

Highway Kind

Moot Davis

My days they all are the highway kind
They only come to leave
But the leaving I don't mind
It's the coming that I crave Pour the sun upon the ground
Stand to throw a shadow
Watch it grow into the night
And fill the spinning sky And time among the pine trees
It felt like breath of air
Mostly I just walk these streets
And tell myself to care Sometimes I believe me
Sometimes I don't hear
Sometimes the shape I'm in
Won't let me go Now I don't know too much for truth
My heart knows how to pound
My legs know how to love someone
My voice knows how to sound It's a shame that it's not enough
It's a shame that it is a shame
Follow the circle down
Where would you be You're the only one I want
I've never heard your name
Let's hope we meet someday
If we don't it's all the same I'll meet the ones between us
And be thinking about you
And all the places I have been
And why you were not there

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