

Miracle Of Living

Darrell Scott

He left Boston in December for New Mexico
Determined to forget all of the faces he'd known
A little lonesome and a world of troubled mind

With a bed roll on his shoulder and a banjo on his knee
He would hitch a ride with truckers
He believed them to be free
Eighteen-wheelers roll a little further down the line

He did not meet a girl in Richmond nor in old San Antone
His vision of the Southwest would be realized alone
Alone to wonder
how his life had gone thus far

As he walked along the highway
He felt a power from inside
He found a miracle of living
In having nothing left to hide

He walked Carlsbad to White Sands
For forty days and nights
But it only took ten minutes for that man to realize:
Lord, it's lonesome everywhere

Now he's living back in Boston teaching English in high school
Glad to have bi-weekly wages
Glad the kids all think he's cool
He's a man who has learned from where he's been

He keeps a bottle full of white sand on his table down the hall
And a worn map of New Mexico thumb-tacked on the wall
Oh, you never know
He may need to go again

As he walks along the hallway
He feels that power swell up from inside
And finds a miracle of living
In having nothing left to hide

Oh, it's a miracle