

# Old Boyfriends

Crystal Gayle

Old boyfriends  
Lost in the pocket of your overcoat  
Like burned out light bulbs on a Ferris Wheel  
Old boyfriends

You remember the kinds of cars they drove  
Parking in an orange grove  
He fell in love, you see  
With someone that I used to be

Though I very seldom think of him  
Nevertheless sometimes a mannequin's  
Blue summer dress can make the window like a dream  
Ah, but now those dreams belong to someone else  
Now they talk in their sleep  
In a drawer where I keep all my

Old boyfriends  
Remember when you were burning for them  
Why do you keep turning them into  
Old boyfriends

They look you up when they're in town  
To see if they can still burn you down  
He fell in love, you see  
With someone that I used to be

Though I very seldom think of him  
Nevertheless sometimes a mannequin's  
Blue summer dress can make the window like a dream  
Ah, but now those dreams belong to someone else  
Now they talk in their sleep  
In a drawer where I keep all my

Old boyfriends  
Turn up every time it rains  
Fall out of the pages in a magazine  
Old boyfriends

Girls fill up the bars every spring  
Dark places for remembering  
Old boyfriends  
All my old boyfriends  
Old boyfriends