

If you were here in Starkville
Townie boys would love the way you stare
If you were here in Starkville
Well the local girls they wouldn't have a prayer

Well I've spent a reckless night inside the wonder
Of your everlasting charm
Now I'm haunted by geography and the flora
And the fauna of your heart

At the dawning of some road worn day
I call you on a whim just to say
The morning birds are singing
But I could not do them justice
So I hung up and I fell back to sleep

But I'm in love with my mobility
Sometimes this life can be a drag
Like when I noticed your nobility
And how my leaving
It only held you back

But I remember one occasion
When you were drinking
And you asked me to the coast
But I was hell bent on agony back then
And so I missed the boat

At the dawning of some road worn day
I call you on a whim just to say
My regrets become distractions
When I can not do them justice
Then I hung up and I fell back to sleep

When I was down in Starkville
I was hiding out inside some comfort inn
From a local gang of troubadours
When the homecoming queen
She come ridin in
(oooh)
Yeah

Yeah but I slipped out of my room into the rain
(oooh)
And I went running for my health
(oooh)
I watched those headlights turn to moonlight
And finally I was running by myself

Now its the dawning of some road worn day
And I call you on a whim just to say
The morning birds are singing