

Conway Twitty "Thing Of The Past"

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One way ticket, window seat
Heartache at 30, 000 feet
The future fades into memories.
I'll get by somehow.

Three point landing at L.A.X.
Pockets filled with traveller's cheques
Passenger filled with regrets
It's all too clear to me now.

We're just like "I Love Lucy" and drive-in movies
And cars that run on regular gas.
War love letters and high school sweaters
Beetle boots and bell bottom pants.
Like autumn leaves fallin' from the trees
And all the things that weren't meant to last.
It's sad to find that you and I are nothing
But a thing of the past.

No one's waitin' to meet my plane
Two thousand miles and I feel the same.
Only the hotel clerk knows my name
And that's just fine with me.

Out the window the crowded streets are lined
With people with someone to meet.
While I sit here keepin' company
With what used to be.

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