

# Bleu, 3's A Charm

I rode the local service home  
And took off my tired shirt  
And my shoes and my socks  
My answerin' machine light was blinkin'  
I couldn't hope but help that it was you  
It turned out to be my mom  
But it was good to hear that familiar southern drawl  
That's love  
Fits like a glove  
That's loving  
I picked up the phone and slowly dialed  
The first six digits of your number  
I felt the stupid sting of pride  
Askin' why it wasn't you calling me  
It took everything I had  
To dial that last number  
But they say 3's a charm  
That's love  
Fits like a glove  
That's loving  
You picked up the phone and said  
Oh, my God I was just about to call you  
You had a couple tickets to go see  
Some band over at the rock-a-rama  
I said, "I think I've seen those guys  
A couple times before and I really didn't like 'em"  
You said, "3's a charm, 3's a charm, 3's a charm"  
That's love  
Fits like a glove  
That's loving