Hey Bub

<u>Rickie Lee Jones</u>

I would call him, Hey Bub He had a little place he kept for me And he would tell me (Poof)Boy, we were so in love He moved us to a home there A place where he'd take care of me And I'd always know where he'd beI don't know It happened so fast And sometimes all I see is lonely Oh, lonelyHe's gone and I don't like to hear anymore All the places that saw us meet The darkness, there's not Much left of our old town

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