Des Moines, IA

The Milk Carton Kids

The road does funny things inside a man
To hurt in ways I just don't understand
My heart can see the road that leads back home
I'm afraid that I can't get there any more.I wish that you could see into my eyes
To see what makes me race, and makes me cry
I have faith inside this broken, tethered heart
Whatever role I play is the right part.The sunshine in Des Moines can fade so fast
The love you never meant to let slip past
Minneapolis could take me home,
But home ain't where I'm headed for.My sorrow makes a face, the way I hurt
A longing for, betrayed by what I'm sure
Her sounds in words that push and pull you still
But hardened by the thought of what you will.Soon I'll find the places that I know
Faced by what should find me on this road,
My heart still sees the path that leads back home
But I think she's gone, I think I'm all alone.The sunshine in Des Moines can fade so fast
The love you never meant to let slip past
Minneapolis could take me home,
But home ain't where I'm headed for.Home ain't where I'm headed for.

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