

New Hampshire.

Jason Reeves

A lonely yellow light gets swallowed
By the morning in New Hampshire
And casts a shadow on the pavement
Where we used to walk together But in a small town made of hills and trees
And streams all you've got to believe
In is what you dream
I know she will make it, somehow 'Cause she is from New Hampshire
She said she wants to see it all
Putting on her make-up
She is making her last telephone call
She says she's leaving me now My eyes are following the lines
That lead away from old New Hampshire
'Cause she's gone out of view
And taken with her, clarity and laughter But in a big town made of hard and scary things
All you've got to believe
In is what you dream
And I know she will make it, somehow 'Cause she is from New Hampshire
She said she wants to see it all
Putting on her make-up
She is making her last telephone call
She says she's leaving Why is growing up so bad for love?
It only takes us further from what means the most
She means the most
And now she's gone away But she is from New Hampshire
She said, she wants to see it all
Putting on her make-up
She is making her last telephone call
She says she's leaving me now
She says she's leaving me now
She says she's leaving me now New Hampshire
New Hampshire

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