

West Indian Girl, Miles From Monterey

16 hours away...a bit too far from Monterey
Never mind the coastline
Need a dime to pay the phone
I can hear her say
All the lights are raining down.

I'm falling away, I'm falling in love
Come on, come on, come on, let it go

On a highway...rows & rows of tired lives
Miles from Monterey
Passing cars with broken hearts
I still hear her say

I'm falling away, I'm falling in love
Come on, come on, come on, let it go

The sunlight falls from orange to red
On the road to stars that chain together
We could never see what never is

I'm falling away, I'm falling in love
Come on, come on, come on, let it go