

Old Boyfriends

Crystal Gayle

Old boyfriends
Lost in the pocket of your overcoat
Like burned out light bulbs on a Ferris Wheel
Old boyfriends

You remember the kinds of cars they drove
Parking in an orange grove
He fell in love, you see
With someone that I used to be

Though I very seldom think of him
Nevertheless sometimes a mannequin's
Blue summer dress can make the window like a dream
Ah, but now those dreams belong to someone else
Now they talk in their sleep
In a drawer where I keep all my

Old boyfriends
Remember when you were burning for them
Why do you keep turning them into
Old boyfriends

They look you up when they're in town
To see if they can still burn you down
He fell in love, you see
With someone that I used to be

Though I very seldom think of him
Nevertheless sometimes a mannequin's
Blue summer dress can make the window like a dream
Ah, but now those dreams belong to someone else
Now they talk in their sleep
In a drawer where I keep all my

Old boyfriends
Turn up every time it rains
Fall out of the pages in a magazine
Old boyfriends

Girls fill up the bars every spring
Dark places for remembering
Old boyfriends
All my old boyfriends
Old boyfriends