

That Western Skyline

Dawes

Oh Lou, I'd like to let you know that I do not feel welcome.
All the birds, the trees, the falling snow;
No, they were not made for me.
And though this is where her heart resides, we met in California.
She saw a city's promise reaching through my eyes,
And she turned her self away.

Well how I curse that western skyline.
And yet I thanked it for my start.
Oh Lou, no my dreams did not come true.
No, they only came apart.

So I followed her here to Birmingham, where the soil is so much
richer
And though my aching pride might guide my hand, she did not ask
for me to come.
So I wait for her all through the day, as if I wait for her sur-
render.
And every time I get her to look my way, she says I'm not where
I belong.

But I watch her father preach on Sundays.
I know the hymnals all by heart.
But oh Lou, no my dreams did not come true.
No, they only came apart.

Ohhhh, oh oh oh oh
Ohhhh, oh oh oh oh
Ohhhh, oh oh oh oh
Ohhhh, oh oh oh oh

All the snow fall this time of year, it's not what Birmingham is
used to
I get the feeling that I brought it here, and now I'm taking it
away.
But let's share one more drink together, before I go reload my
car.
And oh Lou, no my dreams did not come true.
No they only came apart.

Ohhhh, oh oh oh oh
Take me home,
Ohhhh, oh oh oh oh
Ohhhh, oh oh oh oh
Ohhhh, oh oh oh oh