

## Promising Grey Day

Vonda Shepard

Eighteen and flying,  
Like every great American  
Slept until sundown  
And baby you were wild enough for me

Rolled the night over  
In my '72 Nova  
Mexican rain on my  
Tijuana vinyl beer stain

Watching the sunrise  
Lightening in your lazy eyes  
And all this time you never let me down

I had a dream  
That made me move to New York City  
Cause I wasn't about to  
About to let this magic slip away

But he did anyway  
He was kind of illusive that way  
Like clouds on a promising grey day

The beauty of my life  
A moment that's long gone  
But so much a part of me  
Oh, how I wish it weren't history

I wish it weren't my future  
Rolling, rolling my way  
Like clouds on a promising grey day