

# Billy Ray Cyrus, Deja Blue

(Craig Wiseman/Donny Lowery)

Now as she's walking out the door

Sayin' she don't want me no more

As her tires are a squealin'

Lord I get this funny feelin'

That I've been in this position before

A different time another flame

Still it's spooky how it seems the same

Deja blue

Deja blue

Yeah I'm feelin' pretty certain

That this cryin' and a hurtin'

Is somethin' I've already been through

Oh Lordy here I go again

Tell me will it ever end

Same ol' fool

Nothin' new

Deja blue

Now it started in the second grade

With little blondie what's her name

I toted all her books

And gave her long and gooshy looks

And all she wanted was my brother Jay

That first time nearly done me in

But I've been there a hundred times since then

Deja blue

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