

# Chris Rea, Texas (1983)

Catch a sight of long lost summers  
Catch a dream inside your hands  
Take me where that lady comes from  
Take me to that far off distant land  
Rain comes pouring past my window  
Turns my sky from blue to grey  
I ain't never been to Texas  
But I sure gonna meet that lady  
One fine day  
When Texas smiles around my bedroom  
Who could ever turn her down  
Tears of joy roll down my pillow  
While cold north winds are blowing all around me  
But I don't care, my dream is westbound  
Far across that sky so grey  
I ain't never been to Texas  
But I sure gonna meet that lady  
One fine day  
She's my little Texas  
My little Texas