

# Brooks & Dunn, Texas And Norma Jean

It was a foggy mornin' south of San Jose  
We were sittin' in a crowded coffee shop  
With nothin' left to say  
My cup grew cold and a teardrop rolled  
Down her cheek and I brushed it away  
I remember it all just like yesterday

And I see it now, I feel it still  
It's a day I can't forget and never will  
And I hear her voice on the winds of Abilene  
She used to call me Texas and I called her Norma Jean

Still see her wavin' through the radiator steam  
She was stranded by the roadside on her way to bigger things  
She threw her bags in back, said she liked my hat  
Her name was Marilyn Justine  
I fell into her California dream

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Yeah we took a lotta detours on our winding way out west  
Livin' for the moment, forgettin' all the rest  
The life that she had waitin' and the one I left behind  
And now I'm back here tryin' to sort it out  
One fence post at a time

In that coffee shop, the road just stopped  
And we faced reality  
The place that she was goin' had no place for me

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And I hear her voice on the winds of Abilene  
She used to call me Texas and I called her Norma Jean

Yeah I called her Norma Jean