

sorrow-on-the-hudson

Paula Cole

Saturn returned to Aries and my star rose and rose,
I found my little town shoes walking down a red carpet,
Naively placed by flashing bulbs.
At school we were lovers then reunited in the eye of this storm
,
But love and luck collided and I followed the work,
Arm in arm at the shining top but crumbling inside,
Smiling for the public but still holding back the nervous break
downs.

Saturn returned to Aries and my love dove and dove.
The separation ache forked our way,
And you silently withheld.
With trust and courage we confessed to a steely-eyed counselor,
But it was too late we had paved our fate,
An abyss behind Saturn's door.

There's a sorrow on that Hudson,
There's an eagle who is flying looking for
a single treetop to alight and make her nest.

Saturn returned to Aries in this house I bought for two,
So cavernous and lonely in this ivory tower,
Here without you.
Oh pain my teacher, my embittered friend,
Here you come to guide me again and again and again.
And I look outside my window and all I see is you:
Sorrow-on-the-Hudson, sunsets withering West,
I wake up, palpitations screaming in my breast,
I will get over this, I will grow past you,
Sorrow-on-the-Hudson show me what to do.

There's a sorrow on that Hudson,
There's an Indian who's crying to the buildings
that are built upon his fathers' fathers.
There's a me who dying in your cold and mighty waters.