

Have Heart "Pave Paradise"

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How many miles until I get out of this rectangular box
of hell?

Because these four same faces
In these overcrowded spaces
Have me praying for the places
That will leave me one minute to myself
(along with)

The foreheads glued to window-panes
The sore-backs from kitchen-wood floors
And all the sitting, sitting, sitting in a van -- and yet I
still want more?

When there's a million more miles to roam,
I think of the life left for me back home:
A "paradise" to watch their "greener grass" grow,
And all the time to be alone... ?

But two weeks home cripple me
Because the trees don't pass
And the lines don't move

As the white walls collapse
On my ramblin' boy blues that's howlin'
Howlin' for that open road because
No arms can hold
No home can warm
Like the gaze of the rays of a distant lost-highway sun.

When there's a million more miles to roam,
I think of the life left for me back home:
A "paradise" to watch their "greener grass" grow,
And all the time to feel alone.

Pave paradise
Put the keys in
Turn the engine
Let the big green van drive me from this city
To anything but simplicity

To anywhere from this city,
To anything but simplicity.

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