Hall & Oates, Southeast City Window

Riding out along the river
stopping by the pines
It's nice for someone speaking, to be heard,
by heart and mind
Lying on the needle floor
the city seems so far
Moving with your eyes and smile,
your words told who you are
Sunday grey, one window brings the morning
and your words, like dawn, have opened up my eyes
I've been on a sleepy ride without much time for thinking
'til I spent one evening by your Southeast City
Window side
Baby hair a blowin'
in the Sunday morning air
Dreaming on another place and time,
wish we were there
In your dreams you're far away
and I'm right behind
You know, it's nice for someone speaking. to be heard,
by heart and mind