

100th And May "Carolee"

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Ive seen the city, six times Im sure
Answered all the questions that you left on my door
Wrote all the answers on a Top Flight page
On the bed in my bedroom where I first thought you
would soon amaze me
Well heres one question
For your diary filled with pages
What was the last thing I said?
Can you find the memory?
Or have you lost me
In pages beside your bed?

I find it strange that all you see
Is an open doorway, right before me and you walk on in
You said Please to meet you with that southern voice
So why cant I see that you leave me no choice?
Now listen dear
Speak words to me
Let me know that the place where youre at is halfway
free
Cause here tonight
I fear youre lost

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