

From the gullies of Atlanta  
To the plains states, where we pray  
I can measure all the distance  
By the way she says my name

She gets solace holdin' on to me  
She gets soulless holdin' on to me

It gets dark along the road at night  
With freeways passin' by  
It gets dark and cold and full of sighs  
Up above you in the sky

She gets solace holdin' on to me  
She gets soulless holdin' on to me

We make the constellations out of her beauty marks  
We make the constellations out of the falling stars  
We make the constellations out of her beauty marks  
We make the constellations out of the falling stars