Promising Grey Day

Vonda Shepard

Eighteen and flying
Like every great American
Slept until sundown
And baby your were wild enough fro meRolled the night over
In my '72 Nova
Mexican rain on my
Tijuana vinyl beer stainWatching the sunrise
Lightening in your lazy eyes
And all this time you never let me downI had a dream
That made me move to New York City
Cause I wasn't about to
About to let this magic slip awayBut he did anyway
He was kind of illusive that way
Like clouds on a promising grey dayThe beauty of my life
A moment that's long gone
But so much a part of me
Oh, how I wish it weren't historyI wish it were my future
Rolling, rolling my way
Like clouds on a promising grey day

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