

B. J. Thomas, Most Of All

Hello darlin', my, it's good to hear you
I'm at the railroad station in St. Paul
How are all the folks? I'd love to see 'em
But girl, I'd love to see you most of all
Well, I've been staring at the rain and I've been thinkin'
Ever since the train left Montreal, thought I'd always
Love this life I'm living, but now I know I love you most of all
Many times before I know, I swore that I'd come home to stay
But it always seems that foolish dream and trains got in my way

Tomorrow there will be snow in Minnesota
But I won't be around to watch it fall
I'll be heading for that old familiar station
Hopin' you still love me most of all
Girl, you know I love you most of all
I miss ya, baby, most of all
I miss ya, baby, most of all