

Josh Rouse, Dressed Up Like Nebraska

Trying to tell me something here
in this place
All of your demons rest
in my space

I dreamed last night
you and I were there
old and gray
Holding tight
you were always so
cold

But I can't touch you where you are
There you stood dressed up like Nebraska
Plain as day

It's being in the dark that makes me so
paranoid
It's the feeling of a sort that just won't
stay inclined enough

I could see your eyes tonight
somehow try to set it right
I could change your mind to see this.

But I can't touch you where you are
There you stood dressed up like Nebraska
Plain as day

I can't touch you where you are
There you stood dressed up like Nebraska