

Pinky

Mamta Sharma & Meet Bros Anjan

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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