

Boland Jason

"Everyday Life"

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(*Boland)

Wake and bakin' in the mornin'*

Another visine sunrise

A cup of coffee, a hippie's speed ball

Erase the road maps from my eyes

Into the sunshine and fetch the paper

Pretend it's good news for headlines

Our life's strung across the front yard

Everything that made our house a home

I was gonna cut down that tree this winter

That was back before you turned to stone

Yesterday your coat went for a quarter

God I hate sundays alone

[Chorus:]

I wish I knew what you were thinkin'

When you aimed it down that winding road

And put it to the floor

Cause now all of the little things

Don't seem so small anymore

Since everyday life became a chore

I still hear you in the hallway

I still smell you on my clothes

But I can't put away your pictures

And I can't watch your picture shows

You'd never pick me for a quitter

But you're not here to tell me so

[Repeat Chorus:]

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