

# Hallelujah

**By Halloween\_Mage**

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*Garfield Logan and his wife and daughter are enjoying a summer day at the pool...but all it takes is a certain song on the radio and a melancholy lifeguard to bring back the past. Partial songfic to "Hallelujah" by Rufus Wainright*

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# 1 - Hallelujah

I don't own Teen Titans or the song Hallelujah, and I don't know why I'm so fond of these angsty memory-related fics. Ah well.

## **READON**

*Ahhh, the pool. A perfect place to be on a hot summer afternoon.*

Garfield Logan was enjoying the happy cries of his baby daughter as she splashed around in her floatie-ring. He kissed the tiny girl softly on her head and smiled at his wife, Bridget, who was sitting on a plastic lounge chair under an umbrella. A floppy hat covered her long blonde hair, and a large t-shirt hid her skinny, bikini-clad body. Gar's heart rose when she grinned back at him.

Ever since they'd married three years ago, life had been heaven. Gar was in love and had a wonderful child...he was *happy*.

Then that song came on the radio that the owner had hooked up to speakers.

***I've heard there was a secret chord***

***That David played and it pleased the Lord***

***But you don't really care for music, do ya?***

***It goes like this***

***The fourth, the fifth***

***The minor firm***

***The major lift***

***The baffled king's composed hallelujah***

It shouldn't have bothered him, and it wouldn't have...if not for her.

One of the lifeguards on break was sitting by the side of the pool, dangling her slim feet in the water. Her indigo eyes gazed at her reflection, as though scrying something in the cool ripples. A wall of shoulder-length violet hair half-hid her face, which was unnaturally pale for someone who spent so much time outdoors.

Rather than undressing her, Gar's eyes added long sleeves and a turtleneck to her black one-piece swimsuit. He sighed and tried to push disturbing thoughts from his mind.

*I love **Bridget**, I chose her in the end.*

The lifeguard looked up. Their eyes met for a moment, during which it became obvious that she saw through his tanned skin and dyed hair. *She knew.*

***Maybe I've been here before***

***I've seen this room, I've walked this floor***

***I used to live alone before I knew you***

***I've seen your flag on the marble arch-***

Love is not a victory march  
It's a cold and it's a broken hallelujah.

She whispered the end of the verse, eyes still locked with his. She stared a moment more, before closing her eyes and turning away. However, her singing continued.

Maybe there's a God above  
And all I ever learned from love  
Was how to shoot at someone who out-drew you.  
It's not a cry you hear at night  
It's not somebody who's seen the light  
It's a cold and it's a broken hallelujah.

***Hallelujah.***

Hallelujah.

***Hallelujah.***

Hallelujah.

**THE END.**

Awww, poor Rav- I mean, *lifeguard!* I m not a Terra hater, by the way. That s why I left out the verse about the woman bathing on the roof; somebody could take that wrong. In fact, this could be a BB/Terra song, too. Hmm...