

## Stephen Bishop

# "The Girl in the Orange Sweater"

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I watch her through revolving doors  
Through the windows of trains  
On the stairway to the second floor  
On crowded street covered with rain  
She rushes by and I call out her name

Somehow she disappears...

So I wait for her by the cafe light  
Where strangers meet  
at the end of the night  
And I wait for her to come to me  
The Girl in the Orange Sweater

She accidentally took my seat  
Pulled off her white gloves  
I was captured by the look on her face  
A masterpiece of beauty and grace

Just travelers passing the time...  
So I wait for her by the Cafe light  
Where she missed her train and  
we talked all night..  
And I wait for her to come back to me  
The Girl in the Orange Sweater  
The Girl in the Orange Sweater

And when I close my eyes I see  
a cold and lonely world  
if she's not there with me...

And I wait for her to come back to me  
The Girl in the Orange Sweater...

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