

Sky High Honey

Matt Nathanson

I bet you're laughing at some joke he told you
With his arm around your sunburn shoulders
I spent the morning with my face against the window seat
Looking down at all the things that got the best of me

No more late night drives to Boston
No more Cure songs to get lost in
No more taxis, subway tokens
Arms wide open, I'm sky high honey - gone

I take the streetcars around San Francisco
Get winks from the pretty boys down in The Castro
Through the turnstiles roll the chappy girls and the shabby dolls
I can't resist myself, I get their names, I never call

No more late night drives to Boston
No more Cure songs to get lost in
No more taxis, subway tokens
Arms wide open, I'm sky high honey - gone
I'm sky high honey

You wait too long, you never leave
And it feels like dying but still your heart beats

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No more taxis, subway tokens
Arms wide open, I'm sky high honey - gone
I'm sky high honey - gone