

# The Highway Kind

Madeleine Peyroux

My days, they are the highway kind  
They only come to leave  
But the leavin' I don't mind  
It's the comin' that I crave

Pour the sun upon the ground  
And stand to throw a shadow  
Watch it grow into a night  
And fill the spinnin' sky

Time among the pine trees  
It felt like breath of air  
Usually I just walk these streets  
And tell myself to care

Sometimes I believe me  
Sometimes I don't hear  
Sometimes the shape I'm in  
Won't let me go

I don't know too much for true  
My heart knows how to pound  
My legs know how to love someone  
My voice knows how to sound

And shame that it's not enough  
Shame that it is a shame  
Follow that circle down  
Where would you be

You're the only one I want now  
And I never heard your name  
Let's hope we meet some day  
If we don't it's all the same

I'll meet the ones between us  
I'll be thinking about you  
And all the places I have been  
And why you where not there