

# Randy Crawford, Almaz

It started out in innocence  
the way that most things do  
a thousand people crammed in one place  
but the only face was you  
I grabbed your hand and we raced out  
hardly said a word  
I'd only seen you for a minute  
but I was round in third  
and we traded on our backgrounds  
you mentioned I seemed shy  
then you laughed  
and said I'm an uptown, uptempo woman  
You're a downtown, downbeat guy  
Within a week I'd moved in,  
at your uptown, east side place  
we'd make love for hours on a bed of silk and lace  
and she would get up early  
and come home late at night  
she'd have important business  
but my prospects all seemed slight  
tired on some evenings  
she'd get mad and cry  
I'm an uptown, uptempo woman  
You're a downtown, downbeat guy  
The romance soon was over  
and the lust was getting thin  
I soon began to realise  
the mess I'd gotten in  
but as always happens  
you're caught in such a trap  
you get so used to what's around  
you can't find your way back  
so I lived with this arrangement  
and soon learned to despise  
the uptown, uptempo woman  
and the downtown, downbeat guy  
And then one Saturday in March  
I decided I would go  
as I was going nowhere  
and my mind was getting slow  
I opened all the closets  
there wasn't much to pack  
I felt bad not telling her  
that I wasn't coming back  
but this day she was early  
she looked at me and asked why  
I said why  
You're an uptown, uptempo woman  
I'm a downtown, downbeat guy  
You're an uptown, uptempo woman  
I'm a downtown, downbeat guy  
Downtown, downbeat guy