Spitalfield, "...Listen

Can't you see that I'm trying to get through to you
This door keeps slamming on my hands
I'm thinking about the way you used to be the one who said to me
"Your song keeps playing in my head"
Maybe I should write it down
And turn another page, then just rip it out
There's so much left to say

(Chorus:)
We live tonight again and again
And it's all I've ever wanted, all I've dreamed and more, and I'm sure
That when we first way up somewhere in the middle of New York and California
Where are you? Where are we going to?

I've got wheels on my bedroom floor, and oil in my closet
My best friends all live next door
Do you remember all the things you said?
Turn back another page like I never left
Until I leave again

(Chorus)

It's just another stretch of highway, I never asked for ordinary time
And time change
If I rewrote this it might just sound the same
It might just sound the same

(Chorus)

(When we first wake up somewhere in the middle)
Where are you? (Where are we?)
(Going to)