

# Chicago, Byblos

(Terry Kath)

I saw her once before; she didn't turn me on.  
One night she stopped to talk to pass the time.  
And then I saw her eyes; her softly smiling glow,  
We sat and talked all night at Byblos.  
She talked of feelings that I knew were true.  
She painted me a picture using ev'ry shade of blue  
It was light with laughter, At times it made me cry,  
And now I'll never know just why I didn't ever try to hold her;  
to squeeze her; to kiss her all night long, I never tried to please her.  
Then, soon she had to go;  
I sat there all alone  
And thought of things she said  
The whole day through.  
And then I realized,  
I never took the time  
To find out where she lived  
Or where to call.  
I thought that I would see  
Her the next night,  
Anticipating how I'd set myself right.  
Then, I went back to Byblos;  
I sat there and waited,  
Feeling just a little nervous  
And a little frustrated.  
Then, soon, in she came, looking just the same  
Oo, I could hardly wait to take her far from the game.  
Then a person came in to the club  
that I had to speak to  
I explained the situation to her  
And i thought she understood  
But I guess she thought I was jiving her around  
Cause when I looked for her, this is what I found  
She was rapping with a real good friend of mine,  
He was happening, I guess it was his time.  
I really couldn't blame him, cause he was sad and lonely too.  
But just talking to her did me so much good, I knew she'd do him good too.  
Then I went home and I got it on,  
Sat down to write these words when I was finally alone.  
And then, about halfway through I wondered if someone knew  
where she was, so I could give her a call,  
And I found out that she was right down the hall,  
Not too far away,  
but that's ok, I'll just wait for the day when I can see  
her again and spend some time.