

# Leaving Boston

Lansdowne

Double yellow lines  
Melting into welcome signs.  
The novelty's gone,  
This grin's fading fast.

Snow-covered pines  
Held by salt-covered shorelines,  
Slip out out of my rearview  
And into my past.

So move on, move on,  
Every minute is another mile,  
There's nothing left here for you  
So just leave it behind.

Move on, move on,  
Every minute is another mile,  
There's nothing left here for you  
So just leave it behind...

Why I'm gone - no clearer why I can't move on,  
But I'm leaving Boston, I'm leaving Boston.  
Made my move, don't know what else I've got to prove,  
So I'm leaving Boston, I'm leaving Boston.

Haven't gotten far, the waitress has got her Rs,  
And she's in no hurry, and assumes that I'm not.  
But I've got some time, breathe deep and try to remind  
Myself of the reasons that I've up and forgot.

Why I'm gone - no clearer why I can't move on,  
But I'm leaving Boston, I'm leaving Boston.  
Made my move, don't know what else I've got to prove,  
So I'm leaving Boston, I'm leaving, yeah...

Something's got to give.  
Something's got to give.  
Something's got to give.

Why I'm gone - no clearer why I can't move on,  
But I'm leaving Boston, I'm leaving Boston.  
Made my move, don't know what else I've got to prove,  
So I'm leaving Boston, I'm leaving Boston.

Double yellow lines  
Melting into welcome signs,  
And I'm leaving Boston,  
I'm leaving Boston