

## Gordon Goodwin's Big Phat Band

### "Affair On 8Th Avenue"

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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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