

I don't hear nothing but the sound of me breathing
Maybe just a night-tap, cricket or the slide of a friendly wind
And I don't feel nothing but the sand under my feet
I'm leaving the straight-press for awhile
I'm leaving the strain and the city lights

Rosemary taught me the way
To take it off and lay it down
And leave all the fighters on the edge of town
With their ringing cells and their slamming doors
Just me and my sandals walking moons from more
And life will rock you but you let it roll
Cause I think all this thinking's rushing me old
And here, the best I can do is dream of momma's casserole

I grew up in a small town, soon as I could, I ran out
Feeling might tight, top down and this dreaming needed some room
But somewhere on the city clock, a dreaming girl forgot
That sometimes, the pace of a rocking chair
Is good to slow down, reminisce the air

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Ain't nobody stepping me over
Ain't nobody around, these days
The height that's lifting me up
Is mostly bringing me down
I don't wish for a skyline
If it's barely feeling like home
Just a speck in this bowl
Of people to throw the very same stone
Rosemary taught me the way
La la la, la, la la la la
La la la, la

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