

Interpretation Of Love

Wouter Hamel

I walked around for hours
In the pouring rain
I never thought I'd get used to this pain
My feet are hurting
But inside I'm calm and clear
Oh how I want you to be near
This part of town reminds me
Of sunny afternoons
My favorite tin pan alley tunes
Your eyes so shiny
The sunlight on your skin
Imagine how grand it would have been

It could have been more than a silly fling
I would have bought you flowers anything
But you just called me up
And called things off
That's not my interpretation of love

My friends all told me that
You're not the one for me
But I fell in love so foolishly
My heart kept skipping
When we used to kiss
I never knew this could exist
This part of town will always
Be a part of you and me
Those summer nights in '93
Just lingered on my lips
Imagine how grand it could have been

I don't believe in fairy tails
Or romance novels, dear
But all those things I used to say were
Honest and sincere
So let's bring out the gospel choir
And cue the violins
'Cause that's how grand
It could have been
Send "Interpretation Of Love" Rington