

Dean Friedman, Lucky Stars

by Dean Friedman

What are you crazy? How in the hell can you say what you just said?

I was talking to myself. Shut the door and come to bed.

By the way, I forgot to say, your endearing mother called today.

Did you see Lisa?

Yes I saw Lisa.

Is that why...You're.. angry?

I wasn't angry.

Maybe a little.

Not even maybe.

Must be the weather.

Now don't be a baby.

We'll how am I supposed to feel with all the things you don't reveal and you can thank your lucky stars

Would you like to talk about it?

There's not much to say.

We had lunch this afternoon. Her life's in disarray.

She still goes around as if she is always stumbling off a cliff.

Do you still want her?

What are you saying?

Do you still want her?

Baby stop playing.

Really, I mean it. Can you forget her?

Baby, now stop it. You should know better.

I know this is hard to do. But, there's no one for me but you and

You can thank your lucky stars that we're not as smart as we'd like to think we are.

Baby, I'm sorry, I was wrong, I have no alibis.

I was acting like a fool and I apologize.

Listen, hon', I know you're dumb, but that's O.K., you don't have to look so glum.

Do you still love me?

Yes, I still love you.

You mean, you're not just being nice.

No, I'm not just being nice.

Do you feel sleepy.

Aw, you're so sincere. Yes, I feel sleepy.

Well, slide over here. 'Cause I may not be all that bright, but I know how to hold you tight and,

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