

Chris Botti

"Seven Days"

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"Seven days" was all she wrote
A kind of ultimatum note
She gave to me, she gave to me
When I thought the field had cleared
It seemed another suit appeared
To challenge me
Woe is me
Though I hate to make a choice
My options are decreasing mostly rapidly
Well, we'll see
I don't think she'd bluff this time
I really have to make her mine
It's plain to see
It's him or me
(refrain)
Monday, I could wait 'til Tuesday
If I make up my mind
Wednesday would be fine
Thursday's on my mind
Friday'd give me time
Saturday could wait
But Sunday'd be too late
The fact he's over six-foot-ten
Might instill fear in other men

But not in me
The mighty flea
Ask if I'm a mouse or man
The mirror squeaked, away I ran
He'll murder me
In time for his tea
Does it bother me at all?
My rival is Neanderthal, it makes me think
Perhaps I need a drink
IQ is no problem here
We won't be playing Scrabble for her hand I fear
I need that beer
(refrain)
Seven days will quickly go
The fact remains, I love her so
Seven days, so many ways
But I can't run away

(refrain)

Do I have to tell a story

Of a thousand rainy days since we first met

It's a big enough umbrella

But it's always me that ends up getting wet

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