

## **Garth Brooks** **"Allison Miranda"**

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On a two lane north of Casper  
Is where this all begins  
Heading back to Oklahoma  
For a week to visit friends  
She was walking 'long the highway  
So I pulled off to the side  
And asked her if she needed a ride

We tor up that ole blacktop  
'Til we found I-25  
And just into Colorado  
She asked if she could drive  
I'd never met nobody like her  
I'd never laughed so much  
And I grew hungry for her touch

I used to think of autumn  
As sweaters and leaves  
And I used to think the night  
Was just for dreamers and thieves  
But that was before she came  
Allison Miranda was her name

By the time that we hit Kansas  
We both felt pretty beat  
So we found ourselves a motel  
And grabbed a bite to eat  
We'd rest a few short hours  
Soon we'd be out of there  
Three days later we came up for air

I used to think of autumn  
As sweaters and leaves  
And I used to think the night  
Was just for dreamers and thieves  
But that was before she came  
Allison Miranda was her name

Now I can't forget  
The morning when I woke alone in bed  
To a rose left on her pillow  
And a goodbye note that read

You cannot grow a flower  
If you don't have the seed  
Now I've got everything I need

I used to think of autumn  
As sweaters and leaves  
And I used to think the night  
Was just for dreamers and thieves  
But that was before she came  
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