

# Falling in Love

Lisa Loeb

She wanted to be a cowboy  
she was shootin' em down,  
she was trampin' around. He walked in crooked with the clear blue eyes (mmhmm)  
"There's a nice pool at my motel -- you wanna go for a swim?"  
That night he moved in. The time between meeting and finally leaving is  
sometimes called falling in love.  
The time between meeting and finally leaving is  
sometimes called falling in love. At night she'd wait for the sound of his feet on the doormat,  
sound of his hand on the doorknob  
sound of her heart beating in her head.  
He'd go out playing nickel slots, cause he knew he'd lose--  
She didn't know, so she couldn't choose.  
One night while sleeping along in her bed,  
the phone rang, she woke up, sat up and said:  
"What time is it? What time is it?" "Well, it's 5: 30 here, and it's 2: 30 there,  
and I won't be home tonight," he said. The time between meeting and finally leaving is  
sometimes called falling in love.  
The time between meeting and finally leaving is  
sometimes called falling in love. Now she sits in a booth in a diner,  
waiting for someone to take her order,  
waiting for someone to come and sit down. She rubs a smudge off the photograph, puts it back  
into her purse.  
The gray sky was romantic cause he was holdin' her hand,  
he was her man.  
The time between meeting and finally leaving is  
sometimes called falling in love.  
The time between meeting and finally leaving is  
sometimes called falling in love. Sometimes called falling in love. She wanted to be a cowboy,  
she was shootin' em down,  
she was trampin' around...

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