

# 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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