Kevin Gilbert, Tea For One

Duncan was always cautious
Never the one to take a stand
Convinced to the bone
That he's happier alone
And to justify the part
Keeps a closely guarded heart
Standing amidst the subway
He spies the lady of his dreams
And catches her stare
Long enough to make him care
"Oh my Lord, if Beauty has a name
Then hers must be the same..."

Lights upon empty rooms Home too soon Somewhere inside he burns It looks like tea for one again

He sees her every day now And each day he walks her to her door But ever polite He still sleeps alone at night He keeps desire at bay Afraid to change his way

Lights upon empty rooms Home too soon Somewhere inside he burns It looks like tea for one again

Grey Monday evening finds him Making their usual stops alone Where can she be? He just had to go and see And there's roses in his hand For his new romantic plans Caught in the pouring rain He crouches beneath her awning And there through the screen Spies his lady of esteem Not alone And there's rapture on her face Within a man's embrace.

Lights upon empty rooms Home too soon Somewhere inside he burns It looks like tea for one again