

# Houston Don't Dream About Me

The Black Crowes

Another week in the driver's seat  
With your feet up on the dashboard  
Rain, it kept a steady beat  
As I watched you dream of Houston

I ain't never going back  
Yes sir, that's a fact  
As you waved your cowboy hat  
And sang "The Yellow Rose Of Texas"

Just trying to make high ground  
Has kept us on the run  
There's no crime in towing the line  
'Cause fortune is smiling on us, baby  
And we're gonna walk in the sun

I might dream about Houston  
But Houston don't dream about me  
If I could keep it between the lines  
Who knows what will be?

Loose change days and motel nights  
Day old coffee, dollar postcards  
State trooper's flashing lights  
As we listen to the thunder

As we talk about our past  
So we see our coming future  
You tell me you know love can last  
While staring out the window

Just looking for a place to hide  
A place to ease our minds  
A place away from yesterday  
Close to tomorrow, away from the sorrows  
Of living other people's time

I might dream about Houston  
But Houston don't dream about me  
If I could keep it between the lines  
Who knows what will be?

(How long, how long) Till we feel the change?  
(How long, how long) Will the skies be gray?  
(How long, how long) Will it be this way?  
(How long, how long) Will she stay?

I might dream about Houston  
But Houston don't dream about me  
If I could keep it between the lines  
Who knows what will be?

I might dream about Houston  
But Houston don't dream about me  
If I could keep it between the lines  
Who knows what  
Who knows what

Who knows what will be?