

If you were here in Starkville  
Townie boys would love the way you stare  
If you were here in Starkville  
Well the local girls they wouldn't have a prayer

Well I've spent a reckless night inside the wonder  
Of your everlasting charm  
Now I'm haunted by geography and the flora  
And the fauna of your heart

At the dawning of some road worn day  
I call you on a whim just to say  
The morning birds are singing  
But I could not do them justice  
So I hung up and I fell back to sleep

But I'm in love with my mobility  
Sometimes this life can be a drag  
Like when I noticed your nobility  
And how my leaving  
It only held you back

But I remember one occasion  
When you were drinking  
And you asked me to the coast  
But I was hell bent on agony back then  
And so I missed the boat

At the dawning of some road worn day  
I call you on a whim just to say  
My regrets become distractions  
When I can not do them justice  
Then I hung up and I fell back to sleep

When I was down in Starkville  
I was hiding out inside some comfort inn  
From a local gang of troubadours  
When the homecoming queen  
She come ridin in  
(oooh)  
Yeah

Yeah but I slipped out of my room into the rain  
(oooh)  
And I went running for my health  
(oooh)  
I watched those headlights turn to moonlight  
And finally I was running by myself

Now its the dawning of some road worn day  
And I call you on a whim just to say  
The morning birds are singing