

# Michael McDonald, Lost In The Parade

(Michael McDonald & Grady Walker)

The sight of her ain't like before  
For a lonely heart, you should feel much more  
You left behind a time when dreams came true  
And in this real and lonely world  
We only do what we can do

All night long that telephone rings  
You remember how you loved that girl  
Now you think it don't mean a thing  
It keeps coming back  
So you turn away

Well, that's all behind you now  
Like rollin' thunder  
It just fades away somehow  
As we get lost in the parade

Never tried to give what she was looking for  
And to a lonely heart, love's an open door

All night long that telephone rings  
You remember how you loved that girl  
Just when you think it doesn't mean a thing  
It starts coming back  
So you turn away

Well, that's all behind you now  
Like rollin' thunder  
It just fades away somehow  
As we get lost in the parade