

The Sunset Marquis

Vonda Shepard

There's a place where we hung out
At The Sunset Marquis
And I miss the way your hand felt
Resting on my knee
It was one of the few times
I didn't want to change a thing

And the way the light hit your face just right
Was like a movie, a movie
And the way you laughed
Well it warmed the draft
Running through me, through me
And I wanna go back to try and unwind

A couple is snapping at each other
Like dirty old rubber bands
While a waitress in a cat suit
Is starting to expand
I draw a line around your finger
Like a wedding band

Then I scribble down some poetry
On a book of matches
Cause I realise I am sitting with
One of the finest catches
And suddenly in the background it was you

Playing on that radio
Burning on that stereo
In the bar at The Sunset Marquis

There was a party in my head
Where did everybody go?
One night in the blue light
I sat there all alone
And I tried to remember
The smell of your coat

Then I touched my hand and I
Whispered into my own ear, my own ear
In the background something familiar
Something was so clear, so clear
And I realised that it was me

Playing on that radio
Burning on that stereo
In the bar at The Sunset Marquis singing 'bout
All the laughs we once had darling
Oh the way it felt to me
In the bar at The Sunset Marquis