

Orson, Bright Idea

Did somebody tell you what I couldn't tell you?
I hope they did.
(I hope they didn't.)

Will I learn to regret it, or should I forget it?
Whatever this is- it feels electric.

You shot me a sweet look,
Gave me your Year Book,
Told me to sign...
It was a signal.

But I couldn't find the words.
I just couldn't find the nerve.
As usual.

Here's my Bright Idea:
I'll just disappear !

Now you're in Hollywood (right in my neighborhood)-
Things are really looking up for you...
An army of managers and lots of pretty boys lining up
just to meet with you.

I could've SWORN that it you that I bumped to just the other day
at the record store.

But I still don't have a clue.
I just couldn't talk to you.
As usual.

Here's my Bright Idea:
I'll just disappear !

So I come to your Event
in my well-rehearsed mystique,
I show up an hour late-
but I've been ready for a week,
Then you float into the hallway
like some neon silhouette,
I'm slowly losing oxygen
and my hands are soaking wet,
All the cameras and reporters
piling up on one another
just to get a look at you,
They all want an interview,
Then I make my move,
push them out of my way,
But I still just don't know what to say...

Here's my Bright Idea:
I'll just disappear !