

It was a windy day outside the cafe
He was drinking coffee, she was sipping Chardonnay
And they were both from different walks of life,
Hers' a better life, his' a harder life
He walked his rhythm in worn leather shoes, the sole split
Down in an old leather jacket
She walked her rhythm in designer shoes expensive,
Her style cut out by the cut of her dress,
And then it happened, looking at each other, imagine us as lovers
Those unsaid words, were all they said inside
It felt right so he stepped to her and said to her :

"Leave with me and compete with me
Leave with me and you can be with me"

As they walked there was a silence between them
And silence is the canvas for words
She looked into his eyes, romanticised his whole life
He had that look that he was foreign
lit up a smoke and spoke his words like a Baron,
He was unshaven, had a craving,
For danger off a stranger, looked like he had it in his nature
And she said : "what are you thinking
What are you thinking about ?
What are you thinking, what are you thinking about ?
And he said:" the difference between thinking and talking
Is that talking is the expression of thought
And thought is the unexpressed idea
So if I wanted you to know, i would have said what i thought"
She said:" you cant think enough"
He said:" you can think too much, you can think up a dream
But there's no dream that you can touch"
"But I can touch you, so you must be true"
And said again,
"But I can touch you, so you must be true"
And said again..