

Thomson Cyndi

"My World"

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Cyndi Thomson/Chris Waters/Tommy Lee James)

My world is one long hot day in Georgia

Till the moon shines through the pines

And my world is sweet as the honeysuckle

Hanging from the vine

What's it like in your world baby

Won't you let me in

What's it like in your world baby

Maybe our world's can meet again

You drove through town on your way to somewhere

Just like everybody does

You stopped for gas and bag o' 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 baby

Maybe our world's can meet again

I wanna go where I've never been

Let the wind blow through my hair

I wanna know what it's like to take a road

Just because it's there

My world turns slow as molasses

And you drove away so fast

You disappeared down route eighty-seven

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 world's can meet again

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