

Farse, When The Laughter Stops

Riding on and on the coat tails of,
we need to figure the way to the key,
two have it lost in love,
beneath the backdrop of some fifties show,
we tried to set the wheels in motion,
but the breaks got stuck.

But its been something since i worried,
the kind of people you were with,
i guess i felt left out, insecure,
now when did this small talk get so big?
and while i know weve both changed,
extravagant displays too late this house of cards has tipped,
and as the plot thickens becomes the twist.

House of cards its in the ether,
i wouldnt want to be there when the laughter stops,
guest book misleading of the names etched, there seldom here to claim.

Well we turned hands, pushed but whe could not break,
guess whats behing closed doors? Enigma remains.

I thought id turned the corner its like i jumped right back.

Climbing the steeple, out of reach i hear a slow dance,
before we used to bitch and now a fast dance,
a painting that goes through the edges of the framing and something you should of said,
a balancing act upon a ledge as we pull back,
tightropes across buildings, quiet roads, symptoms, fallings, cast off, calling adieu.