

Moving Target

Christine Lavin

Lately she feels at home in airports
Feels at home on trains
More comfortable with strangers
Than with those who know her name
She'd rather be herded onto a 767
Hurdled through the sky
Then to be safe and sound on ground
With him looking into her eyes.

She's a Moving Target
She prefers it that way
She's leaving town tomorrow
She got in yesterday
Aw she's a Moving Target
Now she's here now she's not
Now he's weighing the pros and cons
Of what exactly he's got.

Lately he's become accustomed to
The sound of a pre-recorded voice
Explaining why it is she's unreachable
It's business
It's choice
He used to leave her heartfelt messages
Now he slams the receiver down
She picks up the signal loud and clear
In a phone booth in a boarder town.

She's a Moving Target
He's so slow to take aim
He sees her profile east and west
A boarding pass with her name
Aw She's a Moving Target
Now she's here now she's not
Now he's weighing the pros and cons
Of what exactly he's got.

Now she's settling down for the night
"Do not disturb" on her door
He's in a bar drinking beer with his buddies
Wondering what did he fall in love for
He never understood girls very much
He don't understand women at all
He'd like to phone her up and yell
Or tell her that he loves her
But where in the hell do you call

A Moving Target
Leave your message at the tone
Oh he longs for the bygone days
When women were afraid to be alone
Aw she's a Moving Target
Now she's here, now she's not
Now he's weighing the pro's and con's
Of what exactly he's got