

# 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...