

Harry Chapin, Sequel

So here she's actin' happy inside her handsome home
And me, I'm flyin' in my taxi, takin' tips and gettin' stoned.
I got into town a little early.
Had eight hours to kill before the show.
First I thought about heading up north of the bay
Then I knew where I had to go.
I thought about taking a limousine
Or at least a fancy car.
But I ended up taking a taxi
'Cause that's how I got this far.
You see, ten years ago it was the front seat
Drivin' stoned and feelin' no pain.
Now here I am straight and sittin' in the back
Hitting Sixteen Parkside Lane.
The driveway was the same as I remembered
And a butler came and answered the door.
He just shook his head when I asked for her
And said "She doesn't live here anymore."
But he offered to give me the address
That they were forwarding her letters to.
I just took it and returned to the cabbie
And said "I got one more fare for you."
And so we rolled back into the city
Up to a five store old brownstone
I rang the bell that had her name on the mailbox.
The buzzer said somebody's home.
And the look on her face as she opened the door
Was like an old joke told by a friend.
It'd taken ten more years but she'd found her smile
And I watched the corners start to bend.
And she said, "How are you Harry?
Haven't we played this scene before?"
I said "It's so good to see you, Sue
Had to play it out just once more."
Play it out just once more.
She said I've heard you flying high on my radio
I answered "It's not all it seems"
That's when she laughed and she said, "It's better sometimes
When we don't get to touch our dreams."
That's when I asked her where was that actress
She said "That was somebody else"
And then I asked her why she looked so happy now
She said "I finally like myself, at last I like myself."
So we talked all through that afternoon
Talking about where we'd been
We talked of the tiny difference
Between ending and starting to begin.
We talked because talking tells you things
Like what you really are thinking about.
But sometimes you can't find what you're feeling
Till all the word run out.
So I asked her to come to the concert.
She said "No, I work at night."
I said, "We've gotten too damn good at leaving, Sue"
She said, "Harry, you're right."
Don't ask me if I made love to her
Or which one of us started to cry
Don't ask me why she wouldn't take the money that I left
If I answered at all I'd lie.
So I thought about her as I sang that night
And how the circle keeps rolling around.
How I act as I'm facing the footlights
And how she's flying with both feet on the ground.
I guess it's a sequel to our story

From the journey 'tween heaven and hell
With half the time thinking of what might have been
and half thinkin' just as well.
I guess only time will tell.