

**411****"Affair On Eight Avenue"**Visit "[Affair On Eight Avenue](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Words and Music by: Gordon Lightfoot)

The perfume that she wore  
Was from some little store  
On the down side of town  
But it lingered on  
Long after she'd gone  
I remember it well.

And our fingers entwined  
Like ribbons of light  
And we came through a doorway  
Somewhere in the night.

Her long flowing hair  
Came softly undone  
And it lay all around  
And she brushed it down  
As I stood by her side  
In the warmth of her love.

And she showed me her  
Treasures of paper and tin  
And then we played a game  
Only she could win.

And she told me a riddle  
I'll never forget  
Then left with the answer  
I've never found yet.

How long, said she,  
Can a moment like this  
Belong to someone  
What's wrong, what is right,  
When to live or to die  
We must almost be born.

So if you should ask me  
What secrets I hide  
I'm only your lover,

Don't make me decide.

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