

Blaine Larsen, Let Alone You

It was Sunday Afternoon
I was sunk in my recliner
Football game was one
Tampa Bay in Carolina
I wasn't paying much attention
Volume down, not watching it at all

This house is like an icebox
Had all the curtains drawn
Had it more like a hotel room
And less like a home
Been so quiet around here lately
I wasn't thinking anyone would call

Let alone you, all the way from Dallas
Out of the blue, saying that you missed us
And time and distance made you see
You were lost without me
How did you know I'd finally hit the bottom
An all-time low was suddenly forgotten
The sound of your voice on the line
Made fate turn circles on a dime
Just when I thought I'd never find somebody new
Let alone you

Now here I am at the baggage claim
A nervous wreck waiting on your plane
Wringing my hands, checking my watch
Never dreamed forty-eight hours ago
I'd be standing here waiting on anyone
No not anyone

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