

Khaki & Corduroy

[Laura Cantrell](#)

Khaki & corduroy, leather jackets on the boys
Denim with a worn out place on the pocket
Open faces with knowing looks
Your heavy satchel full of books
Smiles tucked away in mamas lockets Sometimes, I see their faces in the most unlikely places You play it
straight most of the time
But you're looking for the perfect crime
Find your mark and make your move
Nothing harmed and nothing proved One night spent on that cold tile floor
Then you creep home guilty like before
Learning how to break or bend
Broken now but sure to bend Sometimes, I see their faces in the most unlikely places Late hours in the Spanish
clubs
With your arms around the one you love
Find the beat slow and sweet
Neon glow and dance floor heat Walk by that river in the dark midnight
With that water reflecting in your eyes
Wild currents pulling you away
Standing still I have to stay Sometimes, I see their faces in the most unlikely places

Songwriters

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