

Thrills, The "Plans"

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Lately
I'm getting the impression that my baby
Is moving down to L.A.
For the big lights
Flashing and reflecting in her big eyes
And nothing here can make her stay
You're naming me high

Everybody's gotta have plans
She said, everybody's gotta have plans
Cause I can't see you smiling, pumping gas
Everybody's gotta have plans
She said, everybody's gotta have plans
Cause I can't see you smiling, pumping gas

So low life
B-movie producer and his big talk
Now don't you go buy into that

Cause sometimes
Things are gonna get tough and you know what
You're gonna have to get tough too
You're naming me high

Everybody's gotta have plans
She said, everybody's gotta have plans
Cause I can't see you smiling, pumping gas
Everybody's gotta have plans
She said, everybody's gotta have plans
Cause I can't see you smiling, pumping gas

Oh come home, baby, baby
Just don't phone, baby, baby
You went and did it, you broke my heart
Oh oh, hold me now
Ah hey, hey, hey

Cause lately
I'm getting the impression that my baby
Is moving down to L.A.

For the big lights
Flashing and reflecting in her big eyes
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