

# 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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