

Brodie, The Personal Ads

I'm calling in sick this morning.
I got the stomach flu without a warning.
That's not the truth, but that's what I'll say.
Because I committed to finding you today.

You wrote Your name and number
On the palm of my hand,
But my palms got sweaty and the ink, it ran.
Don't know if your name is Jen, Joan or Jan.
I hope you read the personal ads.

This last week I've tried so hard to think,
But that night I had about five too many drinks.
So, in the paper I'll place an ad
To tell you how I feel and how much fun I had.

You wrote your name and number
On the palm of my hand,
But my palms got sweaty and the ink, it ran.
It smudged off on a beer can.
I hope you read the personal ads.

I met you last week at the 11th street bar.
Now it's you that I seek,
I don't know where(who) you are.
I had the time of my life
In the back seat of my car.
Oh Yeah.
I hope you read the personal ads.

If I could just see you again,
My life would feel complete.
At least for one more night next week.