

# Long Flowing Robe

Todd Rundgren

Cruising makes some people get uptight  
But nothing beats a lonely friday night  
Friday night, nothing much to do but hang around  
Think I might just grab myself a cab and head downtown  
And for hours, I hang around the dance hall crowd  
I feel like a boor  
And then I turned around and cast my eyes to the door

In a long flowing robe  
She appeared at the ballroom door  
I was hard-pressed to know  
What I hoped she was looking for

Coming on at first may not seem right  
But nothing beats a lover at first sight  
What a sight, nothing can compare with simple grace  
It's all right, I see it in the look upon her face  
That she wants me the same way that I'm wanting her  
In fact maybe more  
But as I take her hand, she turns and heads for the door

In a long flowing robe  
She took off through the ballroom door  
I was hard-pressed to know  
What did she go and do that for

Friday night, nothing left to do but go to bed  
Sleeping tight, when something stirring deep inside my head  
Said "wake up and cast your eyes to the door."

In a long flowing robe  
She appeared at the bedroom door  
I was hard-pressed to know  
What I knew she was looking for