

Cyndi Thompson, My World

La, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la

My world is one long
Hot day in Georgia
'Til the moon shines through the pines
And my world is sweet as the honeysuckle
Hangin' from the vine

What's is like in your world baby?
Won't you let me in
What's it like in your baby?
Maybe our world's
Can meet again
La, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la

You drove through town
On your where to somewhere
Just like everybody does
You stopped for gas and
A bag of peaches
And we talked just long enough

What's it like in your world baby?
Won't you let me in
What's it like in your world?
Maybe our worlds can meet again
La, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la

I wanna go where I've never been
And let the wind blow through my hair
I wanna know what it's like to take
A road, just because it's there
La, la, la, la, la

My world turns as slow as molasses
And you drove away so fast
You dissapear down road 87
Where there ain't no coming back

What's it like in your world baby?
Won't you let me in
What's it like in your world baby?
Maybe our worlds can meet again
La, la, la, la, la
La, la, la