Pontchartrain

Vansire

See if I hadn't been down south
I would have spent the time around you
But since I'm probably out of town
We talk and I hope it sounds true

When I'm not trapped up inside
I'm on a flight or amidst a drive

Pray to God it doesn't rain
When I'm above Lake Pontchartrain
Copper wire and an upturned ride
It's time spent staring at the sky
Walking through the Marigny
For Euclid past Bywater east
Dodging rainclouds northbound flight
If all holds I'll be there tonight

These months are passing by like fields
That you and I used to drive by
Now I pass in an empty seat
In the bus I plan to arrive by

When I'm not trapped up inside
I'm in a flight or amidst a drive

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