

Impressions

The Movement

I said I woke up hung over on the weekend
Slept my days away
It's 3:30 in the p.m. dreaming of the words I wish I could say
And so I was thinking everything was just right smooth
Thinking that you was in just the right mood but
All along I'm rolling 'round in the wrong
'Cause I never got no call from you
Alright

Now tell me what it was I was supposed to do
I was wasted away in my head
Was it the rose petaling or the door opening or a little love letter instead
And indeed I couldn't read between the lines no
I'm feeling a bit confused
But I said now what to do
When I finally get the message clear
It's just a sweet goodbye from you

I was under the impression
That we was doing it right

I said I woke up in the mornin on a weekday
Had this feelin in my head
I rolled over and under my covers
Was a strange girl layin in my bed
Come on two years later she's sayin she loves me
I really don't know just what to do
I feel like I love her but under my covers
I'll never say goodbye to you
I said now could you run it by me just one more time
I really wasn't sure of what you said
I was too busy getting caught up in the lies
From the sweet other side of my bed
I said now I could never imagine or even possibly fathom
The day that you would turn away
But I realize that when you're walking
And I'm doing all the talking
That you never had no words to say

I was under the impression
That we was doing it right