

Greg Camp

"Gina Marie"

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I painted my phone bright red;
At night I keep it next to my head--
A hot-line with a busy tone.

So what's the secret door to your heart?
And don't you think that I should start
Looking for the sunshine in your soul?

What's in a name, but if you're asking me
There oughta be a song called "gina marie."

Does the smog talk to you, too?
I've always liked that shade of blue
The City of Angels got it going down.

Now it's not the dream, but I see you when I sleep.
There oughta be a song called "gina marie."

I heard you hate your name,
But you can't mean what you say.
I think we think the same,
We just can't think of what to say.

(Musical break)

I don't even know what you drink,
And you don't know which eye I wink with (at you),
But neither do I.

I can't even speak, I'm choked up (just what you need)
Swerving around like some drunken Neal Cassady
What's in a name, but if you're asking me
There just oughta be a song called "gina marie";
There's just gotta be a song called "gina marie";
There just outta be a song called "gina marie."

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