

Between 1st and A

Punch Brothers

I've never dwelled on leaving
Only getting somewhere

But darling I'll miss these evenings
In my fourth floor walk-up
Villagers stumbling below
Trying to catch each other on the very street where I caught you

With three drinks, maybe more
Four blocks in the summer air
And one kiss at my door
We brushed off the cabs
Looked up past the fire escape
To find us looking back
At what we're leaving to get somewhere

Darling I'll keep that apartment
In some loud and reckless recess of my heart

I moved there alone to live with a girl like you
Your love drives it home and I might look over my shoulder
But I'll never dwell on leaving
If I'm getting somewhere