

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 cant 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 wasnt much to pack
I felt bad not telling her
that I wasnt 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