

Ana

Claud

Ana was driving
On a Sunday Afternoon
And I called her just past two
To say, "Ana, I love ya but I can't come home to you
And I won't be coming home, tomorrow too"

Oh, Ana
There's nothing you can do
To get me in the mood

It's been a pleasure to be your man and
I could hold you for every dance but
If I don't ever take this chance then
I should never have been your man

There
Are cities
And countries I should go
Things I want to know
And I promise
That I'll write you
In about a month or so
I'll be a different guy when I come home
To LA
Life here's moving slow
I'm leaving even though

It's been a pleasure to be your man and
I could hold you for every dance but
If I don't ever take this chance then
I should never have been your man
It's been a pleasure to be your man and
(Ooh, ooh, ooh Ana)
I could hold you for every dance but
(Ooh, ooh, ooh Ana)
If I don't ever take this chance then
(Ohh Ana)
I should have never been your man
(Ohh Ana)