

She dances through the porches
as the old song goes,
makes up one more excuse
to check herself just right
within those opaque windows
by the dusky light of one more bouncing evening

It takes courage to stay up
against the breeze of disappointment
as anyone else's judging
and everyone else is staring,
as commiseration is thrown like rice over weddings
at the door of churches

Hey baby, stay up right
down this musky street,
consent that libertine hair back
with one of those soft touches of yours



Make up is melting over your decisions,
don't stare back
there's nothing left holding you there,
smile by the corners of life
as you only can do
and throw these splendid eyes up
the uncertain sky

If that skirt had a meaning
you'd be wanting to be
what you're not supposed to:
dressed up in considerations
it's time to let it all go,
leave those hopes for a next life,
and be the girl you need to...

