

# Virginia

Ron Pope

I grew up in the kind of place you have to pass  
When traveling somewhere else  
My mother laughed more than she cried  
But when she cried  
Well it was something everyone felt.  
Virginia  
I've been baffled by the echoes  
I've been deafened by the sounds of that place  
Where they said we should dream of heaven  
And keep our feet right on the ground

I don't know if this is where we're meant to be  
But hey Virginia  
Won't you spend your days with me

I dreamt of skies  
A quiet blue that laid to rest the pain of darker days  
And my dreams collide with subway cars  
But in my heart I knew that I was frightened for a change  
Morning paints the bedroom in a faded grey  
My hands remember yours  
I drank because I could not sleep  
Now I can't sleep 'cause I don't drink no more

I don't know if this is where we're meant to be  
But hey Virginia  
Won't you spend your days with me

New York ain't so pretty  
New York ain't so strange  
Soon we'll both forget our alibis  
Then maybe we could find a way to change

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But hey Virginia  
Won't you spend your days with me  
Won't you spend your days with me