

Everybody calling me
Today wasn't you
Guess I must be hanging
Out here in the blue by my lonesome
Babe I wish you'd phone some
Alone on the train
I'm as free as a bird
But out there in the world it's like
You're in the earth

May not be the first
And I'm sure not the last
I've got a craving for a
Thing of the past and
It's hitting me hard
I don't know, I could be bored
The Santa Ana's blowing
And it's calming me down but it's like
You're in the air when I get into town

When we were young
Did we know the difference
I can't recall
The weight of my words
And we're both older now
Hanging our heads to the ground
But you're still in my skyline
And I think I'm in yours

I grew a garden for the both of us
It turned into weeds, dirt, and dust
I tried but I knew
I couldn't stay there for you

I'm pushing down the line and
No matter my will
It just wouldn't bend
And I couldn't stand still

Maybe slowing down with a heavier heart
But you don't want me begging you into the dark

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