

Leaving

[Josh Ritter](#)

Making my own city lights
Out of bourbon and the stars of a bar room fight
Face forward in the wind
If you don't know where it is but you know where it's been Then it's leaving, leaving, leaving but I don't know
where
Leaving, leaving, leaving but I don't know where I tried to keep myself in line
I been bad but I seem to get back I every time
Now I come back and the place is all locked
Between the door knob and the doorbell, somebody talked Now it's leaving, leaving, leaving but I don't know
where
Leaving, leaving, leaving but I don't know where Every time I turn around
Something else just floated away
There ain't a single thing that I've found
With wings that decided to stay Maybe it's the place on the wall
Or maybe it's the space where the phone didn't call
or Maybe it's this thing in my chest
We'll know what it was by the hole that it left Now it's leaving, leaving but I don't know where
Leaving, leaving, leaving but I don't know where

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