

Gaston Ave

Astronautalis

[Verse 1]

Call you up on the telephone, no-one answer
Call again, it rings, I call again
I think of stopping by or stopping in
But never leave home
Tripping back and forth between the bar and home
Looking back and forth at what I done
Collected bottle caps and soggy scraps of high life label peelings
Running tabs, a running up and down the walls again
Climbing up the slang on stalls again
Somethin' 'bout the better times tonight and baby Jesus
Your letters are the ladder I climb rung by rung
To claw my way up to the gates of heaven
The sketches and scratches you draw drunk and alone
Gives me the map that I'll follow back home
Back home, follow back home, back home
Follow back home, back home

[Verse 2]

Send me home, take me home
I gotta get, I gotta go
Cut me up, cut me off, kick me
I'm a busy man, I got a schedule to keep
Where's my data, where's my gun, where's my hat
I'm madder than a... where's my phone, where's my fax
Can't look past you're hacking at the forest but you never hit a tree
Tell me one more time, tell me once more, promise that I'll listen
But I can't be promis-isn' I'll be baking cakes
Or building you no castles by the sea

[Hook]

Good little lady you driving me crazy
Why don't you swing my way and find your seat
Your lipstick is lazy, your eyes are all hazy
But there's somethin' behind the whiskey whispers you speak
That rocks me to sleep

[Janis Ian]

There must be something terribly wrong with me

Sometimes I feel like I haven't learned anything

[Hook]

Good little lady you driving me crazy
Why don't you swing my way and find your seat
Your lipstick is lazy, your eyes are all hazy
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