

'Til Tuesday, Coming Up Close

One night in Iowa
He and I in a borrowed car
Went driving in the summer
Promises in every star

Out in the distance
I could hear some people laughing
I felt my heart beat back
A weekend's worth of sadness

There was a farmhouse
That had long since been deserted
We stopped and carved our hearts
Into the wooden surface

We thought just for an instant
We could see the future
We thought for once we knew
What really was important

Coming up close
Everything sounds like welcome home
Come home, and oh, by the way

Don't you know that I could make
A dream that's barely half-awake come true

I wanted to say
But anything I could have said
I felt somehow that you already knew

We got back in the car
And listened to a Dylan tape
We drove around the fields
Until it started getting late

And I went back to
My hotel room on the highway
And he just got back
In his car and drove away

Coming up close
Everything sounds like welcome home
Come home, and oh, by the way

Don't you know that I could make
A dream that's barely half-awake come true

I wanted to say
But anything I could have said
I felt somehow that you already knew

Coming up close
Everything sounds like welcome home
Come home

Coming up close
Everything sounds like welcome home
Come home, come on home