

Abigail (Abigail)

Silk (Silk)

Now every day I been listening to "Love Supreme"
I mean I've fallen in deep like a submarine
I mean she's not a fashion model or the queen of the prom
Or a voluptuous blonde who hangs with James Bond
But she's got a confidence that caught my eye
And I'm drawn like a pawn but I don't know why
So I asked her over to have a soda
She just laughed and said, "No, Casanova"
And when I asked why she blew a kiss back with that
Smile that could light up a room that was pitch black
Movin slow like a rotary phone, she made it known
I'm not a wild oat to be sewn
So I'm always on my toes and that's part of the vibe
I find her physically attractive but it's hard to describe
She could be vanilla coffee or chocolate milk
But words fail when it comes to Abigail Silk

I met her at the ice cream truck on my block
She bought a snow cone and a Astro Pop
I ordered a buttercup but I didn't have enough
I asked her for a nickel and she gave me a buck
I said how could I repay you, you saved the day?
Let's hit a matinee and I pay your way
She said she'd love to, but in the same breath
She said she couldn't and I'd have to take a rain check
Well, I guess she just killed that
And just to save face I gave her the dollar bill back
But she said the money wasn't a loan
Then she kissed me on my cheek but she dropped her cone
So I gave her mine and I walked her home
Put her number in my memory but lost her phone
And I haven't seen her since but if you do
Tell Abigail to come through (tell who)