

# The Pull

Chicago

Summertime came too soon, summers in Kansas often do  
And the air was still, I felt the pull  
I recall the heat rising from the ground in a way  
And I knew I was the first to pass this way

I believe I stepped across some line  
Or I stumble through the doorway to space and time  
Like a drunk who blacks out from the wine  
Never remembers his name

I always feel so alone wherever I am I feel the pull  
And the life I've left behind the pull  
And in case I have no future I've got the past  
There's no telling just how long this play will last

I believe I step across some line  
Or I stumble through the doorway to space and time  
Like a drunk who blacks out from the wine  
Never remembers his name, never remembers

I'm down, walking through a storm  
I hear a voice inside crying it calls my name  
Like a judge accusing, black robe hanging down  
Oh, don't forget, be brave about your love

When I walk across the monkey moon  
Anger flashes in my eyes, I don't know what I'm doing  
Like a drunk who blacks out from the wine  
Never remembers his name

Like a drunk who blacks out from the wine  
Never remembers his name  
Never remembers his name  
I never remember my name