

Lyle Lovett "Highway Kind"

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(T. van Zandt)

My days they are the highway kind,
They only come to leave,
But the leaving I don't mind
It's the coming that I crave,
Pour the sun upon the ground,
Stand to throw a shadow,
Watch it grow into the night
And fill the spinning sky.
Time among the pine trees,
It felt like breath of air,
Usually I just walk these streets
And tell myself to care;
Sometimes I believe me,
Sometimes I don't hear,
Sometimes the shape I'm in
Won't let me go.
I don't know too much for truth,

But my heart knows how to pound,
My legs know how to love someone,
My voice knows how to sound;
It's a shame that it's not enough,
It's a shame that it is a shame,
Follow the circle down,
Where would you be?
You're the only one I want,
I've never heard your name,
Let's hope we meet someday,
If we don't it's all the same.
And I'll meet the ones between us,
And be thinking about you,
And all the places I have seen,
And why you were not there.

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