

No Kids, Bluster In The Air

i can feel a bluster in the air
oh, baby take me home
you know i don't like being out here when it's like this, no
well, if you wanna go
i won't let nothing hold me
i'd rather be sitting
across the table from nobody tonight

you ain't missing a thing
save for watching me live like a shut-in
when the furnace goes on
the heat flutters the curtain and i'm hurtin'
in the plainest way you can imagine my day to day
and all night long

well just above the tree line
is where my heart's been hanging all the time
and if i seem unhappy
standing at the sink staring out at the yard
i'm dreaming i'm out on a balcony
listening to the twinkling of the palm tree leaves
with a clear view of the Hollywood sign at twilight
knowing things are going on far greater than me

you ain't missing a thing
save for watching me live like a shut-in
when the furnace goes on
the heat flutters the curtain and i'm hurtin'
in the plainest way you can imagine my day to day
and all night long

well, i only come here as often as i do
cuz i can come here alone
and stroll the strip without people thinking,
"my, oh my, i wonder where he's going wrong"

you ain't missing a thing
save for watching me live like a shut-in
when the furnace goes on
the heat flutters the curtain and i'm hurtin'
in the plainest way you can imagine my day to day
and all night long