

Bridget Metcalfe, Martini Please

You smile, suddenly I know you're standing there
Quickly fingers move to smooth my hair
While your gaze follows me insistently for days
Won't you once just say hello, break the spell
And you wait and see
I know you're there

Feel your eyes just there watching me
Those wild, imaginary dreams and crazy schemes
Meeting for a drink, those first immortal words, "Martini please..."

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