

Rodney Crowell

"Things That Go Bump in the Day"

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She was a prom queen, taking the world by storm
I felt like James Dean with her on my arm
The night was a free ride, lit by the moon
I prayed from the inside, "Don't let it end soon"

It's funny how the things we want
Become the things we don't in the long run
The one that we let slip through
Becomes the one love true when she's the gone one

Oh, oh, we're never gonna get away
Yeah, yeah, from the things that go bump in the day
The things that go bump in the day

I've got a good friend in love with the blues
He lives down the dark end with nothing to lose
Believing in sorrow, he's making the most
And maybe tomorrow he can give up the ghost

It's funny how the things we need
Only make you bleed when the chips fall
The one that made the world go 'round
Just up and knocks you down with a phone call

It's funny how the things we fear
Become the things we hear when we're all alone
The things that we don't understand
Get up and bite your hand like a dog bone

Oh, oh, we're never gonna get away
Yeah, yeah, from the things that go bump in the day
Oh, oh, we're never gonna get away
Yeah, yeah, from the things that go bump in the day

The things that go bump in the day
The things that go bump in the day

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