

# '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