

Oh holy figure at the edge of my bed  
He leaned in closely and said nothing to me  
Repeating image of you, when I'm alone  
I see you calling to me  
Then I see nothing at all

Back to the summer we all drove out to Arizona  
Back to the heart of it all  
Back to the summer we all drove out to Arizona  
Back to the heart of it all

Oh holy vision at the end of my bed  
She leaned in closely and said nothing to me  
I was young, with the sun  
I had no reason to run  
I see you calling to me  
Then I see nothing at all

Back to the summer we all drove out to Arizona  
Back to the heart of it all  
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Back to the summer we all drove out to Arizona  
Back to the heart of it all  
Back to the summer we all drove out to Arizona  
Back to the heart of it all (back to the heart of it all)

(Back to the heart of it all)  
(Back to the heart of it all)