

Quiet Desperation

Trooper

Started the day at 5: 30 this morning
Still half asleep, reached toward her pillow
No one there, she left before daybreak
A brief kiss on the cheek introducing heartache
A flip of her hair as she walked out the door
I won't see her anymore

She wants to be the world's finest actress
Or did she say a famous ballerina
Either way, I'll be left here
While far away, she won't remember
All of the simple things we used to do
Why does she need something new

Live my life in quiet desperation
Trapped in the clouds, no sunshine in sight
Still have my hopes, but 'til she returns
I'll be living in quiet desperation

She doesn't feel the need to be close to someone

Too many dreams, different roads to follow
But perhaps, someday she'll be returning
Maybe call, talk about the old times
But still it seems that those days are all gone
How can I carry on

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