

Kevin Paris**"Java Babe"**

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It was early on a Friday
I was playing tunes at a small café
The sun was pouring through the doorway
On my toes

I was covering a Marley tune
Looking out the window across the room
Past all the photos of the world in bloom
Just outside

She seemed to hear the music play
Stopped, turned and took a look this way
Came in with such a tranquil sway
And hopped in line

She was some kind of lovely
Bought herself a tall dark coffee
Sat and sipped it right in front of me
While I played on

Chorus:
Ohhhhhhh myyyyyyy sweet java babe

I played on and on
She kicked off her shoes and hummed along
While looking down laughing at the art she'd drawn
On her hand

She sat there all alone
In front of the crowd with her coffee and scone
Each time she looked up, locked her eyes to my own
And gave a smile

She had such a good, sweet vibe
Summer dress flowed like the low tide
Golden skin glowed like the sunrise
On the land

After the show I went her way
Got to know my sweet, sweet java babe
Hung around that old, small café, thinking

Chorus

Bridge & Final Chorus:

My oh my oh my

My oh my oh my

My oh my oh my

Oh my sweet java babe

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