

Dizzy from the Distance

I'm running through a pastel desert,
And that ol' sun is straining hard sending the heat down—
Bleaching all bright colors from the land and the living things
For miles and miles around.
The only sounds are the whining of my wheels on the highway
And the roaring of the wind in my ears.
This whole scene is looking like a painting of my life,
A painting of my life when you're not here—
And I'm dizzy from the distance.

Well, I watched you take the dive
Into that sea of light, and you never once came up for air.
So I put my number in a bottle, tossed it, and then I turned
And I got away from there.
Sometimes you're on the line to say you miss me
When the frantic boomtown rhythm has nigh driven you to tears.
In this western quiet I am reaching out for you,
Still reaching out for you when you're not here—
And I'm dizzy from the distance
Fallen in between us—
 I'm dizzy from the distance
 Fallen in between us.

 I stand on a windy ledge,
 These empty arms outstretched;
 I'm calling out your name,
 And the echo is promising a change
 Gonna come around someday . . . someday.

Well, I'm late to meet the morning train,
With a broken rose in hand, red-faced and out of breath.
Must've been some bad connection down the line;
The train pulls out, and I am left.
And I wonder why love comes in pieces hard to put together,
With directions that are anything but clear.
From the station to the highway through that desert in the night—
There's a desert in the night when you're not here—
And I'm dizzy from the distance
Fallen in between us—
 I'm dizzy from the distance
 Fallen in between us.