The Getaway

David Edwards

I never really know who you are
You could be a ghost for all I know
Whenever you're home
Picking up pieces of my heart
Like leaves that have fallen on our garden path

Who's gonna fly your plane
When you need to make your getaway?

But I'm still holding on
Calling you back home, calling you back

I never really know who you are
You could be a ghost for all I know
Whenever you're home
Used to be closer than my skin
Turned a blind eye to the odds and I bet everything

Who's gonna fly your plane
When you need to make your getaway?

But I'm still holding on
Calling you back home, calling you back
You hear my flesh and my bones
They're calling you back home, they're calling you back

This house lives in silence for most of the year
You're a million miles away but you couldn't be nearer
Please break my heart just so I can feel
At least I would have something that I could believe

But I'm still holding on
Calling you back home, calling you back
You hear my flesh and my bones
They're calling you back home, they're calling you back

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