The Right Regrets

A writer has the empty page Where he can set the scene He puts the actors on the stage Or on the movie screen

The characters all say the words The writer wants to hear And then, my friend A happy end

But when the writer steps outside That room where he is king He can't control when lives collide Or what the lovers sing

And so he hides behind his words The one place he belongs And in black and white He can rewrite the wrongs

Where he can find the strength to say What those he loves should hear And just erase mistakes she's made Then make them disappear

Where he can change the plot So he's a hero, not a louse And when the curtain falls There's not a dry eye in the house

A writer hopes to leave behind A work no one forgets And when he writes, "the end" To find he has the right regrets

A writer has the empty page Where he can use his pen To mend his heart And try to start Again

SMASH