

# Oval Opus, Coffee Shop Girl

Three stories on High Street,  
A beanery down below;  
I make that trip everyday,  
I'm a face that they all know.

With a guitar in my hand,  
And a thousand words to say;  
She brings me a drink,  
And then quietly walks away.

No matter how I feel,  
Her smile makes me all right;  
My feelings for her,  
I keep them bottled up inside.

She's the most beautiful thing in this world,  
She's the coffee shop girl...

I fill the holes in the air  
As they talk among themselves;  
People's hopes and dreams  
Transcend like angel's tails.

Just a glance across the room  
As she's standing by the door;  
Staring out the window,  
And wondering if there's anything more.

No matter how I feel,  
Her smile makes me all right;  
My feelings for her,  
I keep them bottled up inside.

She's the most beautiful thing in this world,  
She's the coffee shop girl...

The night winds down,  
As I play my last refrain;  
The candles have all burned out,  
And only a few remain.

Her lonely heart fades,  
As they shuffle through the door;  
Enchanted with the revelry,  
Of the nights like this before.

No matter how I feel,  
Her smile makes me all right;  
My feelings for her,  
I keep them bottled up inside.

She's the most beautiful thing in this world,  
She's the coffee shop girl...