

The clouds move over Pontiac skies
Their silent thunder matches mine
I know this feeling from long ago
I wondered was it gone, but now I know

So when she calls, don't send her my way
When it hurts, you'll know it's the right thing

Michigan's in the rear-view now
Keep your hands where I could see 'em
It took the words right out my mouth
When you knew that I would need 'em
What am I supposed to do now,
Without you
Without you

It's unannounced like you'd expect it
I'm on broke down brake lines and mo-town records
And all that's left is a blind reflection
But you know what's coming and you regret it

So when she calls, don't send her my way
When it hurts most it's the right thing

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