

Velvet Chain

"Don't Leave a Diva"

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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 at 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

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diva

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 was 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, oohing 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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