

Iowa

Mal Blum

Winter is listless and I'm a little bit like it
I can't seem to sit still but I can't seem to move
And everyone I meet is a little bit like me
Keep selling me something you don't need to prove
You keep selling me something you don't need to prove

And if I don't like it, I'll move to Iowa
'Cause I've got no problem with places unseen
It's the ones that I've loved like the curve of your collar bone
Careful, now, careful or they don't let you leave

It keeps getting better but some days it feels worse
I don't know what to conquer to determine my worth
I try roadways and I mark the map where I've been
In my doorway but I always come back here again
In my doorway but I always come back here again

Singing: if I don't like it, I'll move to Iowa
'Cause I've got no problem with places unseen
It's the ones that I've lost like a New York apartment
You walked down the staircase still looking at me
You walked down the staircase and I let you leave
I let you leave

I don't think they notice how lonesome I've gotten
I learn about fashion to dress up my self-loathing
But in the morning how I wake up
And I give it my best to be honest and kind and try not to regress
Besides, I know that the solace in sadness is talk
Whether singing or sobbing or swearing it off
So I keep my eyes open keep a hand on my heart
Say I'm bold brave and forthright and it isn't my fault
No it's not
(My fault)
No it's not
(My fault)

And if I don't like it I'll move to Iowa
'Cause I've got no problem with places unseen
It's the ones that I've known like a cold city winter blow like
a blizzard (the wind in the trees)
Blow like a blizzard (me and my needs)
Blow like a blizzard and please, pass over me