

## SARAH MCLACHLAN LYRICS

## Stupid

Night lift up the shades  
let in the brilliant light of morning  
but steady there now  
for I am weak and starving for mercy  
sleep has left me alone  
to carry the weight of unravelling where we went wrong  
it's all I can do to hang on  
to keep me from falling  
into old familiar shoes

[Chorus:]

how stupid could I be  
a simpleton could see  
that you're no good for me  
but you're the only one I see

love has made me a fool  
it set me on fire and watched as I floundered  
unable to speak  
except to cry out and wait for your answer  
but you come around in your time  
speaking of fabulous places  
create an oasis  
dries up as soon as you're gone  
you leave me here burning  
in this desert without you

[Chorus]

everything changes  
everything falls apart  
can't stop to feel myself losing control  
but deep in my senses I know

[Chorus]

10/7/04 - 10/11/04

"The Prom Dress" - a realization of fantasy... or not

There was a black dress that I had hunted for in preparation for this prom thing in which I had a date with my "bitch" (which helped with the discount on the tickets). I ended up finding a previous model of a Jessica McClintock dress that I had found at an outlet store in Huntington Beach after I had persuaded my parents to travel all the way down to. So an hour and about \$80 later (and quite a bit of complaining from the powers that be about the price) I had this shimmering piece that would've given me an excuse to apply paint on my face and wear flood control stilts for eight hours - four of them I desire to forget at times, but I've decided to remember for the time being as an attempt to follow that route which will inevitably never happen.

I was pretty much the outside photographer for the hours we were there - I think it was deliberate though because the whole formal scene was foreign to me. (Of course, there were those 'outside' factors that I don't need to repeat again.) Perhaps I wanted to isolate ~~myself~~ myself because of recurring mental baggage - a thing I wanted most but realized that I did not deserve (at least that's what I believed). And all I could do and watch sadly in silence. It was a very uncomfortable time - stress, friends falling from the sky, my heart trying to cope through boats of fantastic deception. I just wanted to hold on to something stable... I realized quickly that it <sup>to</sup> was fleeting.

He had this full-length tuxedo on with a blue vest, crisp and clean in appearance as he always was. There were time when I wondered when he separated work from play. I wondered about him constantly, this enigma, the brass fleur-de-lis ring I eyed from the ~~rotation~~ chaotic carousel of the ballroom (or lack thereof).

I remembered the hugs, the photos, the dinner, the really bad disc jockey... my view of him through the holes of vision between arms and heads. I would stare and dictate in my head a series of commands to come to me, to an entity that would not follow. He was oblivious to me, my thoughts. I imagined that he could read me — I wished and hoped that he would read me and know my thoughts, understand them, relate. A set of emotions that still remains with me; he was with someone else and did not deviate. (I had drifted away from my "bitch" soon after the event started.)

I closed my eyes for a ~~few~~ moment, and a sheet of imagination shrouded my view, not blinding me but rather re-filtering the images that crossed my vision. A figure crosses my path while I check the number of shots in my camera.

He calls my name.

"Christine?"

"Yes?" I answer back.

The Boyz II Men song, "End of the Road" was beginning to play; I could make out the first few chords.

"Do you want to dance?"

I could make out the words but I look around for him, and he is still standing there before me.

"It's the last dance of the evening. Shouldn't you be with your prom date?"

"I know," he answers.

"Then go to her."

"I will."

And he continued to ~~stay~~ stand there. He extended his hand toward me and I reluctantly accepted the invitation. I closed my eyes as he led me to the floor, and for an unmeasured moment I could see nothing else but him and hear the lines of the song ~~was~~ mesh another cloud of white ~~fog~~ fog ~~around~~ around him and me.

"And now we have come..."

To the end of the road. And still I can't let go...

And in an instant, the shroud was ripped from my face. I was standing amid the bodies of my peers with the camera in my hands, the flash charging after taking a photo I don't even remember taking. He was dancing, but not with me. So there was nothing left to do but to freeze the loneliness through the lens and walk away.

The black prom dress was preparation for something doomed to fantasy, its velvet softness padding me from the stark reality that all I believed could happen would only be fulfilled when I put the shroud back on.

I still wait for the last dance to be saved for me...