

Two Thirty Eight, Romancing The Ghost

There was no more chemistry, exciting chords or harmonies,
infectious riffs or melodies to sing.
Twas' not a single speck of magic there
in that tangled mess of moving air,
so we shut off all our amps and we called it quits.

And this old house grew quiet as the cars they pulled away,
in this uninspired ending of this uninspiring day.
And it got so awful quiet now except for passing cars
or the hum of drunken discords creeping from the local bars.

Not another song, the music died,
though our ears and fingers tried,
our tired hearts could not provide a tune.

And was it true? Where we really through,
but I just began to sing what I wanted to.

D minor was the final chord and Kevin played it hard,
and it resonated down the hall and out into the yard.
And I remember thinking that we lost something that day
as I rolled up all my chords and put my guitar away.

Not another song, the music died,
though our ears and fingers tried,
our tired hearts could not provide a tune.