

# Shriner's Park

Melissa Etheridge

I wonder what you're doing  
In the night out there  
Is a sad summer breath tangled in your hair  
Can you hear the lonely engines  
Screaming through the town  
There's no where to run  
When the darkness comes down

Is there a song inside of you  
That you tried to forget  
Like your fake ID and your mom's cigarettes  
Does it take you back  
Is the vision intense  
You and me in Shriner's Park  
Trying to make some sense

You were just seventeen  
But your laughter was mild  
You liked my dreams you thought I was wild  
Is there a rhythm in your step now  
That reminds you of a dance  
Do you push it all away  
Cause you never took the chance

You'd sneak out your window  
When I'd come for you  
I'd be waiting in the street light on 8th Avenue  
You'd slip into my car  
We'd drive down past the fence  
You and me in Shriner's Park  
Trying to make some sense

Did you feel like you were crazy  
When they sent you far away  
Did no one have the answers  
When you hung your head to pray  
You could not let yourself dream  
Never dare believe  
You could ever be more  
Than you were born to be

Do you lock up your house  
Like you locked up your past  
If I were to call  
Could you free me at last  
Could you slip into my car  
Could we drive down past the fence  
You and me in Shriner's Park  
Trying to make some sense