

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...