

# Lyle Lovett, Highway Kind

(Townes Van Zandt)

My days they are the highway kind  
They only come to leave  
But the leaving I don't mind  
It's the coming that I crave  
Pour the sun upon the ground  
Stand to throw a shadow  
Watch it grow into the night  
And fill the spinning sky

Time among the pine trees  
It felt like breath of air  
Usually I just walk these streets  
And tell myself to care  
Sometimes I believe me  
Sometimes I don't hear  
Sometimes the shape I'm in  
Won't let me go

I don't know too much for truth  
But my heart knows how to pound  
My legs know how to love someone  
My voice knows how to sound  
It's a shame that it's not enough  
It's a shame that it is a shame  
Follow the circle down  
Where would you be

You're the only one I want  
I've never heard your name  
Let's hope we meet someday  
If we don't it's all the same  
And I'll meet the ones between us  
And be thinking about you  
And all the places I have seen  
And why you were not there