

## 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