Maybe Lyrics

Maybe far away, or maybe real nearby,
He may be pouring her coffee, she may be straightening his tie.

Maybe in a house, all hidden by a hill.

She's sitting playing piana, he's sitting paying a bill.

Betcha they're young, betcha they're smart,
Bet they collect things, like ashtrays, and art!

Betcha they're good, why shouldn't they be?
Their one mistake, was giving up me!

So maybe now it's time, and maybe when I wake,
They'll be there calling me "Baby", maybe.

Maybe far away, or maybe real nearby,
He may be pouring her coffee, she may be straightening his tie.

Maybe in a house, all hidden by a hill,
She's sitting playing piana, he's sitting paying a bill!

Betcha he reads, betcha she sews,

Maybe she's made me a closet of clothes!

Maybe they're strict, as straight as a line,

Don't really care, as long as they're mine!

*ALL – together:*

*So maybe now this prayer's the last one of it's kind
Won't you please come get your "Baby",*

*Maybe.*