

Trent Willmon "Medina Daydreaming"

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I'm on the 28th floor
Looking through the window
My boots are propped up on my desk

And they pay me good money
To contribute, I know
But I'm Medina daydreamin' again

A girl down in Texas
Eyes like bluebonnets
Freckles and hair almost black

Like the dam had just broken
On old Lake Medina
My Carissa held nothing back

The ten years have gone by
We've gone on with our lives
But, I can't get it out of my head

I should stop reminiscing
But I catch myself drifting
Medina daydreamin' again

I don't know what causes
My thoughts to get lost
In this magical wrinkle in time

That hill country river
And the way that I loved her
Keeps winding it's way through my mind

We spent that whole summer
Holding on to each other
Oh, nothing else mattered back then

But each morning would find us
In the shade of a Cyprus
Medina daydreamin' again

We'd ride the tubes down
To this place that we'd found

Pretend it was our own

Where the live oaks had hidden
A little limestone cabin
Had to be a hundred years old

We used to say
We'd buy it someday
That's where we'd raise all our kids

Then we'd pop the top on a Lone Star
And drift down the sand bar
Medina daydreamin' again

I don't know what causes
My thoughts to get lost
In this magical wrinkle in time

'Cause in that hill country river
Oh, the way that I loved her
Keeps winding it's way through my mind

Now, sometimes I wonder
What became of her
If she ever thinks about me

And I try to imagine
What might have happened
If I hadn't been so young and naive

If I could go back somehow
With what I know now
I can almost see what might've been

I should give her a call
But wait, what am I thinkin' y'all?
I'm Medina daydreamin' again

Yeah, I'm dreamin' again
Back in Medina again

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