

I was half awake  
Flying down the interstate  
Mesmerized by power lines and blighted dour estates

And all the things I just felt  
Somewhere in the rust belt  
Wondering how many times can a heart melt  
Still hoping your season will start well

Pardon my semantics  
It's somewhat pedantic  
But your outline against the Atlantic  
Well it's idyllic and highly romantic

In a dream  
Oh, I took several transfers to the G Line  
Now Bushwick Inlet's just to our right  
I'd never seen Manhattan at night  
I said it's lovely, you said that's right

Sidewalks, brownstones, and street posts  
They line my dreams in complete rows  
On cold days she wears a peacoat  
While staring out from the east coast

A furtive glance as the fields roll  
A stray outsider that she knows  
Could I be someone you need most  
When I'm so far from the East Coast