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## The Starring Role

I like the way  
she looks at me  
from across the bar  
of blues melodies;  
She reaches deep  
between the forest trees  
to find the lost,  
little boy in me;  
For just a moment  
I warm her eyes  
with his tender, shy,  
little boy smile;  
Champagne bubbles  
suddenly surge inside  
as nervous fingers try  
to drum away my stage fright;  
*"Yes, I believe  
I'll have another drink",*  
I like the way  
she looks at me.