

# Tim McGraw, I Didn't Ask, She Didn't Say

Fogged in in Dallas  
On my way to LA  
Staring up at the screen  
All flights were delayed  
When a voice from behind me asked  
Stranger, how have you been?

Well, I was caught off guard  
When I saw her face  
Stumbled my way through an awkward embrace  
Then somehow I managed to say  
Good to see you again

We caught up on old friends  
Caught up on old times  
But all through the small talk  
It kept burning though my mind

Does she think about the nights we spent on Crystal Lake?  
Wrapped up in a blanket till the break of day  
So many times I've wondered  
Does she think of me that way  
I didn't ask  
And she didn't say

Trading stories  
And pictures of kids  
Things we're gonna do and things we never did  
Till stranded in that moment  
Not sure what to say

Then she broke the silence  
With her little shy smile  
She brought up the weather  
But all the while

I wonder if she thinks about Jackson Hole  
Nights beside the fire and angels in the snow  
So many times I've wondered  
Does she think of me that way  
I didn't ask  
And she didn't say

We said our goodbyes  
Swore we'd stay in touch  
Then we went our separate ways  
Knowing no one ever does

But I couldn't help but wonder  
As I walked away  
If things had turned out different  
Where would we be today  
So many times I've wonder  
Does she think of me that way  
I didn't ask  
And she didn't say

No, I didn't ask  
And she didn't say