

Nine Days, On Her Way To Boston

Parked outside in a car down by the church this mornin'
We never knew we'd get this far
The songs I played are chosin'
Never thought I'd see you leave

I drive in my car
Asleep at the wheel
I dream about you
She's on her way to Boston

I woke last night in a cold dark room
The window pane had frozen
Some postcards, a letter, or a tune
Would hang you for a little while, a little while
Oh and as we sat upon my driveway
No words exchanged or spoken
Oh in each other's arms, the silent charms
Left us both heartbroken, yeah
As I rode down Spruceten Street

I drive in my car
Asleep at the wheel
I dream about you
She's on her way to Boston
I drive in my car
Asleep at the wheel
I won't forget you
She's on her way to Boston

Too young to think twice
Too young to know why
She's gone, well I've been thinking about our time together
Some fareweather
She's gone, she's gone

She's on her way to Boston
I drive in my car
Asleep at the wheel
I dream about you
She's on her way to Boston
I drive in my car
Asleep at the wheel
I won't forget you
She's on her way to Boston, Boston