

Lisa Loeb, Falling In Love

she wanted to be a cowboy,
she was shootin' em down,
she was tramping around.

he walked in crooked with the clear blue eyes.
"there's a nice pool in my motel - you want to go for a swim?"
that night he moved in.

the time between meeting and finally leaving is
sometimes called falling in love.
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sometimes called falling in love.

at night she'd wait for the sound of his feet on the doormat,
the sound of his hand on the doorknob,
the sound of her heart beating in her head.
he'd go out playing nickel slots cause he knew he'd lose -
she didn't know, so she couldn't choose.

but one night while sleeping alone in her bed,
the phone rang, she woke up, and sat up and said,
"what time is it? what time is it?"

"well it's 5:30 here and it's 2:30 there,
and i won't be home tonight," he said.

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now she sits in a booth in a diner,
waiting for someone to take her order,
waiting for someone to come and sit down.

she rubs the smudge off the photograph, puts it back in her purse.
the grey sky was romantic cause he was holding her hand,
he was her man.

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