

The shadows break across the walls
Of a dim lit room pushed up against darkened halls.
This blanket-laden bed won't take the shape
Of the sleeping silhouette I used to watch as I lay awake.

And half my life is on California time,
The other half is sitting here in Boston,
Trying to picture her 3 hours behind.

Maybe she's climbing cumulonimbus mountain tops;
Whipped translucent white with precipitate that hasn't dropped.
Maybe she's grinning, remembering snow angels and cider drinks;
Her skin percolating in memory, raising bumps as her stomach si
nks.

Cuz' love's the stuff that let's you live
Without limiting your life.
The give and take that takes the shape
Of the last one that you see at night...

And half my life is on California time,
The other half is sitting here in Boston,
Trying to picture her 3 hours behind.

But picture frames, they don't feel the same
As arms around a shared last name
Taking shape on this olive-stained
Portrait of a girl.

Falling asleep holding telephones,
She's on her shore and I'm on my own,
Making love through this dial-tone.
This dial-tone....

And half my life is on California time,
The other half is sitting here in Boston,
Trying to picture her 3 hours behind