

Chance Encounter

Murray Head

"Haven't we met somewhere before?"
I heard the young man say,
Grabbing a couple of drinks
From a passing tray.
"Wouldn't you know
You look just like a girl I used to know.
She was a dream, she was a dancer,
In some exotic show".
Ooh how he wanted to t-t-t-touch her,
Feel her skin.
Ooh how he wanted to f-f-f-fondle
It was doing him in.
Why do we have to talk
When all we want to do is feel?
How come honesty seems to fail us
Does this fear of rejection avail us
Or are we just afraid of ourselves?
What could she do but sip her drink
And look at him real slow?
Making her mind up whether to stay or go.
Why did he have to open his mouth,
Come out with such a line?
When all she needed from him was a look,
And one clear sign?
Ooh how she wanted to t-t-t-touch him,
Feel his lips.
Ooh how she wanted to f-f-f-fondle him,
With her fingertips.
Why do we have to talk,
When all we want to do is feel?
Are we so unsure of what is real,
That make-believe is a better deal than fate.
How can we avoid our conditioning,
When it's coursing through our veins?
Given an illusion of freedom,
Overpowered by fear and shame;
But somewhere deep within us are roots to find
To help us through those games.
So beware the guile
Of the rank and file;
Go back to the wild,
For the newborn child knows all.
"Sorry I'd rather be alone!"
Is what the girl replied.
"Sorry I was mistaken!"
The young man sighed.
"Go and try someone else
And try some other phoney line;
Soon my prince will come,
And he'll be mine!"
While the thoughts in their mind
Started turning,
While the rest of the night
They were burning,
With a passion that knows only yearning,
For the perfect solution,
To a chance encounter next time.