

Sarah Fimm

"Bombay Cafe"

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I remember our day at the Bombay Cafe, when I found
out love ain't enough
The old man at the bar tossing dreams into jars, said,
"Girl he ain't gonna show up."
And I stood there amiss and uncertain
'Till he walked through the whites of the curtain.
I said, " I knew you would come."
He said, "I can't love anyone.
Everything I am, and everything I do, just pulls me back
to you"
I remember our day at the Bombay Cafe my hair
getting soaked by the rain
And your hand held my own till that river of stone tore
us apart at the veins
But we fought it, you know, like the wind fights the
snow
But that's how everything goes
I remember our day at the Bombay Cafe, most other
things I can't recall
And I can't recall just how I got here today
Standing right over your grave
He said, "I knew you would come"
I said, "I can't love anyone
I remember that day at the Bombay Cafe
And there can't be another one
No, there can't be another one."

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