Eddie

Deana Carter

Eddie's got a way of looking at the world
Through rose-colored glasses
He's got a little of the Midas touch
When it comes to mystery
Never, ever gonna show his cards
That's just the way things are
And I won't let go of Eddie for anything
I met him at the 76 on my way to California
I was paying for my lottery ticket
And a can of ice-cold beer
He was out of cigarettes
Now we're calling off all bets
And I won't let go of Eddie for anything
I've got this feeling
I've got a real good feeling
Eddie's gonna get that jog in South Calabashs
We'll skinny dip in Silver Lake
And make love all afternoon
We might have to share one car
But that's just the way things are
And I won't let go of Eddie for anything
No, I won't let go of Eddie

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