

## Sequel

Harry Chapin

So here she's acting happy, inside her handsome home. And me, I'm flying in my taxi, taking tips, and getting stoned.

I got into town a little early. Had eight hours to kill before the show. First I thought about heading up North of the bay, then I knew where I had to go.

I thought about taking a limousine, or at least a fancy car, but I ended up taking a taxi, 'cause that's how I got this far.

You see, ten years ago it was the front seat, driving stoned and feeling no pain. Now here I am straight, and sitting in the back, hitting Sixteen Parkside Lane.

The driveway was the same as I'd remembered, and a butler came and answered the door. He just shook his head, when I asked for her, and said "She doesn't live here anymore." But he offered to give me the address, that they were forwarding her letters to. I just took it and returned to the cabby and said, "I got on the more fare for you."

And so we rolled back into the city, up to a five story old brownstone. I rang the bell that had her name on the mailbox. The buzzer said somebody's home.

And the look on her face, as she opened the door was like an old joke told by a friend. It'd taken ten more years but she'd found her smile, and I watched the corners start to bend. And she said, "How are you Harry? Haven't we played this scene before?"

I said, "It's so good to see you, Sue. Had to play it out just once more. Play it out just once more."

She said "I've heard you flying high on my radio."

I answered "It's not all it seems." That's when she laughed and she said "It's better sometimes when we don't get to touch our dreams."

That's when I asked her "Where was that actress?"

She said "That was somebody else." And then I asked why she looked so happy now. She said, "I finally like myself. At last I like myself."

So we talked all through that afternoon. Talking 'bout where we been. We talked of the tiny difference between ending and starting to begin. We talked 'cause talking tells you things, like what you really are thinking about. But sometimes you can find what you're feeling, 'til all the words run out.

So I asked her to come to the concert. She said, "No, I work at night."

I said "We've gotten to damn good at leaving, Sue."

She said, "Harry, you're right."

Don't ask me if I made love to her, or which one of us started to cry. Don't ask me why she wouldn't take the money that I left. If I answered at all I'd lie.

So I thought about her as I sang that night, and of how the circle keeps rolling around. How I act as I'm facing the footlights, and how she's flying with both feet on the ground. I guess it's a sequel to our story, from the journey 'tween heaven and hell. With half the time thinking of what might have been, and half thinking, just as well. I guess only time will tell.