

Bleu

"3's A Charm"

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I rode the local service home
And took off my tired shirt
And my shoes and my socks

My answerin' machine light was blinkin'
I couldn't hope but help that it was you
It turned out to be my mom
But it was good to hear that familiar southern drawl

That's love
Fits like a glove
That's loving

I picked up the phone and slowly dialed
The first six digits of your number
I felt the stupid sting of pride
Askin' why it wasn't you calling me

It took everything I had
To dial that last number
But they say 3's a charm

That's love
Fits like a glove
That's loving

You picked up the phone and said
Oh, my God I was just about to call you
You had a couple tickets to go see
Some band over at the rock-a-rama

I said, "I think I've seen those guys
A couple times before and I really didn't like 'em"
You said, "3's a charm, 3's a charm, 3's a charm"

That's love
Fits like a glove
That's loving

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