

# New Hampshire

## Stanley Brinks

A lonely yellow light gets swallowed  
By the morning in New Hampshire  
And casts a shadow on the pavement  
Where we used to walk together  
Put in a small town made of hills and trees  
And these dream's all you've got to believe  
This is what you dream  
I know she will make it, somehow  
'Cause she is from New Hampshire  
She said, she wants to see it all  
Putting on her make-up  
She is making her last telephone call  
She says, she's leaving me now  
My eyes are following the lines  
That lead away from New Hampshire  
'Cause she's gone out of view  
And taken with her clarity and laughter  
Put in a big town made of hard and scary things  
All you've got to believe  
In is what you dream  
I know she will make it, somehow  
'Cause she is from New Hampshire  
She said, she wants to see it all  
Putting on her make-up  
She is making her last telephone call  
She says, she's leaving  
Why is growing up so bad for love?  
It takes us further from what means the most to me  
The most in us has gone away  
But she is from New Hampshire  
She said, she wants to see it all  
Putting on her make-up  
She is making her last telephone call  
She says, she's leaving me now  
She says, she's leaving me now  
She says, she's leaving me now  
New Hampshire  
New Hampshire

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