

## 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