

Sometimes

Lobo

I can't recall the color of her eyes
But I remember the way she said goodbye
I wouldn't know her voice now if she called
I hardly ever think of her at all

But sometimes if the moon is just right
I think of her in the middle of the night
And I remember things I swore that I'd forget
And then I drive her right out of my mind
Sometimes

I think maybe her hair was soft and brown
I do know that she turned my whole world upside down
Hey I don't need her any how
And I don't miss her too much now

Sometimes when things are perfect
I forget the way that we were
And sometimes a whole minute passes by
That I don't think of her