

## Seattle

## Deaf Havana

I miss my mother, the smell of rain  
There's a girl I love back home, she shares my pain  
I just get so lonely, still I'm to blame  
'Cause the life that chose me doesn't know my name

The signs I pass by, 'did Jesus set you free?'  
Just helped me realize what kind of country this must be  
I made some friends in Arizona but I doubt they'd recognize my face  
When the whisky leaves their veins and I'm just a memory they'd replace

Seattle seems so long ago and you're so far away  
I've forgotten where my home is and I'm still counting down the days  
It's raining back in London town, somewhere in my brain  
Is a little piece of my tired mind, it'll never be the same

Somedays I don't feel like opening my eyes  
Give me a makeshift backseat bed in this desert life  
Nashville feels more like home to me and that's alright  
Broadway's not the same in broad day light

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Give me just a few more hours to gather up my thoughts into the corners of my mind, lift off again  
'Cause I've been drinking way too much, that don't make a change, it's just a way for me to numb these lonely days

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Is a little piece of my tired mind, it'll never be the same