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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