

## England Tyler

### "Collect From Wichita"

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Neal Coty/Randy Wan Warner)

It's raining cats and dogs

At a dinner outside of Wichita

Out of money out of breath

I'm out here in the great Midwest

It ain't like you'll walk through that door

A thousand miles from Baltimore

But if you did you'd see a man

He's drowning in the Promised Land

And all this time I've just been drifting

And I ain't got nothing left

I've been bent and I've been twisted

Into this state of common sense

My back is up against the wall

Hopin' that you'll take this call

Collect from Wichita

I left Dunston Road in a cloud of dust

Screaming black and furious

With slivers in my hand and feet

From pieces of our shattered dreams

