

Limbeck, The Sun Woke The Whole State

Thanks for the ride to the airport.
My head got stuck out the window.
And it felt so good cause I've never had that kind of luck on the way home.

When I got out, you were there knockin' on the front door.
The cold gets in the things you wear.
It's so good it's that time again.

Thanks for stopping by the river so I could run to take it.
Of all these days we wake, here is one to remember: the first day of October.

It don't mean much.
We never had a chance.
We're out of touch.
The space between us spells it out.