

Ben Taylor Band, Day After Day

Written by: Ben Taylor, Kimberly Froede, Larry Ciancia, Joel Shearer, Chris Chaney & Zac Ra

She likes to put on pretty things and watch herself go walking by
If she turns her head just so much down her head and glances low
She'll see another woman
But she don't like early in the morning, best to let her wake herself
If you can't respect her warning
You might wind up waking someone else

Day after Day
And nothing ever seems to stay the same
Every time she's up she's almost down again
Day after day after day
There's nothing she can do to turn me away

Just within the limits of her dream
She's smoking tea with lazy queens
Wrapped in scarf's and draped in beads
She laughs out loud and sure enough I can hear another woman
Wound up tight in the middle of the night
Company is hard to find
Long before the sky ever gets light
She holds her head and slowly starts to cry

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