

From hazy days to something real;  
Too far in to walk away, though I think I know the deal.  
I watched her face turn white to red, and then it hit me.  
She said "I've seen enough, I know you're a dying breed."

Go to meet Samantha, picture what I've missed the most.  
Her, Garfield Ave., and all the record stores,  
The shady dives we'd haunt as ghosts.  
I draw my coat closed and bound  
Up the stairs 'cause I'm back from the war.  
Feel the fear setting in, can't relate anymore,  
Then I'm met with a note stuck with gum to the door.  
You're not alone, welcome home.

We dropped into the sofa.  
The ugly scenes are gone.  
You can't stay mad that long.  
Some brains are just wired wrong.  
We talk about the weather and the color clouds are lined.  
You're bored, I'm counting time - I got thirty days behind me.

Catch a cab on Lyndale, heading downtown past Block E.  
It's all cleaned up, there's no more Moby Dick's,  
This place ain't what it used to be and yet I'm still me.  
In from the cold, reminded I'm unhip;  
When my fingers are thawed I'm still losing my grip.  
I keep standing and sitting and thumbing my chip,  
It's heads no, and tails go.