

Long Flowing Robe

Todd Rundgren

Cruising makes some people get uptight
But nothing beats a lonely friday night
Friday night, nothing much to do but hang around
Think I might just grab myself a cab and head downtown
And for hours, I hang around the dance hall crowd
I feel like a boor
And then I turned around and cast my eyes to the door

In a long flowing robe
She appeared at the ballroom door
I was hard-pressed to know
What I hoped she was looking for

Coming on at first may not seem right
But nothing beats a lover at first sight
What a sight, nothing can compare with simple grace
It's all right, I see it in the look upon her face
That she wants me the same way that I'm wanting her
In fact maybe more
But as I take her hand, she turns and heads for the door

In a long flowing robe
She took off through the ballroom door
I was hard-pressed to know
What did she go and do that for

Friday night, nothing left to do but go to bed
Sleeping tight, when something stirring deep inside my head
Said "wake up and cast your eyes to the door."

In a long flowing robe
She appeared at the bedroom door
I was hard-pressed to know
What I knew she was looking for