

# Pinky

## Bobby Bare, Jr.

I don't want to wake you  
But I'd like to tell you that I love you  
That the candlelight fell like a crescent  
Upon your feather pillow  
For there's more ways than one  
And the ways of the world are a blessing  
For when Pinky's dreaming  
She owes the world nothing  
And her silence keeps us guessing  
Pinky's as perfect as the Fourth of July  
Quilted and timeless, seldom denied  
The trial and the error of my master plan  
Now she rolls like the dice in a poor gambler's hands  
You don't want to tell me  
But somehow you've guessed that I know  
Oh when dawn came this morning  
You discovered a feeling that burned  
Like a flame in your soul  
For there's toast and honey  
And there's breakfast in bed on a tray  
Oh it's ten below zero  
And we're about to abandon our plans for the day  
Pinky's as perfect as the Fourth of July  
Quilted and timeless, seldom denied  
The trial and the error of my master plan  
Now she rolls like the dice in a poor gambler's hands

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