

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