

Chicago "The Pull"

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Summertime came too soon,
Summers in Kansas often do.
And the air was still,
I felt the Pull.
I recall the heat rising from the ground in a way.
And I knew I was the first to pass this way.

I believe I step across some line,
Or I stumble through the doorway in space and time,
Like a drunk who blacks out from the wine,
Never remembers his name.

Always feel so alone,
Wherever I am I feel the pull,
And the life I've left behind the pull.
And in case I have no future, I've got the past
There's no telling just how long this play will last.

I believe I step across some line,
Or I stumble through the doorway in space and time,
Like a drunk who blacks out from the wine,
Never remembers his name,
Never remembers.

I'm down, walking through a storm.
I hear a voice inside, crying,
It calls my name like a judge accusing,
Black robe hanging down, whoah,
Don't forget be brave about your love.

Well I walk across the murky room,
And there's flashes in my eyes,
I don't know what I'm doin'.
Like a drunk who blacks out from the wine,
Never remembers his name.
Like a drunk who blacks out from the wine,
Never remembers his name,
Never remembers his name,
I never remember my name.

