

Bridge

Loudon Wainwright III

It's that time of the month
The month being the second one
When hearts ache and bleed
And old feelings are reckoned on

Remember in the first grade
The sheer number of valentine's
Received from one's classmates
Too young to know their own minds

Romance is no answer
And a candle can conquer dark
And in England a valentine
Is signed with a question mark

They're same guess who
But alas who knows
Those ambivalent Brits
Their soft lower lip shows...

So on Valentine's Day
This year I won't send you one
Time's healing the wound
Though the scar's still a nasty one

I'll just send you a postcard
Of a bridge we once crossed
Someone singed - it's stands
Even though our love's lost