

Cabaret Noir, Waltz For Debby

In her own sweet world
Populated by dolls and clowns
and a prince and a big purple bear.
Lives my favorite girl,
unaware of the worried frowns
we weary grown ups all wear.
In the sun she dances to silent music,
songs that are spun of gold
somewhere in her own little head.
Someday all too soon
she'll grow up and she'll leave her dolls
and her prince and that silly old bear.
When she goes they will cry
as she whispers "Good-bye."
They will miss her I fear
but then so will I.