

The Sun Woke The Whole State

Limbeck

Thanks for the ride to the airport.
My head got stuck out the window.
And it felt so good cause I've never had that kind of
luck on the way home.

When I got out, you were there knockin' on the front
door.
The cold gets in the things you wear.
It's so good it's that time again.

Thanks for stopping by the river so I could run to take
it.
Of all these days we wake, here is one to remember: the
first day of October.

It don't mean much.
We never had a chance.
We're out of touch.
The space between us spells it out.