

# Lennon, 5:30 Saturday Morning

We fell in love at first glance  
When our eyes met and our hearts raced  
But nothing ever lasts in this life  
So it ends there and I'm sittin' here

With this bottle of wine in one hand  
And a cigarette in the other  
The only thing on my body  
Is the impression of you  
(Some impression of you)  
(That damned impression of you)

So maybe I'm not a dreamer  
But I'm too realistic to ask myself that  
And maybe you weren't looking at me  
But at some her behind my shoulder

With this bottle of wine in one hand  
And a cigarette in the other  
The only thing on my body  
Is the impression of you  
(Some impression of you)  
(That damned impression of you)

It's a little cold where I'm sitting  
Yet you seem so warm up there  
And the emotions just pouring through  
But I don't know from who to where

With this bottle of wine in one hand  
And a cigarette in the other  
The only thing on my body  
Is the impression of you  
(Some impression of you)  
(That damned impression of you)

We fell in love at first glance  
When our eyes met and our hearts raced