

Trout Fishing In America "Lori's Song"

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(E. Idlet)

Well, it's early in the morning and I'm looking at the sky.

And I'm thinking 'bout the girl that I left the other night,
Moving down the road I watch the cars fly by.

And like a newborn babe, I cry.

Lovers like no others, we were always side by side,
Walking through the park or hitching for a ride.

And I still remember watching clouds build castles in the sky,

As lasting as the breathing of a sigh.

This song I'm writing you could never be passed down,
This song's for you and me alone.

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