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