

## **Cyndi Thompson**

### **"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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