

Chris Botti, It Never Entered My Mind

I don't care if there's powder on my nose
I don't care if my hairdo is in place
I've lost the very meaning of repose
I never put a mudpack on my face
Oh who'd have thought that I'd walk in a daze
Now I never go to shows at night but just to matinees
Now I see the show
And home I go
Once I laughed when I heard you saying
That I'd be playing solitaire
Uneasy in my easy chair
It never entered my mind
Once you told me I was mistaken
That I'd awaken with the sun
And order orange juice for one
It never entered my mind
You have what I lack myself
And now I even have to scratch my back myself
Once you warned me
That if you scorned me
I'd sing the maiden's prayer again
And wish that you were there again
To get into my hair again
It never entered my mind
You have what I lack myself
And now I even have to scratch my back myself
Once you warned me
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