

Pink Martini

"Sunday Table"

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She is walking quickly
Like there's some place she must be.
In her eyes there's no one,
There is no one she needs.

He sits with his paper
At a sunday table.
Just another morning..
She steps into his gaze.

He looks at her,
She looks at him,
For a moment there is nowhere she is going.
He looks at her,
She looks at him,
For a moment they could almost fall in love.

Not a word is spoken,
No touch, no heart broken.
Just another morning
Of a beautiful day.
He looks at her,
She looks at him,
For a moment there is nowhere she is going.
He looks at her,
She looks at him,
For a moment they could truly fall in love.

He looks at her,
She looks at him,
For a moment there is nowhere she is going.
He looks at her,
She looks at him,
For a moment there is stillness in the world .. turning
World turning .. round ..
Around ..
Around ..

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