

# Vonda Shepard, Sunset Marquis

There's a place where we hung out  
At The Sunset Marquis  
And I miss the way your hand felt  
Resting on my knee  
It was one of the few times  
I didn't want to change a thing

And the way the light hit your face just right  
Was like a movie, a movie  
And the way you laughed  
Well it warmed the draft  
Running through me, through me  
And I wanna go back to try and unwind

A couple is snapping at each other  
Like dirty old rubber bands  
While a waitress in a cat suit  
Is starting to expand  
I draw a line around your finger  
Like a wedding band

Then I scribble down some poetry  
On a book of matches  
Cause I realise I am sitting with  
One of the finest catches  
And suddenly in the background it was you

Playing on that radio  
Burning on that stereo  
In the bar at The Sunset Marquis

There was a party in my head  
Where did everybody go?  
One night in the blue light  
I sat there all alone  
And I tried to remember  
The smell of your coat

Then I touched my hand and I  
Whispered into my own ear, my own ear  
In the background something familiar  
Something was so clear, so clear  
And I realised that it was me

Playing on that radio  
Burning on that stereo  
In the bar at The Sunset Marquis singing 'bout  
All the laughs we once had darling  
Oh the way it felt to me  
In the bar at The Sunset Marquis