

Eastern Homes And Western Hearts

A Day At The Fair

I've been dreaming of waking up happy under the sun
In the smog and the traffic and dreams of California
This lonely life takes to I-80 to try and forget
The people and friends that forgot about me when I left I'm still finding home, I'm finding my heart, my head
The reason's why I left 'Cause this is for dreaming, this is for leaving
This is you picking up the pieces when I'm gone
This is to drinking, this is to living
This is to packing up my shit and moving on, I'm moving on I've been dreaming of lying down naked next to
you
Under stars on a blanket under the Los Angeles moon
As we sit with our thoughts and watch the planes fly by
It's nights like this that I look at you, I was born to be alive My Western home, my Eastern heart, the middle is
my home 'Cause this is for dreaming, this is for leaving
This is you picking up the pieces when I'm gone
This is to drinking, this is to living
This is to packing up my shit and moving on, I'm moving on I don't mind setting these traps for you to fall into
'Cause I, I will be there, when you need to be rescued
I'll rescue, I will rescue you 'Cause this is for dreaming, this is for leaving
This is you picking up the pieces when I'm gone
This is to drinking, this is to living
This is to packing up my shit and moving on, I'm moving on

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