

Lovers Understand

Cherry Poppin' Daddies

He loses himself in the boxscores.
She can't decide what to wear.
There will be no realization today,
And she'll carry out her affair.

She dreams frequent and vividly.
He has no dreams at all.
She describes them to him every morning,
As he complains about the mileage of his car.

They have no children to speak of,
And don't own their colonial home.
The color TV lulls one of them to sleep
While the other changes stations alone.

Hand in hand,
I lost her hand,
And cried the tears
Lovers understand.

Hand in hand,
I lost her hand,
And cried the tears
Lovers understand.

They could not afford a real honeymoon,
So they strolled hand-in-hand in the square.
She does the same with the guy at the office,
He likes the color of her hair.

He's quiet and tired a lot lately
He sets goals and doesn't follow through.
He stares at her picture on the fireplace,
And whispers a prayer to the room:

"There are no mistakes,"
He says, shrugging off,
"We just did what we had to do.
I don't think that I could get angry again;
At least not like I did in my youth."

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And cried the tears
Lovers understand.

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I lost her hand,
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Lovers understand.

Sur le quai son mouchoir
S'enfuit déjà
Sous le jour qui s'allonge
S'estompe à l'horizon