

THE CANAL

You took me down by the canal.
To watch the reflected lights shimmering in the dark.
To dangle our feet and get our socks wet.

To watch the trains.
You were mad at me; I hadn't kept my word.
I'd let you down and you couldn't let that go.
I was trying to make amends, only I didn't know how.
Only I couldn't.

[I took you down by the canal.
To watch the lights dance on the water.
To dangle our feet and damage ourselves on hurt pride and cold silences.
You sit beside me and I could never want to be this far away.
I've seen you look this way before, and I hate myself for blaming you.

For making you feel guilty -] I'm disappointed too you know.

All those months you've been away,
those long months of airmail envelopes and long-distance calls,
I've dreamed of - of this.

You promised too - promised -

It wasn't supposed to be like this, you and me and the canal.

It was supposed to be a sunny afternoon and a picnic,
laughter and pushed-back fringes,
smiles and barefeet and - lemonade.

It was supposed to be carefree, you and me and the canal.

It wasn't supposed to be like this;
there wasn't supposed to be this betrayal and disappointment,
this anger and - guilt.

It wasn't supposed to be dark.

(We weren't supposed to have got drunk and stayed out all night that time.)

I'm disappointed too you know.

You never said it would be like this.

As we walk back, you take my hand, never let go.

It's cold and dark;
and on a bench on the way home you hold me close, and I never felt so safe.

You take me home and watch me eat - usually I can't bear that -
and then you watch me sleep.

[As we walk back, I can feel your hand tugging away.]

And that hurts more than forgotten promises or - anything.

Your hand slips away, and our worlds are apart as they were always intended to be.

I walk home alone; but then, I always knew I'd have to.]