

## Meeting Marcus On A Thursday

Ledisi

I'm sitting here alone  
Waiting for this man to come  
Waiting in the small cafe  
He reminds me of a tall, black coffee  
He arrives through me on time  
Dressed in his black suit and new attire  
A black hat tilted to the side  
What a wonderful thursday

Like the stroke of his hand  
Playing the strings on his bass  
With a glance I dance to the music he makes  
He lights a cigarette  
The way he blows his smoke you can't forget  
I'm so glad I have a chance to meet him on this day  
Meeting Marcus on a Thursday

You better play

Like the stroke of his hand  
Playing the strings on his bass  
With a glance I dance to the music he makes  
He lights a cigarette  
The way he blows his smoke you can't forget  
I'm so glad I got a chance to meet him on this day  
Meeting Marcus on a Thursday