**To Deborah**

*1986*

She's riding along on her beauty.

Tripping along through life.

Intelligent, gifted, and pretty,

She laughs at being a wife.

When the sun shines things are happy.

She's right there by your side.

But a storm cloud shows,

Or a cold wind blows,

And you're all alone and empty.

Her thoughts of you have died.

Her word sounds oh so faithful.

The moment makes it so.

It's given not to bind her heart.

She speaks to get. Not to do.

What she wants, or needs, will start

A new excuse.

A newer part.

A promise to her lover?

She really has to go.

Fair weather finds her by your side.

Good food.

Good wine.

Good times.

Good love.

Yet a groupie's pledge is born to die.

You know as the whisper fades she's lied.

As above her head you see

The sign of no thought save her own desires.

The magic I.

Her song drifts by.

What is in it for me?

Commitment? Not to worry.

There are rainbows 'round the bend.

What finer love can a woman have

Than chasing glitter? Collecting men.

Neat new places. Quaint new friends.

Wear them out? Just start again.

If they're left behind, or really cared,

It's sad. But then,

She told them at the start you know.

And she tells them at the end.

Commitment?

Hearts will mend.

Yet age will fade that beauty.

Time will take its toll.

The hours will wash it out like rain.

The days will flow to the sea of life.

The tinsel towns will lose their glow.

The years will touch her soul.

No song lasts forever.

The piper always shows.

Someday. Some place. Some time.

She'll catch a glimpse of life and know.

The party's finally over.

The music softly dies.

For a moment all she had, and lost,

Drifts before her eyes.

A man. A child. A love that was true.

A life that was real.

Someone who tried

To live what he said,

And give her his heart.

No tricks. No fears. No lies.

But then she turns and sees what's left.

Nothing but good-bye.