

# Leaving

Josh Ritter

Making my own city lights  
Out of bourbon and the stars of a bar room fight  
Face forward in the wind  
If you don't know where it is but you know where it's been

Then it's leaving, leaving, leaving but I don't know where  
Leaving, leaving, leaving but I don't know where

I tried to keep myself in line  
I been bad but I seem to get back I every time  
Now I come back and the place is all locked  
Between the door knob and the doorbell, somebody talked

Now it's leaving, leaving, leaving but I don't know where  
Leaving, leaving, leaving but I don't know where

Every time I turn around  
Something else just floated away  
There ain't a single thing that I've found  
With wings that decided to stay

Maybe it's the place on the wall  
Or maybe it's the space where the phone didn't call  
or Maybe it's this thing in my chest  
We'll know what it was by the hole that it left

Now it's leaving, leaving but I don't know where  
Leaving, leaving, leaving but I don't know where