

Chloë is a borough socialist  
She insists there's not much more to it  
Than drinks with a certain element  
Of downtown art criticism  
I benefit more than I should admit  
From her unscrupulous therapist  
How Benzedrine's supposed to address  
Your shoplifting's anybody's guess

Chloë  
Chloë  
Please don't ever change

That story that continues to persist  
How you could have dropped the cigarette  
On the trip, your boyfriend's canoe flipped  
Doesn't lose your grip on me a bit

She and I, we were inseparable  
Till Ma called my East Coast uncle to  
Ascertain the welfare of her son  
Howard said "Mary, you'd better come"

Chloë  
Her name is Chloë  
And he's talkin' awful strange

But the more they abhor you  
The more I adore you  
I would, but I can't  
My heart don't stand a chance  
Of even a glance  
Her soul is a pitch black expanse

Summer ended on the balcony  
She put on Flight of the Valkyries  
At her thirty first birthday party  
Took a leap into the autumn leaves