

I'll Be Here

Reference number PT0852

We met, of all places, in front of Gristedes
some freakishly cold winters day.
I had on sev'ral unflattering layers of wool;
he slipped on the ice with his grocery bags full.
So I rescued some Fruit Loops he dropped by the curb
And he made some remark that my smile was superb.
I thought that was sweet and I started to go when he said
"Hey, whatcha doing tomorrow?
Because I'll be here
at the corner of Bleecker and Mercer tomorrow at 7.
If you want to meet up, I'll be waiting right here,
And in case there are two fellas waiting for you,
my name's John..."
He waved, and then he was gone.

Needless to say, I went back there to meet him,
mostly to see if he'd show
And there he was, out in the cold with his jacket pulled tight.
He took me to dinner and kissed me goodnight.
The next week we went to this terrible play.
And the week after that, drank hot choc'late all day.
And suddenly, eight or nine months had flown by, when he said
"Hey, whatcha doing the rest of your life?"

'Because I'll be here,
right beside you as long as you want me to be, there's no question.
There is nothing I've wanted so much in my life.
This might sound immature, but I'm totally sure you're the one!"
And we had just begun.

We got hitched in September, our favorite month,
with a rock band that played in this old synagogue.
And we bought an apartment on West Seventeenth Street
and talked about children and getting a dog.
Our first anniversary came in a flash
and we promised to take the day off.
He had to stop into his office that morning,
and so I went walking uptown to this bakery I know.
When I heard on the street what I thought was a joke,
'til I noticed the sirens and saw all the smoke.
So I'm running back home with this feeling of dread
to the voicemail he left with the last words he said.

I'm sorry, I don't mean to ruin your evening
by bringing up all of this stuff.
You're probably wond'ring why I even called you tonight.
Well today something happened that spooked me all right:
I saw this storm cloud of papers fall down from the sky,
and I thought of that day and I started to cry.
When as sure as I breathe, I heard John, clear as day, saying
"Hey, you're allowed to move on... it's okay

Because I'll be here
even if you decide to get rid of my favorite sweater.
Even if you go out on my birthday this year 'stead of staying at
home letting all of life's moments pass by.
You don't have to cry...

'Because I'll be here
when you start going back to the places we went to together.
When you take off my ring and you let yourself smile.
When you meet some handsome and patient and true.
When he says that he wants to be married to you.
When you call him one night and he meets you downtown.
When you finally answer him "Yes."
Yes...

Jason, I will marry you,
I will give you my heart.
It has taken so long, but I'm ready to start.
Right now John's whisp'ring congrats in my ear
'Cause I finally let myself tell you that I will be here.