

The Broadway Cafe

Greens and reds and yellows, shining on the boulevard—
It's midnight down on Broadway and it's raining hard.
The lights are on in that all-night cafe;
I look for you as I'm driving past.
Did you ever read the words carved in our table—
"Why didn't love last?"

Was it too much too soon?
Or too little too late?
How did it get from me holding you close at night
To you walking away?
Baby, come back . . .
To the Broadway Cafe.

Nights alive with neon—we were all young lions playing it cool.
"Top it off at the cafe" was our only rule.
A table near the music—
I had an arm around you, a song on my mind,
And a dream that it could last forever . . .
Love is really blind.

Was it too much too soon?
Or too little too late?
How did it get from me holding you close at night
To you walking away?
Baby, come back . . .
To the Broadway Cafe.

Then one night you just walked away
Without a reason, without a tear.
And you got in your car—wherever you are now,
Can you still hear me saying,
"Hey waitress, turn up your radio!
"Me and my girl, we just gotta dance!"
And out on the floor—couldn't want more—
How could you go? Will I ever know?

Was it too much too soon?
Or too little too late?
How did it get from me holding you close at night
To you walking away?
Baby, come back . . .
To the Broadway Cafe.

Words & Music: Michael Cody
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