

Vonda Shepard, Promising Grey Day

Eighteen and flying,
Like every great American
Slept until sundown
And baby you were wild enough for me

Rolled the night over
In my '72 Nova
Mexican rain on my
Tijuana vinyl beer stain

Watching the sunrise
Lightening in your lazy eyes
And all this time you never let me down

I had a dream
That made me move to New York City
Cause I wasn't about to
About to let this magic slip away

But he did anyway
He was kind of illusive that way
Like clouds on a promising grey day

The beauty of my life
A moment that's long gone
But so much a part of me
Oh, how I wish it weren't history

I wish it weren't my future
Rolling, rolling my way
Like clouds on a promising grey day