

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