

End of the Day

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by Erin Crowley

Notes: My sweet husband fears that every song I write is about him. This is one of the few cases where he might actually be right. ☺ My thoughts on this one—I'm having a hard time listening to it. Something about the chord progression or maybe the melody line, particularly in the third verse, reminds me of a coffee commercial. I'm going to have to come back to this one someday soon and rework it 'til it doesn't make me cringe. Or alternatively I could just go back to writing gloomy, depressing songs.

City lights scraping twilight skies
People all so hypnotized
Push themselves to distant lines
Pretend the day's not over

Down below I stand my ground
In a rising sea of traffic sounds
All of us swimming upstream
In the concrete river

CHORUS:

Welcome to the end of the day (x3)
I am coming home to you

Don't pay attention to the signs
Just try to stay between the lines
But my thoughts are weaving me
From here to there

The traffic lights that intervene
Kaleidoscopes in red and green
Every moment spins me
Closer (closer) closer to you

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Pull in the driveway see your car on the side
Open up the door and cross the great divide
Drop my bag, take off my shoes
And step into your arms

All the rest seems so absurd
In the presence of your simple words
Finally my day begins now that
It ends, it ends with you

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