

That's That

Michael Johnson

There's a quarter moon that's laying up on the ridge
And he's making up his mind to rise or to set
There's a lot of water flowing under this bridge
There's a voice inside me saying "Get your feet wet"

'Cause that's that, I can scream, I can shout
I can cry my eyes out but she's not coming back
And that's that, I can hope, I can pray
But she's still gone away
And she's not coming back and that's that

There's a weeping willow on the outskirts of town
Where I took a pocket knife and carved out our names
In the morning I am gonna cut that tree down
Gonna build a fire and watch us go up in flames

And that's that, I can scream, I can shout
I can tear my hair out but she's not coming back
And that's that, I can hope, I can pray
But she's still gone away
And she's not coming back and that's that

Ooh there's a lonesome whisper in the wind
Ooh don't you hate to see the season end
But then

That's that, I can scream, I can shout
I can cry my eyes out but she's not coming back
And that's that, I can hope, I can pray
But she's still gone away
And she's not coming back and that's that