

Morris Albert, Same Old You

I've been sitting in the same old chair
Waiting for the same old you
Saving for the same old fantasies
For the same old dream to come true

Watching all the same old people walk
Through the same old avenue
Hearing children singing same old lullabies
But, still here is n& you
Sure like to be with you, again

There's a meaning for the warm sun-rising lights
They say, come back to my life
It would never be so cold on rainy
If I had you by my side

There will never be a lonely day
For the time I think of you
I'll be patient, sitting at the same old place
Waiting for the same old you