

Brothers Four

"Affair on Eight Avenue"

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(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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