Old Boyfriends

Crystal Gayle

Old boyfriends
Lost in the pocket of your overcoat
Like burned out light bulbs on a Ferris Wheel
Old boyfriends
You remember the kinds of cars they drove
Parking in an orange grove
He fell in love, you see
With someone that I used to beThough I very seldom think of him
Nevertheless sometimes a mannequin's
Blue summer dress can make the window like a dream
Ah, but now those dreams belong to someone else
Now they talk in their sleep
In a drawer where I keep all myOld boyfriends
Remember when you were burning for them
Why do you keep turning them into
Old boyfriends
They look you up when they're in town
To see if they can still burn you down
He fell in love, you see
With someone that I used to beThough I very seldom think of him
Nevertheless sometimes a mannequin's
Blue summer dress can make the window like a dream
Ah, but now those dreams belong to someone else
Now they talk in their sleep
In a drawer where I keep all my

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/