

Backseat Goodbye

"Rainy Days and License Plates"

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i'm looking for rainy days and license plates.
forget me nots and coastal states.
seven dollars and a cough.
is all i've got.
to my name that i don't know.
'cause no one's told me in a year or so.
that the days are worth living.
might as well give it all you've got.
or just give up.
someone said that boy you gotta run.
you can't look back there is no sun.
it's only a flashlight in the sky.
someone's held it up and it turned big.
and no one really knows what it is.
or how to explain it.
keep it simple.
keep it nice.
keep it lovely.
please stay bright.
when it comes to brilliant.
you're the only one that comes to mind.
i've tried my best to leave this place.
but i always end up just the same.
on a sunday in the middle of another morning's fade.
and the nights they're not so good.
when your only friends that understood.
are in the middle of a state.
that's too far to drive.
you try your best to see it a different way.
well at least i'm still alive.
but life it's a word.
and me i'm just no good.
without my guitar and voice to sing your praise.
like how the midnight needs the moonlight.
and skyline needs the sun to light the days.
i'm hoping for simple songs and melodies.
it's ten past two and the swaying trees.
just remind me of those highways headed home.
to the clarksville skyline.
and the air it's just as fine.
as it is here in indiana.

but the streetsigns just ain't the same.
and not as many people know my name.

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