Little Clapboard house
Rent always due
Railroad tracks and factory smokestacks for a view
No easy street in our neighborhood
Yeah, it was hard to tell the bad times from the good
Summer nights just lyin' there watchin' the fan go 'round
Find a cool spot on the pillow and fall asleep dreamin' about

Bigger windows, bluer skies
Greener grass and more sunshine
Where a long shot's not so far away
Where hope is always high
And dreams have room to stretch their wings and fly
Through bigger windows, bluer skies

Yeah, those trains rolled by
And time did too
That tiny place looked even smaller in my rearview
Yeah, I've come a few miles, but I'm still that girl
With my nose pressed against the window to the world
Lookin' through a winshield of possibilities
Life sure does look different, sometimes all you need are

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A different town, a different job or just a different room No matter where you are right now What I wish for you are

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