

Judith Owen, Texas

He came to her for some honest affection
Couldn't understand how she could be so strong
But she cried inside and
With a little introspection she said
"You've gotta be the first to know when you are wrong."

She met a stranger in strange circumstances
Talked for hours like they were long lost friends
And when he left her, her heart was
Filled with eastern dances
Two days before her heart could strike a beat again

I've never been to Texas
But I hear the weather's awful hard
If I was a lizard
I would die on the desert
And send my emotions on a postcard

They met again one rainy morning
She saw his face and her heart fell like a circus chime
But deep inside her pride was alive
It was like a new day dawning
Now isn't it strange how much can change
In such a little time

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But I hear the weather's awful hard
If I was a lizard
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I'd like to...
Send my emotions on a postcard.