

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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