

Parking Meter Blues

Peggy Sue

I have filled
A calender with
Tos and froes and dries to prove I would be fine
Since we filled
The parking meters with
Twos and tens and fives just to get me outside

I kept one eye on the phone
And one on eye on the clock
The numbers let me know
That nothing else had stopped

I kept one eye on the phone
And one eye on the clock
The numbers told me so
That nothing else had stopped
Except you and I

I have filled
The silence many times
With me myself and I
To prove I was still mine

Since we filled
The parking meters with
Twos and tens and fives
I wish that I could drive
I kept one eye on the road
And one eye on the clock
The numbers let me know
That nothing else had stopped

I kept one eye on the road
And one eye on the clock
We moving so I would know
That nothing else had stopped
'Cept you and I

We have filled
The calender four times

Each two, each four, each five
Was circled every time
Dressed up to the nines

Lyrics submitted by Nimsay Bob.

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