

Shawn Colvin, Wichita Skyline

Down at the train they go to Independence everyday
But anywhere else now seems like a million miles away
And I must have been high to believe that I would ever leave
Now I'm just a flat fine line like the Wichita skyline
I rode on the airstream across the great lonesome afternoon
I wished hard enough to hurt, drove fast enough to catch the moon
But I must have been dreaming again 'cause there's nothing around the bend
Except for that flat fine line, the Wichita skyline
As far as Salina I can get that good station from LaRue
I'm searching the dial while I'm scanning the sky for a patch of blue
And I watch the black clouds roll in chasing me back again
Back to the flat fine line, the Wichita skyline