Nirvana

Squeeze

The children had all left home
The house was like a ship without a sail
They headed for the sunset
Where maybe they would find a holy grail
The bedrooms were all rigged up
The posters of my Marc Bolan - were ripped away
Each day was blessed with freedom
As they would try to find something to say

She kept a little journal
He scanned them out to see
If they could find Nirvana

And where that place might be

She had lots of things to do
They kept the plastic covers on the chairs
It drove him around the twist
They both were wondering what they might have missed.

He quibbled with ambition
She fell into a rut
They sat and read the papers
In sequence they would touch
The creeping realization
Like a punch in the gut

Each day like the one before
The dreams evaporated
As the weeks and months turned into years
The queasy feeling that they wanted more

He said his word was final
She heard him slam the door
Anytime she would pipe up
He heard it all before
Although they blame each other
Really they knew the score
They were in this together
Like children holding back tears
They've come so far to end up
With nothing down the years

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