

Jim Croce, Way We Used To Be

How come we can't talk the way we used to do
Nothing seems to be the same
Have we forgotten all the things we knew
Was it you or I who changed
We got to find the answer, let the secrets fly
Enough of telling stories and our well meaning lies

Things don't seem to be the same no matter how I tried
There's no rhythm to the rain
Wind still whispers, through the leaves on high
But they no longer sing your name
We got to find the answer, let the secrets fly
Enough of telling stories and our well meaning lies
We got to try to build what we had in the past
Trying's half the battle if we lose it we can't last

I heard myself just say the things I could never say before
And listen to the rhythm, of the rain
Wind just whispered through the leaves on high
And I thought I heard them sing your name
We got to find the answer, let the secrets fly
Enough of telling stories and our well meaning lies
We got to try to build what we had in the past
Trying's half the battle if we lose it we can't last

I heard myself just say the things I could never say before
And listen to the rhythm of the rain
Wind just whispered through the leaves on high
And I thought I heard them sing your name
And I thought I heard them sing your name