

She's Leaving Home

Outasight

Wednesday morning 'round five o' clock
The day begins, it never stops
We wake up to a little light peaking on through
Downstairs to the kitchen we go
Eat breakfast, sip a cup of Joe
On the counter there, I left you a rose
Next to a note for the airport
Quickly eat and puff a smoke
The TV blares and the stove is broke
No need to talk or crack a joke
I packed your bags and we hit the road
Start the car and end the day
Knew this was coming 'round the end of May
But it's easier said than done
Made our bed and we had our fun but...

She's leaving-leaving home
Home-home-home-home
She's leaving-leaving home
Home-home, she's leaving home

Paris, France, Spain and Milan
Rides in Venice, staring at the stars
Polaroid flicks and postcards in script
Written to her family that she will dearly miss
And the radio at night would play her favorite song
Can't hardly wait, Westerberg has his charm
Two weeks alone and one week in Prague
Days turn to month and that's she want

They say home is where the heart is
But what happens when you departing?
Excuse me miss but please you'll have to pardon
My behavior but I'm just getting started
And I can say this with confidence
Or use my common sense to state the obvious
Beyond the compliments, we are the opposites
Attracted to each other, magnets for a mess
Wishing all the best but only getting stressed
Staying for the sex and fighting bout the checks
Issues addressed including your address
You leaving home on a flight direct
That I can't intersect but if I can interject
It's not too late and I would just say
That how we came together is a measure of fate
But I guess it can wait as we pull up to the gate