

Anticipation Tango

Anticipation! Anticipation! Anticipation!
The endless vexation!
The sublime stimulation that is Anticipation!
Anticipation mounts, the tension rising.
You'll soon be here to clasp my aching arms.
Until you're in my grasp, I can't abide the stress,
For I'm a lass whose lips are gasping for your kiss!
Anticipation grows, despair encroaches.
Will you be here to soothe my lust, I ask/
I'm aching for your touch. I'm pining very much!
You're like an itch to which I reach and yet the stretch cannot approach the itch to scratch!

Oh, my darling, how long have I waited in silent torment for the certainly succulent succor of your sweet lips? Scarcely strength left in this fluttering pattering heart to beat, barely able to eat . . . and as if that were not enough!
Anticipation mounts, I grow despondent. My consternation rises with each breath.
And then I'm met with that ghastly, repugnant sensation that's called . . .
A sudden sense of foreboding: that singular sensory signal of extra perception is rapidly happening here in my brain and unless I'm completely mistaken I'd venture to say you've sustained a significant scapular fracture and presently you are reclining half dead in a ditch . . . either that, or you're kissing the neck of a female physician . . . can't really tell which.

Anticipation grows, the tension mounting.
I watch the minute hand, the second hand, I stand here counting.
Filled with that restless, intensely suspenseful sensation!

Come on baby, you gotta be coming around the corner now . . . you're neck and neck . . . and
Yeah! You're on the stairs . . . you're almost here . . . you're turning into the hallway . . .
Yeah! yeah! Yeah!

You ask what ees thees theeng of weetch I'm speaking and eez eet bird or beast or simply foul?
What can be turning my life to complete ruination?
It's called anti-- anti-- anti-- anticipa-- anticisHEW!!!!

Ai-ai-ai-aye! Anticipation!
Si, si señor! Anticipation!
Oui, oui, mais oui! Anticipation!

I say it's so! Oh!
Anticipation mounts, the tension rising!
I am inspired, enraptured, yet I'm galled.
And still I'm filled with that endless relentless sensation that's called!
(3 knocks on the door) Oh . . . he's here.