

I don't hear nothing but the sound of me breathing  
Maybe just a night-tap, cricket or the slide of a friendly wind  
And I don't feel nothing but the sand under my feet  
I'm leaving the straight-press for awhile  
I'm leaving the strain and the city lights

Rosemary taught me the way  
To take it off and lay it down  
And leave all the fighters on the edge of town  
With their ringing cells and their slamming doors  
Just me and my sandals walking moons from more  
And life will rock you but you let it roll  
Cause I think all this thinking's rushing me old  
And here, the best I can do is dream of momma's casserole

I grew up in a small town, soon as I could, I ran out  
Feeling might tight, top down and this dreaming needed some room  
But somewhere on the city clock, a dreaming girl forgot  
That sometimes, the pace of a rocking chair  
Is good to slow down, reminisce the air

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Ain't nobody stepping me over  
Ain't nobody around, these days  
The height that's lifting me up  
Is mostly bringing me down  
I don't wish for a skyline  
If it's barely feeling like home  
Just a speck in this bowl  
Of people to throw the very same stone  
Rosemary taught me the way  
La la la, la, la la la la  
La la la, la

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