

Suitcase Full of Sparks

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Traveling through the graveyard with a suitcase full of sparks
Honey, I'm just trying to find my way to you
Lit up every campfire I found out in the dark
Oh, I cut down all the cottonwoods

I picked up all the arrowheads off buffalo trails of the Indian
s
The Oklahoma sky was cutting through
Along the tracks with the Runaway,
He just talks and talks and talks
Honey, I'm just trying to find my way to you

I quit counting stars that night in the cold by the satellite f
ield
And I quit panning gold,
Digging holes
Yeah, I'm just trying to find my way to you

Swam across the Poncha
Took a train to Cataloo
Opened up my guitar case and all the songs were blue
I haunted all the alleys
Lord, I drifted down the valleys
Honey, I'm just trying to find my way to you

And I quit casting hooks off the California coast we held so de
ar
And I quit flashing smiles, and running wild
Yeah, I'm just trying to find my way to you

Threw my bottle to the ocean,
She never wrote me back
All the countless days along the sea of blue
Learned the language of the Mockingbird
She took and twisted all my words
Yeah, I'm just trying to find my way to you

And I'll meet you in the graveyard
With the winter trees and stars
Oh, we could open up this suitcase full of sparks