

Dee Carstensen "Parking Lot"

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It doesn't surprise you
That it's five in the morning
That you said your goodbyes last night
Made sure that you got it right
The first door to your left
Takes you outside
It's just a parking lot
It's not the great divide
But it's taking you all you've got
To reach the other side

You pass by a woman
With two perfect children
Maybe that's what you want to be
A piece of the family tree
But every 4th of July
You wind up alone
No nuclear alarm
No parting of the sea
Just quietly desperate charm
You'll work on anyone you see

Chorus:
This is the last time
You'll suffer the lonely parade
This is the last time
You'll believe in the promises made
The promises made

If the winter was discontent
Well this summer is ripe for war
You get back on your horse and ride
Until she can't run no more
And you wake up one day
With all you need
It's not Park Avenue
No first class passage home
But the colors that trail behind you
Are yours alone

Chorus

And this is the last time
You'll take back your heart on a string

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