

Nicci Gilbert

"Wishful Thinking"

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It's wishful thinking
It's always wishful thinking, uh huh
It's wishful thinking
It's always wishful thinking, and uh

CHORUS

I used to know this girl as fly as Saturdays
And every time she smiled my way like honey to me
I would hold my heart as well as my hopes back
For fear of how she would have reacted
If I was to express how I was attracted
To her spectacular bosoms and vacular(?) amenities
And every time I would see her ever-so-beautiful figure
walking the earth
It would just confuse me
Making me woozy
But I kept my mouth shut
I figured putting myself in such a position of
vulnerability
Would just give her the power to either lose me or
abuse me
So in the dark I stood
Skylarking I would ponder on what if
But the what-ifs would have been solved
If I wasn't so chicken-shit to get involved
In these matters of the heart
But that's all in the past and
She's gone leaving me gasping while asking
I wonder if I'll ever have another chance
Wonder if I'll have another dance
A change in my circumstance
To romance from wishful thinking

It was a day like this when we met in 1993
She came up to me whispering something like sunshine
While I was in line
At the festival which couldn't compare
To the festivities of her beauty
I moved our conversation from
Name into hobby

Hobby into visions
Visions to envisioning the two of us meeting up again
If she would just pick the time and place
The way our eyes embraced
Sublime troubles bits and based in an ideal song
I looked into her face and saw my future was less than
perfect placement
Our worries were kept in the basement
Either that or the attic
There would be no static
In our living room
My mind mapped out the blueprints
Consuming each other's thoughts in the dining room
Romance would be placed in the bedroom
Illuminated with joy and perfume
Tribulations would be hung in the kid's room
Furnished with laughter after our lives were situated
And financially elevated
Our house would be decorated in colours and feelings
I've only seen in
dreams
But was never able to describe
I felt all of this
But didn't know how to subscribe
To her interests
You know how first impressions are
Catalogues that come with no index, appendix, or
bibliographies
Just a table of contents for us to guess at
Choose a chapter and hopefully it works for you
We agreed that our time shared was pleasurable
And that we should rendez-vous
I attached the idea of exchanging numbers
So again I could see her
She smiled, sunbeam so warm
I was blinded by her glare
Meanwhile mesmerized by the magnificent mana she
seemed to bear
Then said she would be back at the festival tomorrow
And to meet right here
(Like, right here in this particular spot?)

CHORUS

Now I had expected a no-show
Kept on checking the time on my wrist-match
Then felt a elbow nudge me from the back
When I turned around and she was top-notch
Smelling like butterscoth
When trying to speak
I was too shocked

All blocked up in my voice-box
I just stood there and smiled
She took my hand, manoeuvred me through the crowd
I hung on like a child
That's a security blanket for dear life
We rounded the bin where
She took me into her booth
She was a vendor, visual artist, a poet
Who loved to work with the youth
Said what attracted her to me was my aura
Seemed to bear truthfulness
In a world full of filthiness
And hearts swallowed up into emptiness
Not in the exact words but I said the same
We sat there all day in the shade talking
Boredom never came
I told her about my music
I said I wanted to use it to touch
Use it to travel around the world sharing my views on
such and such
And finally to clutch a point in time where I could say
that I was happy
Own a business, have a wife and some children to call
me pappy
Nodding her head she smirked and said she knew our
ideas would work and
again
Not in the exact words but I said the same
Evening quickly arrived and I had to go
It was the last day of the festival
Smiling she said she was glad I came
A pen was pulled
I supplied the paper
Numbers were exchanged
We both stood up and showed love in the form of a hug
And went our separate ways
I remember them vividly in my memory
Those yesterdays

CHORUS

She held delightful conversations over the phone
With a mouthful of words that
When were said made you feel like you were
Worth something more than just flesh and bone
Taking up space and time
Our discussions raced the mind
Forever building, healing, exchanging ideas
Drilling to the core of what we were here for
How to communicate with ancestors and
Why we as people deserved more

From equal rights, revolutionary fights to spiritual
insight
She even shot over to the house and gave me a
cooking lesson one night
It was nothing fancy
Rice and beans seasoned with a side order of
plantainels
The table was lit with candles
We sat juxtaposed and stood out the windows
To gaze at the stars
I said let's make a wish on that reddish one
She was like "Fool, that's Mars!"
Then mapped out all the celestial bodies from the little
dipper up to the
quasars
And finally picked one
We closed our eyes and made a wish
But I substituted my wish for hope
And it still wasn't enough to anchor us down
You see hope holds just a little bit more weight than a
wish
And my wish turned hope then swish
And my time was too short on the rebound
The clock countdown was to my disadvantage
And I'm not the type to come with full-court pressure
So my game's ?
In her eyes I was tucked away and forgotten
And all my plottin' to win this girl
Too small to be measured
And so now all I have to treasure is my wishful thinking

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