

The Girl in the Orange Sweater

Stephen Bishop

I watch her through revolving doors
Through the windows of trains
On the stairway to the second floor
On crowded street covered with rain
She rushes by and I call out her name

Somehow she disappears...

So I wait for her by the cafe light
Where strangers meet
At the end of the night
And I wait for her to come to me
The girl in the orange sweater

She accidentally took my seat
Pulled off her white gloves
I was captured by the look on her face
A masterpiece of beauty and grace

Just travelers passing the time...

So I wait for her by the cafe light
Where she missed her train and
We talked all night...
And I wait for her to come back to me
The girl in the orange sweater
The girl in the orange sweater

And when I close my eyes I see
A cold and lonely world
If she's not there with me...

And I wait for her to come back to me
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