

Dawes**"That Western Skyline"**

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Oh, Lou- I'd like to let you know that I do not feel
welcome.
All the birds, the trees, the falling snow
No they were not made for me.
And all this is where her heart resides; we met in
California
She saw cities, promise reaching through my eyes
And she turned her self away

Well how I curse that western skyline.
And yet I thanked it for my start.
Oh rue, though my dreams did not come true; no they
only came apart.

So I followed her here to Birmingham, where the soil is
so much richer
And though my aching pride might guide my hand, she
did not ask for me to come.
So I wait for her all through the day, as if I wait for her
surrender.
And every time I get her to look my way, she says I'm
not where I belong.

But I watch her father preach on Sundays.
And all the hymnals of my heart.
But oh, rue, my dreams did not come true; no they only
came apart.

Ohhhh, oh oh oh oh
Ohhhh, oh oh oh oh
Ohhhh, oh oh oh oh
Ohhhh, oh oh oh oh

All the snow fall this time of year, it's not what
Birmingham is used to
I get the feeling that I brought it here, and now I'm
taking it away.
But let's share one more drink together, before I go
reload my cart
Oh, Lou, no my dreams did not come true- no they only
came apart.

Ohhhh, oh oh oh oh
Take me home,
Ohhhh, oh oh oh oh
Ohhhh, oh oh oh oh
Ohhhh, oh oh oh oh

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