

# Love Song; 2:00 AM

## Jackie Greene

Maybe it's the way  
She lets her hair down on a Sunday afternoon  
Or maybe it's the way  
That she's romantically attracted to the moon  
Maybe it's the perfume  
That I know she doesn't wear  
Or maybe it's the way  
She dances when she thinks there ain't nobody there  
She loves me in the morning  
Without warning before the sun begins to rise  
And in the evening  
I can tell her feelings just by looking in her eyes  
Songbirds in the garden  
Sing to her through frozen holidays  
And all my woe and trouble is gonna double  
When we go our separate ways  
Sugar, dandelion, honey, peach  
Don't do too much for me  
'Cause I ain't no Casanova  
And I never ever tried to be  
Something in her smile  
Charms me like a child and then  
She turns the thieves and outlaws  
Into nothing less than perfect gentlemen  
The moon is in the mountains  
And the night is making pictures of the sky  
And I've nothing for you, honey  
But this simple lullaby  
Now should your mind forget me  
Regret me or even do me wrong  
You'll always live here in my heart  
'Cause baby, that's where you belong

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