

# Crosby, Stills & Nash, 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 goodbye

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 goodbye?  
Or even hello?

They are one person  
They are two alone  
They are three together  
They are for each other

Stand by the stairway, you'll see something certain to tell you  
Confusion has its cost  
Love isn't lying, it's loose in a lady who lingers  
Saying she is lost  
And choking on hello

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