Dan Bern

Sometimes I walk and wish L.A. were some small town in Monterey I close my eyes and ask the Gods to make those Cadillacs, dusty dogs

I close my eyes and live, I close my eyes and live another day

Sometimes I think I'll melt away and in the sidewalk cracks I'l 1 stay

And who will notice, who will call, 'cause life won't change mu ch, if at all

I close my eyes and live, I close my eyes and live another day

Another day, so far from the farms where I grew up Another day, another day, another day so far from that single p air of eyes

That speak to me of home, not another night alone

Another day is done, I lay my eyes to rest There's food, I've got a bed and there's a roof above my head

Sometimes, I think that everyone really speaks a foreign tongue Like I say 'X' and you hear 'Y' but I push these thoughts from $\operatorname{\mathsf{my}}$ mind

And close my eyes and live, I close my eyes and live another day \mathbf{y}

I close my eyes and live, I close my eyes and live another day