

# Outskirts

James McMurtry

Light snow falling  
On the muffler shops and the lumber yards  
The streets are slick as glass  
Ditches lined with stranded cars  
The tow trucks are busy  
Dealing with the evening rush  
I might have picked a better day  
I probably shouldn't expect that much

(I'm just) On the outskirts  
Of an old familiar town  
With a misty darkness coming down  
On the fringes  
Outside looking in  
She says Well now where you been  
Didn't expect you back again  
Trying to get out of the wind  
Are you now

Standing on the doorstep  
Something doesn't feel the same  
Strange car in the driveway  
I guess I really can't complain  
I wonder should I even knock  
Or Just head out on my way  
And It's an awkward moment  
Staring at the floor  
Filling up the ashtray

Cold coffee  
Styrofoam cup from the Stop 'n go  
Throw it in the floorboard  
Catch the weather on the radio  
Freezing rain  
Continued on through the morning  
Travelers' advisory  
I'll give a little more warning next time