

Such Unlikely Lovers

Burt Bacharach

On a hot, sunny day
When your whites return to gray
That's when she'll arrive
When you look
How you feel
Someone steps upon your heel
That's when she will come
Listen now
I'm not saying that there will be violins
But don't be surprised if they appear
Playing in some doorway
Still I can't believe that this is happening
We're such unlikely lovers
Though no one seems to notice as they hurry by
Ask me what I'm thinking and I won't deny it
Can you believe it's happening?
There were no magic bells
You can keep the flowers and bells
They just don't seem right
Can it actually be
Me and you and you and me
We're like day and night