

# I Can't Help But Wonder, Elisabeth

The Grass Roots

My fingers lay silent on the skin of her conga drum  
They're covered by black Spanish hair which I touch with my thumb

I could hear heavy breathin', my heart was pounding, I...  
Knew the moment had come  
To do what must be said  
And to ask what should be done...

And I can't help but wonder what it might have been  
I can't help but wonder, Elisabeth

I looked at her quickly, avoiding her watery eyes  
In the awareness of the scene I was playing, well I just had to cry

Elisabeth stood silent, draped in defenses  
A victim of tongues that had lied  
And I was hoping she'd say something  
That would stop me from saying goodbye

Well I can't help but wonder what it might have been  
I can't help but wonder, Elisabeth

For every word that I poured out a million more formed in my head  
Trying to cover up or bring back to life something we both knew was dead

And there we froze motionless like two crystal statuettes  
With nothing more between us to be said  
Each of us lost in our frayed-collared thoughts  
As into the darkness I fled...

And I can't help but wonder what it might have been  
I can't help but wonder, Elisabeth...