

Max Jury, Great American Novel

There's a story in your voice
And in the way you say goodnight
Leaves me wanting more
It lingers in my mind
Lingers in my mind

It was the golden age
Of being lost in love
You wrote the perfect page
Then your ripped it
You ripped it up

Now I'm waiting for a train
From New York to Boston
It's not supposed to be this way
It's not supposed to be this way
It's the price I have to pay
Throw roses at the rich girls
And I start to feel ok
When I start to feel ok

There's a song inside my head
It plays on constantly
Loud enough to wake the dead
It's a song for you and me
It's a song for you and me

Those were the sleepless nights
Learning to make love
And all the sunken eyes
Of being too far apart
Too far gone

Now I'm waiting for a train
From New York to Boston
It's not supposed to be this way
It's not supposed to be this way
It's the price I have to pay
Throw roses at the rich girls
And I start to feel ok
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