

Ty England "Collect From Wichita"

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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

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