

Lisa Loeb

"Falling In Love"

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She wanted to be a cowboy
She was shootin' 'em down
She was tramping around

He walked in crooked with the clear blue eyes
There's a nice pool at my motel you want to go for a swim?
That night he moved in

The time between meeting and finally leaving is
Sometimes called falling in love
The time between meeting and finally leaving is
Sometimes called falling in love

At night she'd wait for the sound of his feet on the doormat
The sound of his hand on the doorknob
The sound of her heart beating in her head

He'd go out playing nickel slots, 'cause he knew he'd lose
She didn't know, so she couldn't choose
One night while sleeping alone in her bed
The phone rang, she woke up, and sat up and said

"What time is it? What time is it?"
"Well, it's 5:30 here and it's 2:30 there
And I won't be home tonight," he said

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Now she sits in a booth in a diner
Waiting for someone to take her order
Waiting for someone to come and sit down

She rubs the smudge off the photograph
Puts it back into her purse
The gray sky was romantic 'cause he was holding her hand

He was her man

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