

Friend In a Bar

Tina Dickow

I met a friend in a bar last night
A girl from a far away past
We counted and worked out that it's been more than seven years
Since we saw each other last
She looked so much older, I have to say
She used to dress so lovely and smart
And now her colors they were faded and her hair was a mess
Her expression was tired and hard

I asked her what she has been up to since then
She hesitated awhile
She drew a nervous breath and sighed, "Not much, to be honest"
Through a shame-faced smile

We sat there all night, side by side
The conversation was slow
A few times I got up and said, "Okay well..."
But I could tell she didn't want me to go

At three in the morning she suddenly said
"The truth is I've done nothing at all
My mind's been much too busy
Thinking of a man and waiting for him to call
He left me on the day that I turned twenty-one
For years now I've been on my own
I'm scared that if I change or if I leave my house too long
I won't be there when he decides to come home"

I asked about the man, and her eyes lit up
The taste of his name brought her right out of her shell
She said, "It wasn't always easy, he's a complicated man
But I know he loves me, and I know he meant well

He still calls now and then in the dead of my nights
He asks if I'm alone in bed
And I tell him 'Babe of course I am, I'm yours now and forever
Please don't hang up!'
... And then the line goes dead"

"Wow, nice guy..."

I met a friend in a bar last night
A girl that lives in the past
I got up on my feet, and I ran out, thinking
"Please don't let me catch the cruel disease she has! "