

Bombay Cafe

Sarah Fimm

I remember our day at the Bombay Café, when I found out love ain't enough.

An old man at the bar tossing dreams into jars, said, "girl he ain't gonna show up."

And I stood there a mess and uncertain,

'Till he walked through the break in the curtain.

I said, "I knew you would come."

He said, "I can't love anyone.

Everything I am, and everything I do, just pulls me back to you ."

I remember our day at the Bombay Café my hair getting soaked by the rain,

And your hand held my own till a river of stone pulled them apart at the veins.

But we fought it, you know, like the wind fights the snow.

But that's how everything goes.

I remember our day at the Bombay Café, most other things I can't recall,

And I can't recall just how I got here today,

Standing right over your grave.

He said, "I knew you would come."

I said, "I can't love anyone."

Cause I remember that day at the Bombay Café,

And there can't be another one.