

Richard Thompson, I Don't Know Where I Stand

Funny day, looking for laughter and finding it there
Sunny day, braiding white flowers and leaves in my hair
Picked up a pencil and wrote 'I love you' in my finest hand
Wanted to send it but I don't know where I stand

Telephone, even the sound of your voice is still new
All alone in Carolina and talking to you
And feeling too foolish and strange to say the words that I had planned
Guess it's too early 'cos I don't know where I stand

Crickets talk, courting their ladies in star-dappled green
Crickets talk, until the morning comes up like a dream
All muted and misty, so drowsy now, I'll take what sleep I can
I know that I miss you but I don't know where I stand
Know that I miss you but I don't know where I stand