

# Leaving Detroit

The Jayhawks

Pointed windows, rusty stairs  
Local color push their wares  
They're stuck in their ways  
You tell me that you just don't care  
Don't pretend that you don't care

Waves of undulating rain  
Visible from the little train  
Where you slept  
Sorry that I ripped your dress  
Sorry that I ripped your dress  
Whoa-oh, oh-oh, oh

You're already gone  
This house ain't a home  
I'll take the last flight  
I'll stare at my hands  
We'll make our last stand  
I'm leaving Detroit

The pushing billboards, fast food chains  
Tires whining softly in the rain  
On the outskirts of town  
What it is that I don't got  
Who it is that I'm not

You like it rough, or so you said  
I hit you till my fingers bled  
Your eyes are nickel blue  
A wedding ring nicked your chin  
A wedding ring nicked your chin  
Whoa-oh, oh-oh, oh

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