Throwback

Eric Luckey Moore

BARE-SKIN RUNNING THROUGH A DOWNPOUR
JUST TO MEET ME IN THE DRIVE
JUMPS UP, WRAPS HERSELF AROUND ME
THATâ€™S JUST HER WAY OF SAYING HI

JUST BEYOND HER BEADED DOORWAY
I TRAVEL BACK IN TIME
MAKING LOVE RIGHT THERE IN HER BEAN BAG CHAIR
LIKE ITâ€™S 1969

SHEâ€™S A BLACK AND WHITE TV WITH NO REMOTE CONTROL
BELL BOTTOM BLUE JEANS FROM THE THRIFT STORE
SHEâ€™S A PEACE SIGN STICKER ON A SOLDIERâ€™S PATCH
SHEâ€™S MY THROWBACK, THROWBACK

SHEâ€™S A PAIR OF BARE FEET WALKING THRU A FIELD OF DAISIES
JANICE JOPLINâ€™S WILD CHILD STRUMMING ON HER UKULELE
I SWEAR THE SOUL OF A GYPSY GOT TRAPPED
IN MY PRETTY LITTLE THROWBACK

HEY EYES AINâ€™T BURIED IN SOME CELL PHONE
AND EVERYTIME THEY LOCK WITH MINE
JUST LIKE THE OLD BLACK VINYL RECORDS SHE PLAYS
KEEPS MY HEART SKIPPING ALL THE TIME

(REPEAT CHORUS)

SHEâ€™S A LONG LOST WAY OF LIVING
FROM A BETTER SIMPLIER TIME
JUST WHAT MY WORLDâ€™S BEEN MISSING
YEAH, WHATâ€™S ON MY MIND IS

A PAIR OF BARE FEET WALKING THRU A FIELD OF DAISIES
JANICE JOPLINâ€™S WILD CHILD STRUMMING ON HER UKULELE
I COULD SWEAR THE SOUL OF A GYPSY GOT TRAPPED
IN MY PRETTY LITTLE THROWBACK

Writers: Eric Moore / Ruben Estevez

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