

Get Out the Map

Indigo Girls

The saddest sight my eyes can see
Is that big ball of orange sinking slyly down the trees
Sittin' in a broken circle while you rest upon my knee
This perfect moment moment will soon be leaving me

Suzanne calls from Boston the coffee's hot the corn is high
And that same sun that warms your heart will suck the good earth dry
With everything it's opposite enough to keep you crying
Or keep this old world spinning with a twinkle in its eye

Get out the map get out the map
And lay your finger anywhere down
We'll leave the figuring to those we pass on our way out of town
Don't drink the water there seems to be something ailing everyone
I'm gonna clear my head
I'm gonna drink that sun
I'm gonna love you good and strong while our love is good and young

Joni left for South Africa a few years ago
And Beth took a job all the way over on the West Coast
And me I'm still trying to live half a life on the road
Seems I'm heavier by the year and heavier by the load

Why do we hurtle ourselves through every inch of time and space
I must say around some corner I can sense a resting place
With every lesson learned a line upon your beautiful face
We'll amuse ourselves one day with these memories we'll trace

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