

Rebecca From Tribeca

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Once in every life there comes a time to decide
Maintain the dull routine, or begin a joy ride, with a guide
And after years of biding my time
Waiting for the stars to align
She walked into the bar, wearing shoes that cost more than my car.

Her face was perfect, with a Cindy Crawford mole
She wore a tanktop, as if it were a mink stole, stiletto stroll
I fumbled for something to say,
I didn't want to scare her away
I knew one pickup line, so I asked her "what's your sign."

Rebecca, from Tribeca, I hope that she agrees, she belongs with me.

To my complete surprise, she took the bait
Two weeks later, we were on our first date, it went great
We strolled along in the moonlight
I waited till the moment was right
I went to kiss her on the lips, when she gave me the slip.

Rebecca, from Tribeca, I guess she doesn't see, she belongs with me.

In every life must come disappointment
Nothing goes exactly as we plan
No one is completely clairvoyant
With limited knowledge, we do the best we can

Next time I saw her, she was on the TV
The gal Friday of a sheik with a goatee, on a shopping spree
I could see that she'd found her niche
She needed someone who was filthy rich
Don't need a PhD to see there's no way that's me.

Rebecca, from Tribeca, as superficial as can be, she don't belong with me.
Rebecca, from Tribeca, dollar signs are all she sees, she don't belong with me.