

Rickie Lee Jones, Hey, Bub

(Written by Rickie Lee Jones)

I would call him, Hey Bub
He had a little place he kept for me
And he would tell me - (poof)
Boy, we were so in love
He moved us to a home there
A place where he'd take care of me
And I'd always know where he'd be

I don't know, it happened so fast
And sometimes all I see is lonely
Oh lonely

He's gone and I don't like to hear anymore
All the places that saw us meet
The darkness, there's not much left of our old town

I would call him, Hey Bub
He had a little place he kept for me
And he would tell me - (poof)
I miss him...