

Tuesday Til, 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

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