

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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