

Arizona

Highly Suspect

Touch down in Arizona
Red eyes like stones
Bags heavy on the floor
Sex on the telephone
Still searching high and low
Somewhere for you in my dreams
I thought I was closer
But I was only losing
My sense of touch and
We never did it sober
Time has a wounded heel
Only the feeling

Maybe our love
Maybe our love won't pass us by
What you've been through
What you've done too
No one can deny
But now I'm gonna try

Here lies another number
Etched in the wall of stones
Field of broken hearts
Power lines and creosote
Caught in a certain state
Where I thought I was closer
I was only losing
My sense of touch and
We never did it sober
But time has a wounded heel
Only revealing

Maybe our love
Maybe our love won't pass us by
What you've been through
What you've done too
No one can deny

And I could never be
What you want from me
So we'll die
I've still got to try