

Dean Friedman, Under A Canopy

by Dean Friedman

Under a canopy in the freezing rain,
You said you wanted me. I was struck dumb.
As soon as he stepped outside, I was sure he knew.
I feared for him. I feared for you.

Now, don't be scared. This is just where you belong.
And I don't care, if the whole world says we're wrong.
I love you and all I want is to have you at my side,
To hold you in my arms, to feel you all warm and misty eyed.

You have a husband. He is my closest friend.
You are a mother. You have one son.
You made a covenant. You took a sacred vow.
That was then. This is now.

But, don't be scared. This is just where you belong.
And I don't care, if the whole world says we're wrong.
I love you and all I want is to have you at my side,
To hold you in my arms, to feel you all warm and misty eyed.

Business and politics are subtle art. And stealing your best friend's wife is a fine start.
But nothing I've ever done or will ever do. Will be quite as pure, or half as true.

So, don't be scared. This is just where you belong.
And I don't care, if the whole world says we're wrong.
I love you and all I want is to have you at my side,
To hold you in my arms, to feel you all warm and misty eyed.