

Lucinda Williams, Something About What Happens

If I had my way I'd be in your town
I might not stay but at least I would've been around
Cause there's something about what happens when we talk
Something about what happens when we talk
Does this make sense It doesn't matter anyway
Is it coincidence or was it meant to be
Cause there's something about what happens when we talk
Something about what happens when we talk
Conversation with you was like a drug
It wasn't your face so much as it was your words
Cause there's something about what happens when we talk
Something about what happens when we talk

Well I can't stay round cause I'm going back south
But all I regret now is I never kissed your mouth
Cause there's something about what happens when we talk
Something about what happens when we talk
Cause there's something about what happens when we talk
Something about what happens when we talk