

## If Looks Could Kill

Player

One look and I knew it was her, even from across the street  
Took forever for the light to change in that New York heat.  
I didn't want to lose her  
So I reached out from behind.  
I wasn't ready for her thunder  
Or the fire in her eyes.

If looks could kill  
I wouldn't have a breath left in me.  
Was she so scared of all those memories  
Or did I take her by surprise?  
If looks could kill  
My heart would surely have stopped beating.  
Didn't expect that kind of greeting.  
Couldn't find one good reason why.

I thought we buried the bitterness  
I thought the air was clear,  
But there was a chill over Christopher street  
For that time of year.  
Was she trying to free herself  
From any old thoughts of me?  
Cause as we stood there face to face  
It was plain enough to see...

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