

## Cafe

Tim Buckley

I was just a curly-haired mountain boy  
On my way passing through  
I heard a voice whisper, "Good evening"  
I turned to a shadow and saw her there  
So all alone

She had those sad China eyes  
That sang each time she smiled  
Ah, but the song it seemed to linger  
So long it deepened my love for her  
Until she called me near

And then we waltzed to our heart beat  
All around the sea was swaying  
The breeze was praying  
Never to leave her alone  
Alone

Oh, the time just slipped on by  
And with the time so did our love  
Ah, her every move like a fever, just like a fever  
Burnin' inside would not leave me