

# Things That Go Bump In the Day

Rodney Crowell

She was a prom queen, taking the world by storm  
I felt like James Dean with her on my arm  
The night was a free ride, lit by the moon  
I prayed from the inside, "Don't let it end soon" It's funny how the things we want  
Become the things we don't in the long run  
The one that we let slip through  
Becomes the one love true when she's the gone one Oh, oh, we're never gonna get away  
Yeah, yeah, from the things that go bump in the day  
The things that go bump in the day I've got a good friend in love with the blues  
He lives down the dark end with nothing to lose  
Believing in sorrow, he's making the most  
And maybe tomorrow he can give up the ghost It's funny how the things we need  
Only make you bleed when the chips fall  
The one that made the world go 'round  
Just up and knocks you down with a phone call It's funny how the things we fear  
Become the things we hear when we're all alone  
The things that we don't understand  
Get up and bite your hand like a dog bone Oh, oh, we're never gonna get away  
Yeah, yeah, from the things that go bump in the day  
Oh, oh, we're never gonna get away  
Yeah, yeah, from the things that go bump in the day The things that go bump in the day  
The things that go bump in the day

Songwriters

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