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Expectations Of A Man

Reference number PT0377

When I came to New York I had expectations of what I wanted
from a man.
I made a whole list and I promised myself I would try to stick to that
list if I can!
He had to be tall and dark and handsome with a smile as bright as
day.
He had to be smart and very studious,
I know it seems cliché.
He had to be great at cooking dinner he had to cuddle in the
winter.
I thought I could find my perfect man!

When I came to New York I had expectations of what I wanted
from a man.
I made a whole list and I promised myself I would try to stick to that
list if I can!
And when I finally thought I found him with his smile as bright as
day.
And he was smart and very studious and loved to be on stage.
And he dressed in all the best clothes and he was great at cooking
dinner.
But, the thing that really sucks is the fact that he was gay!

And I thought "Why God did you do this to me?"
It seems like the whole world has someone else except for me.

When I came to New York I had expectations of what I wanted
from a man.
I made a whole list and I promised myself I would try to stick to that
list if I can!
And when the time came that I gave up all my hopes of finding
someone.
I fin'ly stopped my searching and my pointless nights of hoping!
I fin'ly found that someone who would cuddle in the winter.
And to my surprise her name was Suzanne!

And I thought "Why God did you do this to me?"
But now that I've found her,
I know now that you were just holding out for me.