

# Kim Mitchell, The U.S. Of Ache

I was one line in a diary in Kansas  
She was a theme in my serious heart  
We had sex in Detroit, rave reviews in Boston on the road to Pittsburgh closing  
night in Dallas  
Then we said goodbye

I send echoes cross state lines  
Chocolates by wire  
Telegrams by the hour

Meet me in the middle of the U.S. of ache

There must be a town in the middle of America  
Where we can meet and start again  
I guess she wants to keep me her secret  
And i just want to give my secret away

I send echoes cross state lines  
Chocolates by wire  
Telegrams by the hour

Meet me in the middle of the U.S. of ache

I can't get to Florida  
Without driving through Kansas  
Cigarettes and motor oil  
I know she's never been to heaven  
And i sure as hell can't fine her here on earth

I send echoes cross state lines  
Chocolates by wire  
Telegrams by the hour

Meet me in the middle of the U.S. of ache