

The Thrills, Plans

Lately
I'm gettin the impression
That my baby
Is moving down to LA

For the big lights
Flashing and reflecting
In her big eyes
Hey nothing here could make her stay

Everybody's got to have plans,
she said
Everybody's got to have plans,
Cos I can't see you smiling pumping gas

Some low life
B-movie producer
And his Big talk
Now dont you go buy into that

Cos sometimes
Things are gonna get tough
And you know what
You're gonna have to get tough too

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she said
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Cos I can't see you smiling pumping gas

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she said
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So come home, baby, baby
Just don't phone, baby, baby
Yeah you went and did it
You broke my heart (Hold, hold, hold me now)

Everybody's got to have plans,
she said
Everybody's got to have plans,
Cos I can't see you smiling pumping gas