

Steve Forbert, Some Will Rake The Coals

A perfect stranger might could make you smile,
Might could take your mind off your despair for half a while,
But time moves quickly, strangers look like friends,
Friends might fall in love and perfect strangers might pretend
And so it happens,
Take a look around,
Some will rake the coals
And some will burn a wedding gown.

The sad romantics fail to grasp the world,
Fail to recognize there ain't no perfect boy or girl
And so keep fumbling, feelin' incomplete,
Makin' love and breakin' hearts and searchin' on the street
And so it happens,
Take a look around,
Some will rake the coals
And some will burn a wedding gown.

And look at me
(or maybe don't, now)

Hey, yeah, look at me
(or maybe don't, now)
Look at me
(or maybe don't, now)
Hey, yeah, look at me
(or maybe don't, now)

And Charlie Chaplin had to realize
Eighteen year old Oona made a golden final prize,
And Warren Beatty must have gotten scared
When Madonna made him fin'ly see he'd lost some hair
And so it happens,
Take a look around,
Some will rake the coals
And some will burn a wedding gown,
Some will rake the coals
And some will burn a wedding gown.