

Dogstar, Washington

WASHINGTON

Written by Bret Domrose

I feel something near
Is it misery or fear
It's a mystery unclear
What am I doing here

A breeze upon my face
Smells sweet as your embrace
A smile across my face
As I think about that place

And I feel like I know
What's going on
Like roses reach to
Kiss the morning dawn
I'm Washington tonight
And all is calm
I'm coming home to you
We're moving on

We rode upon a town
People all around
It's a good place to lay down
And I dream about you now

Holding pictures near
I think of you my dear
My body knows no fear
What am I doing here