

Count the steps around the park
Consider drinking it in the yard
Hang the words of a perfect stranger
In the hallways of my heart
'Cause all the blessings are somebody else's
They're flowers in my neighbor's pot
I'm torn exactly into two pieces
One who wants you and one who's gone dark

But I'm still inside your fast machine
Always holding your love supreme
Our 45s spinning out of time
But honey, I'm still on your side

Are my hopes finally gonna waste me?
Am I the worst compass I could know?
So I took the bus across the bridge
Sold my bedroom from my home
Maybe it's the East Coast in the music
Or the endless road from the past
But while you're praying at the '90s
They're carving up anything that lasts

But I'm still inside your fast machine
Always holding your love supreme
Our 45s spinning out of time
But honey, I'm still on your side

Now you're just the stranger that I know best
Now you're just the stranger that I love best
Now I'm just the stranger that you know best

There ain't no book that I can live by
Just these naggings I can't shake
A hum coming from the basement
A little crying out for crying out's sake
'Cause if I can learn to love your shadow
When your shadow hits the light
And there ain't no trace of what we've been through
Then I'll shout it 'til the day that I die

Hey, I'm still inside your fast machine
I'm always holding your love supreme
Our 45s spinning out of time
But honey, I'm still on your side

I'm still on your side