

Rows after rows of passenger planes
Headed out again, running all in vain
Motel blues, only bad news
I'm never looking for you
You find me all the same

I lay awake at night envisioning
A trace from the past
This heavy heart of mine, it never fails
To bring me right back

Now I see us walking down Cedar Lane
Slow in the sunshine fast in the rain
Time moved so swiftly all of those days
I still remember how you used to say
"Something good will come out of this"

Coast after coast, cities and states
My world's an empty map where nothing remains
The place we belonged is quietly gone
While we were making plans, it drifted away

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How could I break away from you?
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