

## So. Central Rain

Hem

Did you never call? I waited for your call  
These rivers of suggestion are driving me away  
The trees will bend, the cities wash away  
The city on the river there is a girl without a dream

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry

Eastern to Mountain, third party call, the lines are down  
The wise man built his words upon the rocks  
But I'm not bound to follow suit  
The trees will bend, the conversation's dimmed  
Go build yourself another home, this choice isn't mine

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry

Did you never call? I waited for your call  
These rivers of suggestion are driving me away  
The ocean sang, the conversation's dimmed  
Go build yourself another dream, this choice isn't mine