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

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

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

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

Yeah I called her Norma Jean