

Thursday

Jim Croce

Well it started out just like a dream
And like a dream I knew
That what we had would have to end
I was looking for a life-time lover

And you were looking for a friend
Someone to be there
After all your nighttime lovers had gone
The way they came

Someone who knew the way
To help you play
Your daytime game
It's not the same

Well, I started out pretending
That I ought to mean enough to you
To make you want to change
Then I came to realize

That there was just too much of you
You had to rearrange
And I couldn't bear to wait around
For all your nighttime lovers to go

The way they came
And it came to hurt too much for me
To have to play your daytime
No one to blame

It started out just like a dream
And like a dream I knew
That what we had had to end
I was looking for a life-time lover

And you were looking for a friend
I was looking for a life-time lover
And you were looking for a friend