

# Richie Aufrichtig, The Heart Of New England

Each day starts so late at night  
When the stars are shining brightly  
And I'm all right  
You're so condescending  
I wish that I could tell you I was lost  
The river round me bending  
It's taking me down to the land I've lost

Each day I will try to write  
Some words that make you notice  
I'm all right  
You're so condescending  
I wish that i could tell you i was wrong  
Well I'm not one for waiting  
For something better to come roll along  
I tried to find a reason to  
Tell you what was on my mind  
But every thing I tried to do  
Never broke away from you  
So don't come calling late at night  
When the stars are shining brightly  
And I'm all right  
You're so condescending  
I wish that I could tell you I was right  
Every day means waiting for hours passing slowly into night  
Every day means waiting  
Every day means waiting for the night