

# The Speed Of Soul

Carrie Newcomer

I found her sleeping in a Kansas truck stop  
In the corner booth  
She'd been waiting there for months  
And that's the truth

She looked at me with wary eyes  
She'd heard all my lies  
She was not surprised  
She only looked at me  
And shook her head

Come back, come home  
I'm gathering the crumbs and the stones  
Been travelling faster than my soul can go

One subject line, one click away  
But at the end of the day  
I couldn't even say  
The things that I had done

So I spent the morning sweeping floors  
I didn't want much more  
Than to do just one thing at a time  
And call it mine

Come back, come home  
I'm gathering the crumbs and the stones  
Been travelling faster than my soul can go

Before songs were grooves and lines  
Caught in jars like fireflies  
The only place a song was held  
Soft or razor-sharp  
Was is in the heart

Mr. Gatling made a Gatling gun  
He said it would end war  
Who could send some mother's son through such a door?

But the bullets move at the speed of cold  
Drones do as they're told  
And the men go home at night and kiss the wife  
And watch TV  
And never see all those souls untethered floating out to sea

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Faster than our souls can go  
Faster than our souls can go