

## Thursday

Jim Croce

Well it started out just like a dream  
And like a dream I knew  
That what we had would have to end  
I was looking for a life-time lover

And you were looking for a friend  
Someone to be there  
After all your nighttime lovers had gone  
The way they came

Someone who knew the way  
To help you play  
Your daytime game  
It's not the same

Well, I started out pretending  
That I ought to mean enough to you  
To make you want to change  
Then I came to realize

That there was just too much of you  
You had to rearrange  
And I couldn't bear to wait around  
For all your nighttime lovers to go

The way they came  
And it came to hurt too much for me  
To have to play your daytime  
No one to blame

It started out just like a dream  
And like a dream I knew  
That what we had had to end  
I was looking for a life-time lover

And you were looking for a friend  
I was looking for a life-time lover  
And you were looking for a friend