

# Taxiride, Helplessly Hoping

Helplessly hoping her harlequin hovers nearby  
Awaiting a word  
Gasping at glimpses of gentle true spirit  
he runs wishing he could fly  
only to trip at the sound of good-bye

Wordlessly watching he waits by the window and wonders  
at the empty place inside

Heartlessly helping himself to her bad dreams he worries  
did he hear a good-bye or even hello

They are 1 person  
They are 2 alone  
They are 3 together  
They are 4 for each other

Stand by the stairway you'll see something certain to tell you  
confusion has its cost

Love isn't lying its loose in a lady who lingers  
saying she is lost

And choking on hello

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