

Talking Backwards

Pocketbooks

We can talk for hours
And the line is still in gear
We're not getting any closer
You're too many miles away And I might as well be talking backwards
Am I making any sense to you?
And they only thing that really matters
Is the one thing that I can't seem to do When that night was over
And the field was lit up bright
And I want to tell you
Nothing I said came out right And I might as well be talking backwards
Am I making any sense to you?
And they only thing that really matters
Is the one thing that I can't seem to And I might as well be talking backwards
Am I making any sense to you?
And they only thing that really matters
Is the one thing that I can't seem to
Make sense of this dream
It's the one thing I can't seem to do

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