

Houston Calls, The Oaks On Prince St.

Stand beside me
Tell me you don't really know
Smile politely
through your indifferent glare

See a sure sign
A clear night pierced by a cloud
in the skyline
Gun smoke suspended in air

What did I miss
It seemed like fate was on our side
from the first kiss
When we both knew this would last

Her voice fades away like FM stations in the outskirts
We're twisting at the dial as white noise to our remains

Well it's a war cry
My darlin' don't confuse love
with a good time
then we could both walk away

And even as the story piece by piece is torn asunder
And even as this house we built so strong burns all around
It seems that all we do is run away to dream and wonder
But don't forget the oaks on Prince street never fell to ground...

Stuff rewinds to
the moment inside you
Stop caring like I do

Don't try to devalue
the times that still feel true
The rest you can lie through

Stuff rewinds to
(One good house with the broken windows)
the moment inside you
(See it chip every time the wind blows)
Stop caring like I do
(right behind...)

Don't try to devalue
(And all that's left are the smoke and ashes)
the times that still feel true
(And you remember how bad the crash is)
The rest you can lie through
(Good emotion)

A cigarette stained with lipstick sits beside an ashtray
It's the only thing left I have of you to throw away
If this was really fate then it's not "if" but rather "when"
And all that I have left to do is save these reminders
Until I see you then...

So I implore
Ignore my hostile demeanor
You mean more
than I would care to admit