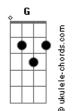


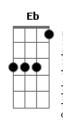
Houston Calls - High Rise

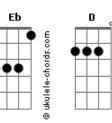
tom: Eb I'll save this for late night A cup of coffee and a long walk through the park Down from this rooftop I see the pond and the great lawn through the dark Just when should I tell you That's always been the toughest part I know how it ends but not how it starts So this is how I choose to bring this around That's all for now I'm running out of time Just tell me how to make this right Eb Because I'm sick of planning ways to make you mine Recounting all the lines I'd give to your expectant eyes But I failed to see the signs It's not the first time That my thoughts would get the best of me So I'll keep to myself And just keep on thinking wishfully I know that this won't help I need to say this to your face We both know this talk won't take place

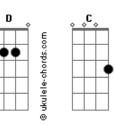
So this is how I choose to bring this around That's all for now I'm running out of time Just tell me how to make this right D Fb Because I'm sick of planning ways to make you mine Ab Recounting all the lines I'd give to your expectant eyes But I failed to see the signs Don't bother to tell me This time I can see in your eyes That I'm caught in between perfect lies and an impossible dream I'm running out of time Just tell me how to make this right Because I'm sick of planning ways to make you mine Ab Recounting all the lines I'd give to your expectant eyes But I failed to see the signs So this is how I choose to bring this around I'm running out of time Just tell me how to make this right Because I'm sick of planning ways to make you mine Recounting all the lines I'd give to your expectant eyes But I failed to see the signs

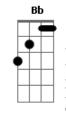
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