

Scott MacIntyre "Tonight At Eight"

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I'm nervous and upset
because this girl I've never met,
I get to meet tonight at eight.
I'm taking her to dinner
at a charming old cafe,
but who can eat tonight at eight?

It's early in the morning and our date
is not til eight o'clock tonight
and already i can see
what a nightmare this whole day will be.

I haven't slept a wink.
I only think about her approaching tet a tet
tonight at eight.
I feel a combination of depression and elation,
what a state to wait till eight.

Three more minutes,
two more seconds,
ten more hours to go.

In spite of all I've written
she may not be very smitten
and my hopes, perhaps,
may all collapse - kapoot
tonight at eight.

I wish I knew exactly how I'll act
and what will happen

when we dine tonight at eight.
I know I'll drop the silverware
but will i spill the water or the wine
tonight at eight?

Tonight I'll walk right up and sit right down
beside the smartest girl in town.
and then it's anybody's guess.
More and more I'm breathing less and less.

In my imagination

I can see our conversation
taking shape
tonight at eight.
I'll sit there saying absolutely nothing
or I'll jabber like an ape
tonight at eight

Two more minutes,
three more seconds,
ten more hours to go.

I'll know when this is done
if something has ended or begun
and if it goes alright
who knows, I might propose
tonight at eight.

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