Piano/Vocal Score

You're busy with projects I can't comprehend it's all so absurd that I'd rather pretend.

Like I've got a husband who isn't real.

WALTER: This next project is going to be different, Helen. It's a sure thing.

I'm slowly accepting that this is my life.

I'm more of a worker and less of a wife and sunsets look different behind the wheel.
WALTER: You've almost got your pension, Helen. We can make it a few more months.

Now it's September and summer is finished. I'm stranded in between. Love I remember is vastly diminished by
(HELEN has an asthma attack.) WALTER. Where's your inhaler? Is it in your bag? Okay, hold on, I'm going to find it. Stay calm. Found it--here. Here you go.