

# Sunday Table

## Pink Martini

She is walking quickly  
Like there's some place she must be.  
In her eyes there's no one,  
There is no one she needs.  
He sits with his paper  
At a sunday table.  
Just another morning..  
She steps into his gaze.  
He looks at her,  
She looks at him,  
For a moment there is nowhere she is going.  
He looks at her,  
She looks at him,  
For a moment they could almost fall in love.  
Not a word is spoken,  
No touch, no heart broken.

Just another morning  
Of a beautiful day.  
He looks at her,  
She looks at him,  
For a moment there is nowhere she is going.  
He looks at her,  
She looks at him,  
For a moment they could truly fall in love.  
He looks at her,  
She looks at him,  
For a moment there is nowhere she is going.  
He looks at her,  
She looks at him,  
For a moment there is stillness in the world .. turning  
World turning .. round ..  
Around ..  
Around ..

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