

Brooks % Dunn

"Texas And Norma Jean"

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It was a foggy mornin' south of San Jose
We were sittin' in a crowded coffee shop
With nothin' left to say
My cup grew cold and a teardrop rolled
Down her cheek and I brushed it away
I remember it all just like yesterday

And I see it now, I feel it still
It's a day I can't forget and never will
And I hear her voice on the winds of Abilene
She used to call me Texas and I called her Norma Jean

Still see her wavin' through the radiator steam
She was stranded by the roadside on her way to bigger things
She threw her bags in back, said she liked my hat
Her name was Marilyn Justine
I fell into her California dream

And I see it now, I feel it still
It's a day I can't forget and never will
And I hear her voice on the winds of Abilene
She used to call me Texas and I called her Norma Jean

Yeah we took a lotta detours on our winding way out west
Livin' for the moment, forgettin' all the rest
The life that she had waitin' and the one I left behind
And now I'm back here tryin' to sort it out
One fence post at a time

In that coffee shop, the road just stopped
And we faced reality
The place that she was goin' had no place for me

And I see it now, I feel it still
It's a day I can't forget and never will
And I hear her voice on the winds of Abilene
She used to call me Texas and I called her Norma Jean

Yeah I called her Norma Jean

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