

# Ty England, Collect From Wichita

It's raining cats and dogs  
At a dinner outside of Wichita  
Out of money out of breath  
I'm out here in the great Midwest

It ain't like you'll walk through that door  
A thousand miles from Baltimore  
But if you did you'd see a man  
He's drowning in the Promised Land

And all this time I've just been drifting  
And I ain't got nothing left

I've been bent and I've been twisted  
Into this state of common sense  
My back is up against the wall  
Hopin' that you'll take this call  
Collect from Wichita

I left Dunston Road in a cloud of dust  
Screaming black and furious  
With slivers in my hand and feet  
From pieces of our shattered dreams