

Caedmon's Call, Somewhere North

It's a muggy night in Houston
And all the intersections are like full service stations
I'm on my way to a familiar place
It's cold in Kansas City
And you can no more hear me than I can see your face
How I wish it was just you and me

We wouldn't have to talk above the crowd
We wouldn't have to talk so loud

I give you my life and all I am
But what I have to give
So I hand you a candid photograph of this little boy
'Cause I have nothing to my name
But I can give you that

I don't miss the driving
Seems like forever
And I'm always driving in my mind
And wearing out the road that gets me there

And I'm driving till my eyes just can't see straight
But I suppose that it's getting late

I may never find the sleep
I've lost all feeling in my hands and
Feet may touch the ground but
My mind's somewhere north of here