

Tribe "Outside"

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(Greg)

Through the windshield, on the footbridge
They cling to each other at the close of day
They've not a care for the crush of traffic
Their captive audience, they say
Look we've each other
What more could we ask for
We're right where we want to be
We're right where we want to be
And my heart skips and I twist a little
And the light's green and I drive away
I think who knows
What it is what it might be
I know anything goes
I've been there don't remind me
All kinds of twisted thoughts
Swirling through her head
She's already wondering about the baby
And look at him, watch his eyes
Who knows could be
He's already gone for the weekend in his mind
So here I am All on my own
Looking around Sun is shining
In all directions And now I feel
The wave inside And now I feel
The wave inside I'll hide my smile

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