

## Once in a while

I was making choices on a tightrope,  
I was clearing tables in the rain,  
I was watching life as it strolled right by me,  
a frozen face on a canvas my Manet.  
Then the world turned like a carousel around me,  
looking out, there was only me and you.  
Something in the cold heart of nowhere honey,  
the earth just opens up and swallows you.  
I ask you if you're free to spend an evening,  
I take you to the carnival on Rue Chevalier,  
and once in a while  
you use your smile  
and I'm half way to heaven again.

Your quiet and you sit like Mona Lisa,  
we take tea in sheltered gardens,  
and we stroll by the Seine.  
And once in a while  
you use your smile  
and I'm half way to heaven again.

The tree lined street is quiet in the lamplight,  
cabs going by us in the rain,  
I'm tripping along like Gene Kelly honey,  
and old fool feels like eighteen again.  
You put your arm around me and I'm helpless,  
I'm drunk like Dionysus on the Rue St. Germaine.  
And once in a while  
you use your smile  
and I'm half way to heaven again.

- Graeme Lockhart -