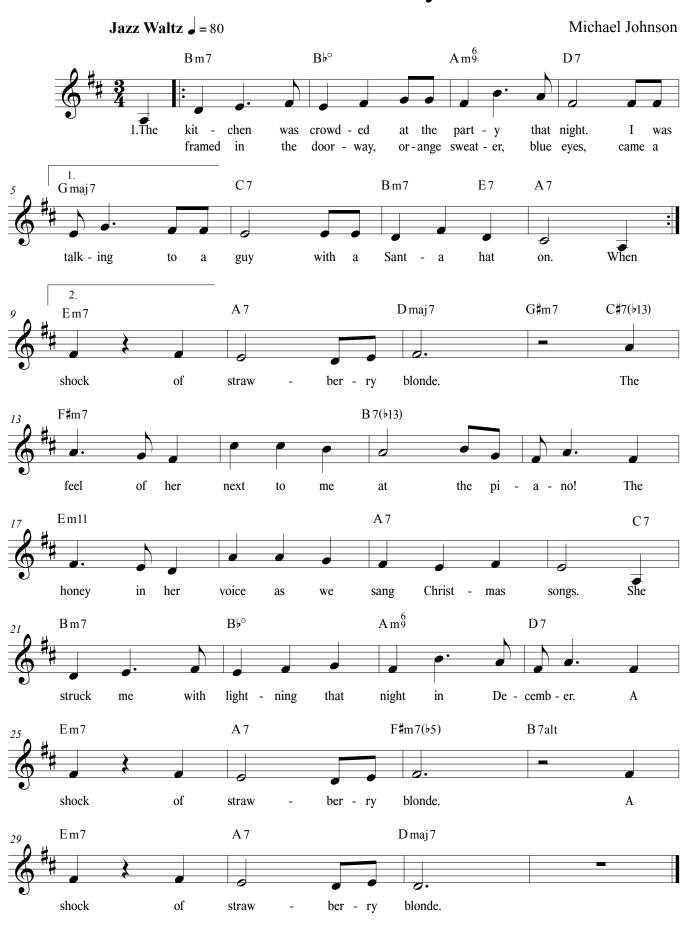
A Shock of Strawberry Blonde



2. As the party raged on we kept finding each other:
The back porch, the stairwell, the hallway. I was drawn
To this angel in rain boots, who caught me by surprise:
This shock of strawberry blonde.
She told me she was leaving, she had a flight in the morning.
By the time she returned I'd already be gone.
And so we sat down at the piano together
To pass our last moments in song.
Goodbye, sweet strawberry blonde.