

Barbara Kessler

"The Date (making Mountains Out Of Molehills)"

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If you don't ask me I won't tell you
About the me that came before the one that met you
There's really not much to say
You'll probably do most of the talking anyway
Well It's been years since I've been on a date
You said seven-thirty but you'll probably be late
And I'll pretend I wasn't waiting by the window
And you'll comment on the parking
And you'll ask about the photo
Oh I had pie in the sky dreams
When you catch up with our future
It's never what it seemed back then
Making mountains out of molehills again
And over dinner you'll tell stories
And I will smile and nod politely as always
And nothing you say will remind me
But there it will be like footsteps behind me
Now you ask "Is something wrong?"
Oh if I let you you'd find out before too long
It's not that I have regrets
I'm just no good at stories that haven't ended yet
Oh I had pie in the sky dreams?
And then you'll walk me to the front door
It's always just one moment that decides your
evermore
And if you kiss me, or if you don't
I'll wonder what that means and if you'll call or if you
won't
Oh I had pie in the sky dreams?

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