

The Felice Brothers

"Dallas"

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Ocean of stars,
Why've I gone so far?
I miss my home.
I hear those engines drone.
The runway is set.
Let's move this f*cking jet; I have to go,
Despite all the sleet and snow.

Just a late night host leaving Dallas,
With a portrait done in velvet
Just a three night run at the Palace
And I've never in my life felt so alone.

I worked for this show,
Stars would come and go.
I worked the lights,
I even swept some nights.
But now I'm a host that's worthy of a toast.
Don't you agree?
My little honeybee

Just a late night king leaving Dallas,
With a portrait done in velvet
Just a three night run at the Palace
I'll be at 17th and Broadway by tonight.

So far away from all these wonders
Even as the roulette's spin
I was escorted seventeen miles
Came upon all winds bend
Even in dreams of light
I can still hear her call through the tall grass and weeds
And I know I'll never be the same on this road to
Calvary

Just a late night host leaving Dallas,
With a portrait done in velvet
Just a three night run at the Palace
And I never in my life felt so alone.
And I never in my life felt so alone.

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