

David Mead

"Making it up again"

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fell back to the real world, 9:20 on a saturday
so it seems it's you and I in harm's familiar way
walk out on the front porch, no nothing's gonna keep us
in
we're making it up again

smell the basil growing and diesel from the german
car
get out on the highway, we can wonder where we are
but nothing's really broken, I'm banking on the deep
within
and making it up again

look out any window over any city street
pick up innuendoes from the strangers that you meet
work out every rhythm from the voices down the phone
they call the freedom freedom 'cause they're never
free to go

look out any window on a long forgotten town
waiting on the moon's glow and a high and lonesome
sound
locked into their houses, they will always be alone
just calling freedom freedom 'cause they're never free
to go

Natalie, you're changing; I see it in your pretty face
so it seems your porcelain is softening to clay
I know what your doing, I love you because you don't
give in
you're making it up again

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