

Balloons And Champagne

Ephemera

Wave your hand at all
The people you never call
And find the best excuse
To the friends you're about to lose
Do it even though
You can't stand the pain
Do it even though
There'll be no balloons nor champagne
No flowers for you
But rain

Tell them you were wrong
About the name of that song
Tell them that you took
That poem from a book

Do it even though
You will never feel the same
Do it even though
It will leave spots on your name
And you will blush with shame