

Velvet Acid Christ

"Don't Leave A Diva"

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Words: j. stacy / j. brucker

Music: j. stacy

He told her to wait in the lobby
While he finished his calls for the day
Lying on the couch was the christmas issue of
"new life" magazine
She swept it up to her lap
Silently praying through it's pages of red and green
A door opened across the way
Its muffled beat escaping and swirling towards her
And the eyes lifted from the page...

Don't leave a diva, never leave a diva baby
Don't leave a diva, never make a diva wait
Don't ever tease her, that will never please her baby
Don't leave a diva, never make a diva wait
Her intuition will change condition
So don't leave a diva

Her blue-bowed shoes pointed to two men in black t-shirts
Mumbling over a bad track
Too much juno and what to use for an ending
The door clicked shut and she started to sing
Out loud, throaty notes
Spaced over another magazine
This one filled with pastel and voile visions
On the cover was a bride...

(chorus)

He emerged from his office on an f note
Portable phone still in hand
She had been waiting in the lobby a lot lately
And waiting for never a diva's occupation
He moved, motioning to quiet her aria
But she took advantage of his cellular audience
And increased her volume
The spring issue falling to the floor as she rose
With higher notes ohhing from her lipstick-pressed lips

She turned towards the stairway
An ascension was occurring
His eyes followed her shadow, eclipse-like
As it passed across the room...

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