

Alexa Borden "Crowded Cafe"

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Hot caffeine is skimming the inside of my lips.
In this old cafe, warming up my finger tips.

Well my memories are vague
in this melancholy, crowded cafe.

Mmm, rainfall is slicing down the window pane.
And blue walls are blending in with stormy haze.

Well my troubles are strayed,
in this melancholy, crowded, cafe.

Yeah...

My hopes and my fears
on the edge of the table
tell me what my destiny holds.

Or should I leave it to fate gazers
to view just what my crystal balls shows.

Well my feelings are grey
in this melancholy, crowded cafe.

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