

Eight Seconds

Touché Amore

There is no dress rehearsal
Just a script that I never read
A sad story that is universal
A vague idea of what to expect

Is it curtains already
I haven't learned my lines
Is it curtains already
I just thought that we'd have more time

A missed call with a message attached
"We need to talk when you have the chance"
I stood frozen in that Gainesville venue
Not knowing how to react

Is it curtains already
I haven't learned my lines
Is it curtains already
I'll improvise

Not surprising I put off the call
Socialized and put up a wall
Anything to prolong the chances
Before confirming she was really gone
I crossed southwest second street
Made the call and stared at my feet
She passed away about an hour ago
When you were onstage living the dream