

Houston Calls, Conversations With The Wind

Stepping off the ledge
She looks at me and says
Hey Tommy can I spend the night
And wake up in your eyes

Of course you can, timidly answered,
But beware I can't promise much
Not at this time in my life

Watching trees change
Just like your ways
You're in my arms for the last time
Pressed together
My heart's weathered
Now we will sleep for the last time

I build you up and break myself down
How can I sit there while some clown
Namely me
Sets you up for a loss

First of all I'm insecure
And number two I can't be there for you
Not at this time in my life

How can I hear your call in this windy night