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## Days And Days

Reference number PT0886

HELEN:

Welcome to our house on Maple Avenue.  
See how we polish and we shine.  
We rearrange and realign.  
Ev'rything is balanced and... and...

Days and days and days, that's how it happens.  
Days and days and days  
Made of lunches and car rides and shirts and socks and grades  
and piano and no one clocks the day you disappear.

Days and days and days, that's how it happens:  
Days and days and days,  
Made of posing and bragging and fits of rage  
And boys, my god, some of them underage  
And, oh, how did it all happen here?

There was a time your father swept me off my feet with words.  
We read books, strolled through Munich at night, drank beer with  
friends, discussed the places we would go  
And he said I understood how the world made him ache.  
But no, but no.

That's how it happens.  
Days made of bargains I made because I thought as a wife I was  
meant to and now my life is shattered and laid bare.  
Days and days and days and days and days and days and days.

Welcome to our house on Maple Avenue.  
See how we polish and we shine. We rearrange and realign.  
Everything is balanced and serene  
like chaos never happens if it's never seen.

Don't you come back here. I didn't raise you to give away your  
days. Like me.