These Days

Paper Fleet

Hey baby, is that you?
Wow, your hair got so long
Yeah, yeah, I love it, I really do
Norma Jean, ain't that the song we'd sing in the car
Drivin' downtown, top down, makin' the rounds
Checking out the bands on Doheny Avenue
Yeah, life throws you curves
But you've learned to swerve
Me, I swung and I missed
And the next thing ya know, I'm reminiscing
Dreaming old dreams, wishing old wishes
Like you would be back again
I wake up and teardrops that fall down like rain
I put on that old song we danced to and then
I head off into my job, guess not much has changed
Punch the clock, head for home
Check the phone, just in case
Go to bed, dream of you
That's what I'm doin' these days
Yeah, that's what I'm doin'
Someone told me, after college, you ran off to Vegas
You married a rodeo cowboy, why?
That ain't the girl I knew
Me, I've been a few places mostly here and there once or twice
Still sortin' out life, but I'm doin' all right
Yeah, it's good to see you, too
Well, hey girl you're late

And those planes they don't wait
But if you ever come back
Around this sleepy old town
Promise me you'll stop in
To see an old friend, and until then
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