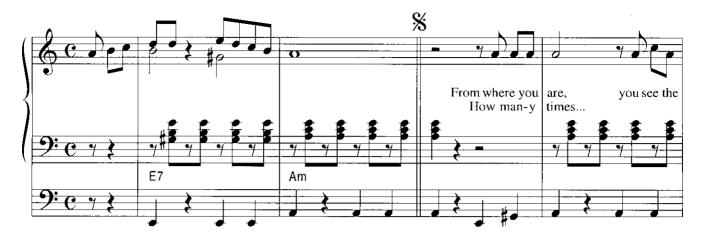
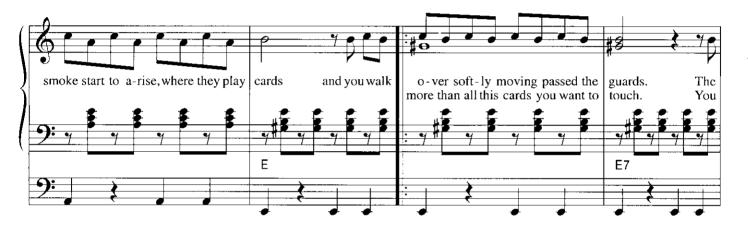
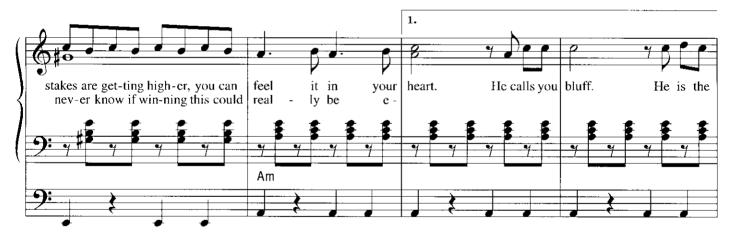




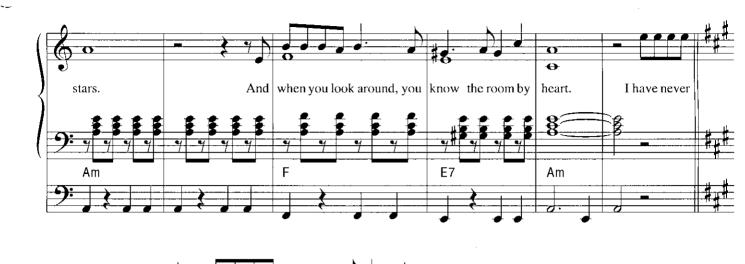
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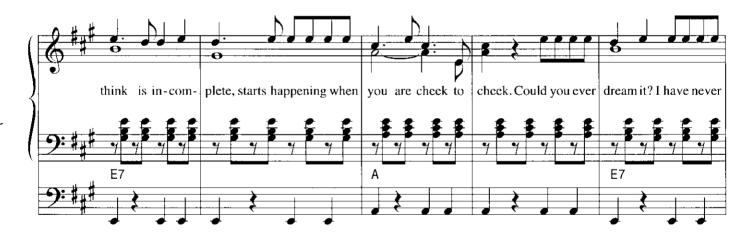














How many times

Have I been waiting by the door to hear these chimes

- To hear that some one debonaire has just arrived
- And opened up to see my world before my eyes
- That silhouette creates an image on the night I can't forget
- It has the scent of something special I can't rest
- If I resist temptation, oh I know for sure that I will lose the bet
- I walk away and suddenly it seems I'm not alone
- In front of me he stands I stop before he goes

