

# Comin' From Tucson

## A Great Big Pile Of Leaves

It's a long quiet drive, when we take it at night.  
Back and forth again, all night.  
It's been a long, long night.  
I'm still trying to figure out how she slept in my car again, all night.

Back in the back, everyone hit the sack.  
With boxes to the ceiling,  
We're working in the morning.

I can't imagine that we won't miss this,  
Coming from Tucson with everyone sleeping.

It was a long quiet drive.  
Yeah, we took it last night, over the Colorado river.  
A sleepy stop in nowhere with switchblades and potted plants.  
The sun comes up in San Diego after the fog rolls in.

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