

# Melinda

James McMurtry

Don't expect no favors, nothing in return  
Tell all your cross-eyed neighbors that it's none of  
their concern  
Open the shades Melinda, let in the outside air  
I'm deep in doubt and I can't get out, and it must be  
dark in there  
I wanna walk with you in the morning mist  
Though I should be home by now  
And there must be some way outta this  
I was thinking you'd know how  
And my judgement may be shaky  
And my shoes are soaking through  
'Cause the weeds are wet and I haven't yet made any  
sense of you

All the midnight angels  
Fold their wings by dawn  
The same old wild-eyed strangers sit and watch em till  
they're gone  
I let the night unravel, forget my vain pursuits  
"Cept to feel that gray rock gravel  
On your road beneath my boots

I wanna walk with you in the changing light  
When the shadows twist and play  
And the ghosts that kept me out all night  
We can chase em all away  
And the talk of those that wonder  
And the talk of those that curse  
Let em have their thrill, they'll need it  
We'll be no more for the worse

Shine your eyes upon me, whisper long and low  
Mindful of the longing that we ever more may know

Up the ridge on past you, looking down below  
You can see the stacks of Danville when the clouds  
don't hang so low  
Should you take a mind to, won't you join me there  
Open the shades Melinda, let in the outside air...