

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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