

Jill Sobule, The Couple On The Street

He was pulling deep
on his cigarette
Billows of smoke
pouring out of him
Like a firefighter
hit by a torpedo

Before the fire
reached the hold
She was hanging on to him
Like he was a raft
We both agreed, we'd never be
The couple on the street

We were so rosy-cheeked
And fresh and horny
On our way to the movies
When you told me for the first time
That you loved me,
and I knew that you loved me
And it was like we were together
In another life
We never parted and love never died
Although I don't really
Buy that stuff, today I'll believe
You and me, well never be
The couple on the street

Like a still life
of our worst fears
Like the seven years
of a broken mirror
I love you so much
Won't you tell me please
We'll never be
The couple on the street

(Okay, okay, it's one year later
I still don't have an ending
The inspiration left
I guess we'll never be
The couple on the street
End of story)