

Vienna Teng, Love Turns 40

She's holding a secret that she'll never tell,
She's holding a secret that she'll never tell,
Because the myth is not supposed to retire
We'd rather it lit itself on fire,
Or overdosed in a 4-star hotel.

She's holding a truth that she'll never reveal,
She's holding a truth that she'll never reveal,
Because truth this time is an ugly child,
And mother and daughter may reconcile but their faces will never heal.

"Don't go," she says, but he's sleeping
She says it to herself: "Don't go."
She sees herself rising,
Packing a suitcase with all of her shoes.
But something keeps you faithful
When all else in you turns and runs.
Love turns 40.
The morning comes.

She's holding a secret that she'll never tell,
She's holding a secret that she'll never tell,
Because we were once cinema gods in the night,
And now all we've got is lunch-hour light
Where nothing photographs well.

"Don't go," she says, but he's sleeping
She says it to the dark: "Don't go."
She sees herself rising,
Dressing in silence for nothing to lose.
But something keeps you faithful
When all else in you turns and runs.
Love turns 40.
The morning comes.