Bound for Boston Hill

Bell X1

Out into pitch black
Where the moon lay upon its back
Driving deep into the throat
Of the countrysideStrapped tight into
Center of scene
Starry open attic nightNo headline hits happen here
About what do I write
So sad the pull I feel
Is a push into out of sightHard not to look behind
When there's something
On your back, on your soul
On your mindLet time pass by, circles fly
Time can wet and roll
A tear from the eyeStrapped tight into
Center of scene
Starry open attic nightNo headline hits happen here
About what do I write
So sad the pull I feel
Is a push into out of sight

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