

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