

Econoline

Guy Forsyth

I heard you call my name
but now it's not the same
when i hear your voice half way across the country
locked up in the van
you'll never understand
this hole inside me
I have got responsibilities you have got them too
I'm trying but what am I supposed to do
every time i drift off in your blue eyes thinking
about the angels voice on the phone
I get that sinking feeling I'm never going home
sometimes I let myself get so down I can barely hold my head up to say
I'm alive and well and I'm coming home someday
I'm on the outside looking in at what you said to me
your words soft spoken in dream
another night I saw your face you smiled at me
just an illusion it may seem...
get it out of my head and so I'm stranded here
and there's so much more to fear but i know it will be over someday
everytime i think about your soft smile dreaming about the girl i needed to see
i feel a bit uneasy
the dark is upon me
sometimes i myself be afraid if the next days going to fall
then i tell myself it's okay
and then looking in at what you said to me
your soft spoken in a dream
another night alone I saw your face
you smiled at me
just an illusion it may seem...
get it out of my head

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