

Coming Up Close

'Til Tuesday

One night in Iowa
He and I in a borrowed car
Went driving in the summer
Promises in every star Out in the distance
I could hear some people laughing
I felt my heart beat back
A weekend's worth of sadness There was a farmhouse
That had long since been deserted
We stopped and carved our hearts
Into the wooden surface We thought just for an instant
We could see the future
We thought for once we knew
What really was important Coming up close
Everything sounds like
Welcome home, come home Oh, by the way
Don't you know that I could make
A dream that's barely half-awake come true? I wanted to say
But anything I could have said
I felt somehow that you already knew We got back in the car
And listened to a Dylan tape
We drove around the fields
Until it started getting late And I went back to my hotel room
On the highway
And he just got back in his car
And drove away Coming up close
Everything sounds like
Welcome home, come home Oh, by the way
Don't you know that I could make
A dream that's barely half-awake come true? I wanted to say
But anything I could have said
I felt somehow that you already knew Coming up close
Everything sounds like
Welcome home, come home Coming up close
Everything sounds like
Welcome home, come home
Come on home Ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

Ooh, ooh

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