

Looking Out

James Hersey

Sitting on my windowsill
Waiting patiently 'til
I finish reading up on golden slumbers
Laughing out at the only star
That she can see
My courtyard bedroom big enough for one

And she's looking out
For more than she can see
Reaching out for more
For more of me

Sitting on my windowsill
Listening to love is hell
Until the cold just goes away
Laughing out
At the pile of clothes I'll never fold
My courtyard bedroom life is day to day

And she's looking out
For more than she can see
Reaching out for more
For more of me

And she's looking out
For more than she can see
Reaching out for more
For more of me

And I'm running out of
Reasons I should leave