

FARRAH, TERRI, ANJULI

three fast cuba libres on valentine's day

the bar's filled with beating young hearts at play

and as i fade into the woodwork halfway through number three

i remember farrah, terri, aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaanjuli

there was still so much future yet to come to pass

tho' those distant migrations were coming on fast

it was a three-woman summer back in 93

farrah, terri, aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaanjuli

i remember dreams fading in and out of the mist

three different stories that couldn't quite coexist

it was a three-ring circus, the trapeze swinging free

farrah, terri, aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaanjuli

every bump in the road, every blind curve

unfounded optimism up to the very last swerve

it was a three-car pileup on the road to epiphany

farrah, terri, aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaanjuli

now it's a three-beer morning after, can't get out of bed

possibilities gone by swimming in my head

all the different ways it might've gone down... still a mystery

farrah, terri, aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaanjuli

(it's a magic number)