

## **Table Set For One**

by John Whytock & Brock

Her hair is a shock of straw and it's always in her eyes,  
She's frail but stands so straight she looks more than her size,  
She weighs about 15 lbs. and her clothes all hang in folds,  
She wears her heart like a medal and you're blinded by the gold.

This taste that you've acquired is at a table set for one.  
Nothing less marvelous if her eyes aren't like the sun.

Don't you love her, are there fireworks in your sky?  
Can you come down from your cloud, or have you learned how to fly?  
Don't you love her, angels whispering in your ear  
Throw yourself in her direction. Can you make this anymore clear?

So she didn't go to private school and she doesn't walk gracefully,  
She's not so good in crowds and her words don't roll in poetry,  
Sometimes she laughs for no reason when there's nobody else is around,  
But she's the queen of your heart even under a foolish crown.

You better speak your mind even if you don't believe your healing heart.  
Your eyes are starting to burn and your sutures may break apart.

Don't you love her, are there fireworks in your sky?  
Can you come down from your cloud, or have you learned how to fly?  
Don't you love her, angels whispering in your ear  
Throw yourself in her direction. Can you make this anymore clear?

So what if you tell her and she looks at you like you are crazy?  
And what if your praises come out sounding clumsy or contrived?  
What happens if she is not the perfect girl of your fixation?  
Will smothering her with love just bury this alive?

Her smile is so radiant and it appears inexplicably,  
She can act so serious when she knows she is supposed to be  
She makes you want to throw a lasso around the moon  
Better keep your mouth shut or you might confess something far too soon.

Don't you love her, are there fireworks in your sky?  
Can you come down from your cloud, or have you learned how to fly?  
Don't you love her, angels whispering in your ear  
Throw yourself in her direction. Can you make this anymore clear?  
Don't you love her, staring up at that big blue sky?  
Can you come down from your cloud, or have you learned how to fly?