

Bitch

"Six States Away"

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It's a rainy Brooklyn morning
You're a phone number
And six states away
I dialed and found you home

Your voice comes back
Like the day comes back
From a night of dreams

You're getting married
And you're crazy about her
You really miss me
I know exactly what you mean

Oh that's so nice to hear
You've planted
All your roots down there
I'm still wandering
Like the fruit fallen from the tree
Is she nice to you not like me
Like the wife she was raised to be

I remember peeling
Off your clothes
To find your body
A layer of my favorite cake
I remember blowing
Mad cash on you
I was living like I had it
Loving like we had it too

I miss those night together
On your futon on the floor
And your drives to carolina
And pink floyd
Our common core
And your breath
Between my shoulders
And your car
That took me miles
Across state lines

And space and time

I think I'll step outside now
Catch a slice of sunlight
Through the rain
I'll try and feel the sunset
Hiding in the clouds
Here your poems
Still warm me
When memory drains

Did I mention that I miss you
And I love you sometimes
Not in that famous
Star-crossed way
In that love with a limit way

Isn't it nice
I still don't know
What you do for money
Isn't it nice only your art
Came up in conversation
Isn't that nice
On a rainy Brooklyn
Morning I dialed and
Found you home

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