

Houston Don't Dream About Me

The Black Crowes

Another week in the driver's seat
With your feet up on the dashboard
Rain, it kept a steady beat
As I watched you dream of Houston

I ain't never going back
Yes sir, that's a fact
As you waved your cowboy hat
And sang "The Yellow Rose Of Texas"

Just trying to make high ground
Has kept us on the run
There's no crime in towing the line
'Cause fortune is smiling on us, baby
And we're gonna walk in the sun

I might dream about Houston
But Houston don't dream about me
If I could keep it between the lines
Who knows what will be?

Loose change days and motel nights
Day old coffee, dollar postcards
State trooper's flashing lights
As we listen to the thunder

As we talk about our past
So we see our coming future
You tell me you know love can last
While staring out the window

Just looking for a place to hide
A place to ease our minds
A place away from yesterday
Close to tomorrow, away from the sorrows
Of living other people's time

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If I could keep it between the lines
Who knows what will be?

(How long, how long) Till we feel the change?
(How long, how long) Will the skies be gray?
(How long, how long) Will it be this way?
(How long, how long) Will she stay?

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