

Thompson Cyndi

"My World"

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La, la, la, la, la, la

La, la, la

My world is one long

Hot day in Georgia

'Til the moon shines through the pines

And my world is sweet as the honeysuckle

Hangin' from the vine

What's is like in your world baby?

Won't you let me in

What's it like in your baby?

Maybe our world's

Can meet again

La, la, la, la, la,

La, la, la

You drove through town

On your where to somewhere

Just like everybody does

You stopped for gas and

A bag of peaches

And we talked just long enough

What's it like in your world baby?

Won't you let me in

What's it like in your world?

Maybe our worlds can meet again

La, la, la, la, la,

La, la, la

I wanna go where I've never been

And let the wind blow through my hair

I wanna know what it's like to take

A road, just because it's there

La, la, la, la, la

My world turns as slow as molasses

And you drove away so fast

You dissapear down road 87

Where there ain't no coming back

What's it like in your world baby?

Won't you let me in

What's it like in your world baby?

Maybe our worlds can meet again

La, la, la, la, la

La, la, la

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