

Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Lovers Understand

He loses himself in the boxscores
She can't decide what to wear
There will be no realization today
And she'll carry out her affair
She dreams frequent and vividly
He has no dreams at all
She describes them to him every mornin'
As he complains about the mileage of his car
They have no children to speak of
And don't own their colonial home
The color TV lulls one of them to sleep
While the other changes stations alone

Hand in hand I lost her hand and cried the tears
Lovers understand

They could not afford a real honeymoon
So they strolled hand in hand in the Square
She does the same with the guy at the office
He likes the color of her hair
He's quiet and tired a lot lately
He sets goals and doesn't follow through
He stares at her picture on the fireplace
And whispers a prayer to the room

"There are no mistakes," he says, shrugging off,
"We just did what we had to do
I don't think that I could get angry again
At least not like I did in my youth
Hand in hand I lost her hand and cried the tears
Lovers understand."

Sur le quai son mouchoir (On the platform, her hankerchief)
S'enfuit deja (already disappears)
Sous le jour qui s'allonge (in the day that stretches)
S'estompe a l'horizon (fades at the horizon)