

Today the grass is like another green,  
Straight from heaven's garden,  
Like you've never seen.  
At first glance it's like this place is on fire,

But it's just time for this dew to expire.  
Most of the days I'm down near the sea.  
People say they're not seeing me,  
I miss them as much as they miss me. I miss

Them just like they miss me.  
Now yesterday I think he might have called to say  
Hey, or just to get us all together on a Saturday,  
To take some time come down your way.

But he's over on the North Side.  
He can walk.  
He doesn't need a ride.  
I wouldn't pick him up anyway.

It's not not my town.  
I don't know the way.  
I see him out my window,  
On a very different street where leaves fall

Up in the Spring time, and the sun sets in the East.  
I'm always late when I'm visiting.  
I can't remember where the station is.  
What time will you be coming in?

I wish my town had an airport.  
In 15 minutes we've be at my door.  
We'd used the time for a walk and some wine,  
But these days I'm trying not to think about time.

I see him out my window,  
On a very different street where leaves fall up in the Spring t  
ime,  
And the sun sets in the east.  
We hang out in the garden, away from phone calls,

Strip malls-now I don't want to leave you behind.  
It's just that grayed-out horizon.  
Hey, don't you think it's time?