

Skye, Tell me about your day

Tell me all about your day.
So good to hear from you.
Tell me bout your day.
Feels good to speak to you.
I'm in New Orleans.
It's just like you'd imagine,
Places selling jambalaya and cheap voodoo dolls
Old guys busking, little black boys dancing
They got beer bottle tops on the bottom of their shoes.
Every one is drinking, but me.
It's St Patrick's day.
Drunken people on the streets, faces painted grassy green.
In the French Quarter,
A blonde in a red bra waves from the window.
Just like a slow motion a movie.
Tell me all about your day.
So good to hear from you.
Tell me bout your day.
Feels good to speak to you.
So far. So far away.
So many towns it feels like the same day.
I'm so far, so far from you.
All this distance spoils the view.
As I was walking I came across a thrift store
I found a cute dress in there,
Hanging on the damp brick wall.
It's a little bit old but glitzy, I like it
I'm gonna wear it at the show tonight for sure.
Tell me all about your day.
So good to hear from you.
Tell me bout your day.
Feels good to speak to you.
So far. So far away.
So many towns it feels like the same day
I'm so far. so far from you.
All this distance spoils the view