

Dream Cafe

Greg Brown

You were the woman in the blue mask,
standin there beside your dress.
All the things I wanted from you,
I never could express.
I thought I saw you once in Munich,
but you slipped away.
I'm in the corner with the coffee
at The Dream Cafe.

For once I didn't say anything stupid--
my lover never once looked bored.
And soldiers come in smeared with lipstick,
like the last day of war.
The band divided up the money,
but the drummer could not stay.
He said he's gonna meet us later,
at The Dream Cafe.

When you turned from the window,
in your worn out slip,
put your eyes to my fingers,
while the ceiling dripped,
I just could not leave you.
I heard a motorcycle pull away.
Yes, I'll meet you after midnight,
at The Dream Cafe.

There's flowers now on Linn Street,
and the new moon just above.
They tore down all the houses,
where we used to make love.
But, they'd been long abandoned,
when we went there, anyway.
And I can still smell the lilacs,
in the corner of The Dream Cafe.

We we've only been fighting ten years--
do you really have to go?
Couldn't you reconsider,
and do it real, real slow?
I like living with you--
I don't care what you say.
I don't care who you meet,
at The Dream Cafe.

Your eyes roll back to midnight--
lost in a fantasy.
I heard you cry out someone's name,
and baby it was me.
But later as we're walkin',
you seemed so far away.
Am I the man you thought you met,
at The Dream Cafe?

I've come down with a sickness--
I thought you were the cure.
But passion seems to promise more,

than friendship can endure.
You spelled it out in black and white--
my eyes saw shades of gray,
and, so I sit alone tonight,
at The Dream Cafe.

Heat lightning in the mirror,
and the thunder cries out loud.
I can be to you--
you could be to me,
just another face in the crowd.
The plane don't leave 'til midnight--
come with me today.
They'll be plenty of time to be alone,
at The Dream Cafe.