The Innocence Mission, The Girl On My Left

Some days ring out into the night
my failures with people right here.
The living room growing wide.
If I get near, what will I say?

Miles to fly over,
miles to the girl on my left.

The boy I love, he can walk
right over to anyone here
and talk about anything,
rain porches, car trips to the sea.

Miles to fly over,
miles to the girl on my left.

Walk over, fly over, run over,
walk over there.

People feel loved when he's around.
People feel light when he's around.