

Lifelike Story, A "State"

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Pack our bags, our car and head out for the west coast
As the seconds chase the minutes your body fades into
a ghost
And the temperature is dropping as we cross over state
lines
So I'll send you message, a memory from my head and
hope it hits you in time

And hold onto these words because you know they're
true
Cause thirteen hundred miles leads back to you

And baby, I think I'm going crazy tonight
Three long months till I get home to Jersey
And I don't think that I'll be alright
And just know that when you come back home
You'll be mine tonight, you'll be mine tonight by the
candle light

This state is colder by the mile and not to sound clich

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