

# Day One, Truly Madly Deeply

It was a windy day outside the cafe  
He was drinking coffee, she was sipping Chardonnay  
And they were both from different (murks ?) of life,  
Hers' a better life, his' a harder life  
He walked his rhythm in worn leather shoes, the sole split  
Down in an old leather jacket  
She walked her rhythm in designer shoes expensive,  
Her style got it (bother ?) quite overdressed  
And then it happened, looking at each other imagine us as lovers  
Don't ask said words, we only sat and sight  
It felt right so stepped to her and said to her :

"Leave with me and compete with me  
Leave with me and complete with me"

As they walked there was a silence between them  
And silence is that counts for words  
She looked into his eyes, romanticised his whole life  
He had that look that he was foreign  
Get up and smoke and spoke his words like a ballon  
He was unshaven, (haired are craven ?)  
For danger of a stranger, looked like he had it in his nature  
And she said : "what are you thinking  
What are you thinking about ?  
What are you thinking, what are you thinking about ?  
And he said:" the difference between thinking and talking  
Is that talking is the expression of thought  
And thought is the unexpressed idea  
So if I know it is enough and ( if I said it I'd've thought em .?  
She said:" you cant think enough"  
He said:" you can think too much, you can think up a dream  
But there's no dream that you can touch"  
"But I can touch you, so you must be true"  
And said (it out ?)  
That I can touch you, so you must be true and said (...?)