

One Day in a Million

She faces the day in the usual way, coffee paper and a cigarette.
She stares out the window at the world outside,
trying to recall the last time she felt alive.
And she makes her way thru the faceless streets,
past subway musicians with the coins at their feet.
Everyone seems to have a place to go, someone to see.
Am I the only one alone with no particular place to be.
Across the luncheonette there's a man she's never met,
and he's wondering if she's spoken for.
He calls out to her and asks for the time,
she points to the clock above the door.
We hope and we pray that someone will come our way,
but seldom take notice when they do.
And fail to realize that the look in his eyes might come
one day in a million.
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but seldom take notice when they do.
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Another night alone, in a place far from home.
He has one more drink at the hotel bar.
He stares out at the city of light, and curses the promise of an early
morning flight.
The following day he rises with the sun, at the corner cafe he orders
breakfast for one.
No connection made, we're to set in our ways,
so afraid we live and die and let life pass us buy alone.
Across the luncheonette there's a woman he's never met and she's
wondering if he's spoken for.
She pours his coffee, hands him a check
and asks will there be anything more?
We hope and we pray that someone will come our way,
but seldom take notice when they do.
And fail to realize that the look in her eyes might come
one day in a million.

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