

C Song (The Trondheim Waltz)

Fish

A doobie with Peruvian coffee
The begonias melt in the sun
Listening to a song about mysterious wisteria
From the voice of a good man long gone

The monitor screen a black window
I'm ignoring the knock at the door
An unopened letter on the table before me
An unanswered call on the phone

I won't let you bring me down
I won't let you bring me down
I won't let you bring me down
Not today

I don't want to buy into your sadness
Please keep all your grief to yourself
I'll take stock of my own situation
Share my problems with nobody else

I dine alone in the depths of the restaurant
Watch the candles burn slow in the night
Take my time pouring over the menu
Just make sure you keep bringing the wine

Half full or half empty's the question
To be honest I don't really care
I'm happy in this God given moment
But like me it won't last very long

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I'll face the inevitable ending
And the fact there'll be no curtain call
I hope they write up my performance
The reviews are favorable

Until then I'll dance the fandango
With a smile as big as the moon
Worship the arrival of tomorrows
And whistle an uplifting tune

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