

Truly Madly Deeply

Day One

It was a windy day outside the cafe
He was drinking coffee, she was sipping Chardonnay
And they were both from different (murks ?) of life,
Hers' a better life, his' a harder life
He walked his rhythm in worn leather shoes, the sole split
Down in an old leather jacket
She walked her rhythm in designer shoes expensive,
Her style got it (bother ?) quite overdressed
And then it happened, looking at each other imagine us as lovers
Don't ask said words, we only sat and sight
It felt right so stepped to her and said to her :

"Leave with me and compete with me
Leave with me and complete with me"

As they walked there was a silence between them
And silence is that counts for words
She looked into his eyes, romanticised his whole life
He had that look that he was foreign
Get up and smoke and spoke his words like a ballon
He was unshaven, (haired are craven ?)
For danger of a stranger, looked like he had it in his nature
And she said : "what are you thinking
What are you thinking about ?
What are you thinking, what are you thinking about ?
And he said:" the difference between thinking and talking
Is that talking is the expression of thought
And thought is the unexpressed idea
So if I know it is enough and (if I said it I'd've thought em
.?
She said:" you cant think enough"
He said:" you can think too much, you can think up a dream
But there's no dream that you can touch"
"But I can touch you, so you must be true"
And said (it out ?)
That I can touch you, so you must be true and said (...?)

It was a windy day outside the cafe...