

Bridget Metcalfe, Seventh Samba

Our eyes met across a room
At a party in late June
Where the elegant and chic
embraced the clique
To be together was unwise
Hand in hand we wouldn't dare
to risk the eyes of those who recognise

Living in another place
Moving at a different pace
Remembering the vision and how I see you
Remembering the times we shared
Even though you never dared
to dance the Seventh Samba with me

You were in the public eye

and the camera never lies
Our liaison hit the fan,
you seemed to crumble
So I agreed against my will
to deny and disappear
In a different time you'd love me still

When the flowers came today
and I found your note to say
that you love me and need me in your life
These circumstances made
you decide to tilt the shade
and dance the Seventh Samba with me

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