still
Since lost loves wicked will forced his defeat

Now all I seem to see..
Are the promises of sunny, perfect lives
By the way side
And as for me
I keep my eye on idle dreams
I sip my sweet suburban grenadineVERSE 2

Past Jericho and Courthouse Rd
The skylines new; my memorys askew
The status quo has closed the carnival where we used
to play

And due to weakened turn-out fear
My first ten-year reunion is repealed
The fat and unfulfilled breath a sigh of sweet relief

Now all I seem to see
Are the promises of sunny, perfect lives
By the way side
And as for me
I keep these pipe dreams clean
I sip my sweet suburban grenadineBRIDGE

Now I tour these streets
With righteous pride

And I shrug the cynics creed
By which my ways have come to coincide

Well this is my home,
This is where my true romance and childhood lie

So I hold my breath tight,

And I kiss that big Long Island sky...

The late November weekend runs
That same old scene, I catch the 5:19
We say the same good-byes, and play our parting
pleasantries

And as my railcar rides the sun
My world blurs by these grateful eyes

I keep my home behind
And just two steps in front of me.

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