

Pave Paradise

Have Heart

How many miles until I get out of this rectangular box of hell?
Because these four same faces
In these overcrowded spaces
Have me praying for the places
That will leave me one minute to myself
(along with)
The foreheads glued to window-panes.
The sore-backs from kitchen-wood floors,
And all the sitting, sitting, sitting in a van - yet I still want more?
When there's a million more miles to roam
I think of the life left for me back home:
A "paradise" to watch their "greener grass" grow
And all the time to be alone...?But two weeks home cripple me
Because the trees don't pass
And the lines don't move
As the white walls collapse
On my ramblin' buy blues that's howlin'
Howling for that open road because
No arms can hold
No home can warm
Like the gaze at the rays of a distant lost-highway sun. When there's a million more miles to roam
I think of the life left for me back home:
A "paradise" to watch their "greener grass" grow
And all the time to be alone.
Pave paradise
Put the keys in
Turn the engine
Let the big green van drive me from this city,
To anything but simplicity. To anywhere from this city,
To anything but simplicity.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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