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Tonight At Eight

Reference number PT0830

GEORG

I'm nervous and upset
because this girl I've never met
I get to meet tonight at eight.
I'm taking her to dinner at a charming old cafe,
but who can eat tonight at eight?

It's early in the morning and our date is not till eight o'clock tonight,
and yet already I can see
What a nightmare this whole day will be.

I haven't slept a wink I only think of our approaching tete-a-tete
tonight at eight.
I feel a combination of depression and elation,
what a state to wait 'til eight.

Three more minutes, two more seconds,
ten more hours to go.
In spite of all I've written, she may not be very smitten
and my hopes may all collapse kaput! tonight at eight.

I wish I knew exactly how I'll act and what will happen
when we dine tonight at eight.
I know I'll drop the silverware,
but will I spill the water or the wine tonight at eight.

Tonight I'll walk right up and sit right down
beside the smartest girl in town,
and then it's anybody's guess.
More and more I'm breathing less and less.

In my imagination I can hear our conversation
taking shape tonight at eight.

I'll sit there saying absolutely nothing
or I'll jabber like an ape tonight at eight

Two more minutes, three more seconds,
ten more hours to go.

I'll know when this is done, if something has ended or begun,
and if it goes alright, who knows, I might

(spoken)

propose

(sung)

tonight at eight.