

# Malia, Two Fugitives

Here I find myself again in a bar  
drawing my sorrows and falling in love with a stranger  
as I down another Martini I realize  
I'm singing the same old song  
stop me anytime.

I flirt with the bar tender  
and ask him for two more Martinis, please.  
He knows me so well and he smiles.

...  
The man facing me at the bar.  
He's heard it all before.

Strangers on the night in love  
what can we lose  
Strangers in the night in love  
with nothing to lose  
Strangers in the night in love  
what can we lose.

We're like two fugitives in the night.  
We're like two fugitives in the night.

Here I find myself again in my bag  
reaching for gum to freshen my breath to kiss with the stranger.  
And as I plan that hard passionate kiss  
I realize I'm singing the same old song  
Don't stop me this time.

I flirt with the handsome stranger and ask him:  
could you give me a ride home please  
goes down so well  
and he smiles  
Then he delivers into his little Ford car  
we drive away from the bar  
we've both been here before.

Strangers for the night in love  
what can we lose  
Stranger in the night in love  
with nothing to lose  
Stranger in the night in love  
what can we lose

We're like two fugitives in the night.  
We're like two fugitives in the night.

Strangers for the night in love  
what can we lose  
Stranger in the night in love  
with nothing to lose  
Stranger in the night in love  
what can we lose.

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