

Crystal Gayle "Old Boyfriends"

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Old boyfriends

Lost in the pocket of your overcoat

Like burned out light bulbs on a Ferris Wheel

Old boyfriends

You remember the kinds of cars they drove

Parking in an orange grove

He fell in love, you see

With someone that I used to be

Though I very seldom think of him

Nevertheless sometimes a mannequin's

Blue summer dress can make the window like a dream

Ah, but now those dreams belong to someone else

Now they talk in their sleep

In a drawer where I keep all my

Old boyfriends

Remember when you were burning for them

Why do you keep turning them into

Old boyfriends

They look you up when they're in town

To see if they can still burn you down

He fell in love, you see

With someone that I used to be

Though I very seldom think of him

Nevertheless sometimes a mannequin's

Blue summer dress can make the window like a dream

Ah, but now those dreams belong to someone else

Now they talk in their sleep

In a drawer where I keep all my

Old boyfriends

Turn up every time it rains

Fall out of the pages in a magazine

Old boyfriends

Girls fill up the bars every spring

Dark places for remembering

Old boyfriends

All my old boyfriends
Old boyfriends

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