

# 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

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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.

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