

Now he's looking for someone,
Sort of Danielle, as near as he can tell,
Though he's looking for someone,
He sort of likes Danielle as well.

Picture up on a scene at a party,
Cameras rolling and fate's controlling the script,
Ochre walls punctuated with paintings,
Two old masters of love's disasters lock lips,
 But meanwhile,
 Back in reality he's juggling the shards and the fragments of whatever,
 Make up his current frame of life.

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In the wake of a Saturday sunset,
Hugs are tendered till he surrendered within,
Call to action, reciting a wish list,
Realizing the one she's prizing is him,
 But meanwhile,
 Trapped in a bubble where the air is now as thin as his patience he's decided,
 To break the surface tension soon.

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