

Girl On A Road

Ferron

My momma was a waitress, my daddy a truckdriver. The thing that kept their power from them slowed me down awhile. I remember the morning that was the closing of my youth, when I said goodbye to no one and in that way faced my truth...and a walk along the river... and a rain a'coming down...and a girl on a road.

There's a rhythm to a highway to match the rhythm of your fears. My shopping bag possessions scattered with my splattered tears. A string of nights in truck stops and in darkness and in lies and a man they all called Tigerboy...he just had to show me why. He just had to give me something I'd forever understand...as a girl on a road.

Rain upon the water makes footprints sunk in sand. Anger upon angry hurt, take me by the hand. Take me by the heartstrings and pull me deep inside and say I'm one with your forgiveness and separate from my pride.

I don't know what it's like for you but here's what it's like for me... I wanted to turn beautiful and serve Eternity and never follow money or love with greasy hands, or move the earth and waters just to make it fit my plans. My eyes would be the harbor, my words the perfect place for a girl on a road.

I met you in the Summer, I left you in the Fall. In between we did some living...I like to think that's all...but now I see words can be like weapons no matter that they're small, and I used three tiny words on you and then beat it down the hall. Does this road go on forever? Does this terror know no end...for a girl on a road? Would you like to sing it with me? Rain upon the water makes footprints sunk in sand. Anger upon angry hurt, take me by the hand. Take me by the heartstrings and pull me deep inside and say I'm one with your forgiveness and separate from my pride.

You cannot measure what it takes to mend a withered heart. They'll tell you at the onset everybody does their part. I did my best to follow the calling of my soul. But, it's like that first guitar I played...at the center is a hole, at the center is a...longing... that I cannot understand as a girl on a road.

But if music be a boulder, let me carry it a long while. Let it turn into a feather, let it brush against my smile. Let the life be somewhat settled with the life that song has made. Let there be nothing I am longing for in some plan I may have made, in some story quickly written during a long forgotten time as a girl on a road. Sing it with me...Rain upon the...