

# Wishing Chair, Robert's Waltz

It's a winter's night, the stars are bright  
And the world keeps spinning around  
Wish I had you  
And an old Gershwin tune  
I'd be wearing a gossamer gown  
A gossamer, gossamer, gossamer gown  
I'd be wearing a gossamer gown  
Wish I had you and an old Gershwin tune  
I'd be wearing a gossamer gown

I love the quiet after midnight  
When there's not a cop in sight  
There's a holiness  
In this loneliness  
That speeds this heart through the night  
Though sometimes I feel like a sailor  
I'm just married to the sea  
It's a long stretch of road and another show  
I'll be back again you'll see  
Thought I can't find no consolation  
In this empty bed of mind  
I'll raise my glass and gently ask  
Won't the band play a waltz this time

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