

Cool

Jason Blaine

Cool was a cigarette,
a Stones cassette,
and my tore up jeans.

Cool was a fast car,
my first guitar,
and a fake ID.

Had it all figured out, but if you ask me now,
Cool was pullin' in the driveway,
you in a sundress,
watering the roses.
Groovin' to the music in your head, girl
in my world,
that's Cool.

Cool was some Friday fun,
bein' 21,
Johnnie Walker red,
Cool was wakin' up,
in my buddy's truck,
with a pounding head.

But i wouldn't trade those years,
cause I know they led me here,
cool breeze blowin' through the window,
waking up slow,
sun on your shoulders,
you pullin me back into bed, girl
in my world,
that's Cool.

Cool is a heartbeat,
on a little screen,
8 weeks along.
Cool is a baby,
and the way she,
looks just like her mom.

Yea things have changed a bit,

ain't life a crazy trip?
now, cool is pullin' in the driveway,
you in your barefeet,
dancin' with the baby,
groovin' to a lullaby, my girls
my whole world
man, that's cool.
That's cool.

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