

# 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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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)

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