

Steppin' out on the great lawn in the new green shoots of a crop  
There was a wind in the wild rough grasses and a broad swelling  
heat when it stops  
Standin' at the edge of creation at the base of the throne of the sky  
By the mouth of the Tennessee River where the birds of another  
world fly

Well I must be on my way the share croppers say there's barely  
even work for them.  
I'll come rolling back to town when my fortune comes around.  
Come and see your daughter again.

I directed my stride to the river and the near by great beyond  
The broken stalks of the harvest, pale as bone in the dawn  
Pulled forward and drawn onward like water called to the sea  
My hands are always full or empty and my boots are always carrying me.

A big eyed girl in the hallway.  
Borrowed light from the moon  
I kissed her lips with my own mouth  
I swear I will be back soon.

I caught hope one handed. It was two days old in the dirt.  
My arms grew weak in their sockets like tender stalks of longing and hurt  
If these are the fields of reckoning, If these are the days to debate  
I would love to stay and talk it over but sir I am afraid it's to late.