

# In the Doorway

Eleni Mandell

In the doorway, in the doorway  
It was easy to forget  
With his hands upon my waist  
In my old Italian dress, I was dizzy, I was guilty  
I wanted to confess in the doorwayOne hand goes across my  
And one hand down the other sideHis mother lives down by the sea  
His grand-mere lives right next to her  
His uncle waved as he drove by  
I was waiting in the carWe had no words, we had no words  
So I fell asleep  
I knew that I would take courage  
If I had enough to drink

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