

# Conversations With The Wind

## Houston Calls

Stepping off the ledge  
She looks at me and says  
Hey Tommy can I spend the night  
And wake up in your eyes

Of course you can, timidly answered,  
But beware I can't promise much  
Not at this time in my life

Watching trees change  
Just like your ways  
You're in my arms for the last time  
Pressed together  
My heart's weathered  
Now we will sleep for the last time

I build you up and break myself down  
How can I sit there while some clown  
Namely me  
Sets you up for a loss

First of all I'm insecure  
And number two I can't be there for you  
Not at this time in my life

How can I hear your call in this windy night