

# Stephen Bishop, The Girl In The Orange Sweater

I watch her through revolving doors  
Through the windows of trains  
On the stairway to the second floor  
On crowded street covered with rain  
She rushes by and I call out her name  
Somehow she disappears...  
So I wait for her by the cafe light  
Where strangers meet  
at the end of the night  
And I wait for her to come to me  
The Girl in the Orange Sweater  
She accidentally took my seat  
Pulled off her white gloves  
I was captured by the look on her face  
A masterpiece of beauty and grace  
Just travelers passing the time...  
So I wait for her by the Cafe light  
Where she missed her train and  
we talked all night..  
And I wait for her to come back to me  
The Girl in the Orange Sweater  
The Girl in the Orange Sweater  
And when I close my eyes I see  
a cold and lonely world  
if she's not there with me...  
And I wait for her to come back to me  
The Girl in the Orange Sweater...