

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