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Seeing You There

Reference number PT0795

I used to go to that market on Tenth Street
Ev'ry Sunday
Rain or shine
And the truth is,
I hated that market on Tenth Street
Digging through junk's not a hobby of mine
But I knew if I rolled out of bed by nine thirty
and hopped on the subway by ten
Then I might get a chance to spend half of my morning
seeing you there

After we met, I would shop by that bak'ry
Upon Seventh
Real upscale
And I have to admit that I hated that bak'ry
The staff was pretentious
The cup cakes were stale
But I knew if we'd fought,
I could show the next morning
A slice of peach cobbler in hand
And you'd open the door
and I'd finish my penance seeing you there

I made it perfectly clear when we met
I did not like the parks in this town
If we wanted a field
I would find us a real one upstate
But you had that breakdown in Washington Square
Surrounded by concrete and bums ev'rywhere
But I said that I'd meet you there
Told you I'd run a bit late
Well, actually I was on time
only standing there watching you wait...

Then like some thing in a movie
The sunlight hits your face
The wind picks up
Your hair flutters and dances toward the sky
You turn your head
My heart sputters
And I don't know why
I think I might cry
'Cause there I was standing agape in a park in the city
Usually something I can't bear
But with you there, the park was this magical landscape
It's true, there were hippies
But I didn't care
Because I was distracted by all of these feelings
Exactly what,
I didn't know
So I searched for the words and I blurted,
"I love you."

I'm not gonna lie
I don't know quite why
Sorry to give you a scare
But, I don't know, maybe it came from just seeing you there