

When We're Together

Rialto

The lights come on, I track her moves: locking the door, crossing the room. She's on the phone again, and when she laughs I feel my blood rushing - I feel my blood rush to my heart...

I call her up and disconnect, wait by her house once more to check, stare through the window of her kitchenette, and then I follow her down underground escalators, hiding behind my newspaper until the time when we're together.

So here we are, alone again; I'm in the dark, she's in her frame, her window bay.

I play the film back through my mind with a few new scenes I've designed; maybe I'll write her one or two more lines, and then I'll follow her down underground escalators, hiding behind my newspaper until the time when we're together.

Together, together, together, together...

Together, when we're together,
Together, when we're together,
Together...