

In Another Life

The Killers

Is this the life you chose yourself
Or just how it ended up?
Is that the yard you pictured when
You closed your eyes and dreamed
Of children in the grass running through the sprinklers?
Being somebody's wife?
Or were you living in another life?

When will I make it home?
When I damn well feel like driving
Down these empty streets
That burn though our birthright

I passed a couple of kids holding hands in the street tonight
They reminded me of us in another life
Am I the man of your desire?
Or just a guy from your hometown?
Are these the arms that you saw when you
Pictured yourself wrapped around?
Baby, I can vouch for the hopeless dreamer
When you look at me, am I the man you hoped I'd be?

When will I make it home?
When that jukebox in the corner
Stops playing country songs of stories that sound like mine

I spent my best years laying rubber on a factory line
I wonder what I would've been in another life
In another life
In another life
In another life