

Trout Fishing In America, Lori's Song

(E. Idlet)

Well, it's early in the morning and I'm looking at the sky.
And I'm thinking 'bout the girl that I left the other night,
Moving down the road I watch the cars fly by.
And like a newborn babe, I cry.
Lovers like no others, we were always side by side,
Walking through the park or hitching for a ride.
And I still remember watching clouds build castles in the sky,
As lasting as the breathing of a sigh.
This song I'm writing you could never be passed down,
This song's for you and me alone.
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