

Bookends

Pullman

I've got a driver, you've got a car
Maybe we could go out for a ride
Pass by the schoolyard, take a look around
Stop and get uptight
If you're going to cry I can remember all the good times
Put 'em in a book of memories
Hoping that our book will never ruin
Hoping that our book will never end You picked a flower, some time ago
Put it on my desk
At school that day
Thought I would write you
A small love poem
Though I got it from a book, you see I can remember all the good times
Put 'em in a book of memories
Hoping that our book will never ruin
Hoping that our book will never end

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