

Fairport Convention, I Don't Know Where I Stand

Funny day, looking for laughter and finding it there
Sunny day, braiding wild flowers and leaves in my hair
Picked up a pencil and wrote I love you in my finest hand
Wanted to send it, but I don't know where I stand

Telephone, even the sound of your voice is still new
All alone in california and talking to you
And feeling too foolish and strange to say the words that I had planned
I guess it's too early, 'cause I don't know where I stand

Crickets call, courting their ladies in star-dappled green
Thickets tall, until the morning comes up like a dream
All muted and misty, so drowsy now I'll take what sleep I can
I know that I miss you, but I don't know where I stand
I know that I miss you, but I don't know where I stand