

Soft Touch

Meaghan Smith

Here I sit
In my red chapeau
The table's dimly lit
As I take off my coat
Didn't you say
That you'd meet me
Here at eight
And I wonder
Are you always
This late

Time drips by
Down the window pane
My hopes evaporate and
Come down with the rain
Storms in the forecast
And now it's quarter past
And I wonder
How long will this last

Cause I am a soft touch
The face on my watch
And the hands
Tell me as much
I think
It's about time that
The rain and I resign
And I wonder
When will that sun shine

The waiter comes through
"Anything for mademoiselle?"
At a table for two
I order for myself
I finish up my tea and I
Bid the night "Bon nuit"
And I won't wonder
What might have been
No I won't wonder
What might have been