

ELENA

Phoenix in the tree top, touch these my hands. I've lines to write greater than my song.
Elena, dusty portrait of a masterpiece. Sugar coated memories with lemon cores.
Dialogue lies waiting for release.
Elena was overwhelmed by self defeat.
She's a child, then a woman, then a child again, whose version of events I can't believe.

Chorus: To me she always seemed another battle wiser.
But marriage vows were so simple she surprised her.
Now we're condemned. Circumstance won't let me go.
I'm forced to watch her write a tragedy then play the leading role.

Elena, I might as well have chased a weather vane.
Frosted night was all they had to share. Now she's a paper statue in the pouring rain.
Elena, I wouldn't trade his pain for mine. It's time the muses put these strings to wood.
Admission to the show for me's too high.

And so for now the secret's here wrapped by this man's rusted tears.
One glimpse of you makes half my old love disappear.

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