

Catch 22 "Arm to Arm"

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Another fucking day
It's still a nine to five, I swear
I don't want to reach the top
I don't want to be a millionaire

I know that it may sound crazy
But it's driving me insane
Staring out the window
Of another fucking train

We're walking, arm to arm
I won't follow, arm to arm
I won't lead, arm to arm
Beside me until tomorrow, arm to arm
You're walking arm to arm with me, with me

I'm feeling kind of homesick
When I smell the old pine tree
I felt you in the breeze
I close my eyes, it's not so easy for me

Once or twice, three times a charm
We were walking arm to arm
I wanted that for so damn long, but now it's gone
I've never been so wrong

Drop me a line
Tell me everything that I've been missing
Won't you drop me a line
Tell me where you're gonna be when I get home

2000 years more
Won't end this war, my brother
Half empty, half full
You're pushing, I'm pulling

Back in '96, sometimes
I sit and reminisce
Took the train to Hoboken
I didn't know it then

But that is when I found my place

Outside this so-called structured life
Married to my only love
And music is my wife

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I won't lead, arm to arm
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