

Saint Mary Of The Woods

James McMurtry

Where you going
With your head hung down
Papers blowin' through the streets of town
They've already taken all
Of your posters down
Didn't take 'em long once
The orders came down
Sunrise off the lake shining in your eyes
Shining on the wasted and the wise
All you hear ringing in your ears are
Boldfaced lies
That scream like the gulls in that smoke stained amber sky

Fly back to the nest if it helps at all
Saint Mary of the Woods in the early fall
The leaves are turning on the Wabash now and children sing to y
ou
They sing a song of your dreams come true

Where you goin'
Brandy on your breath
Bottle's open spilled across the desk
Snifter's broken, smashed against the wall
Just the way your standin' says it all
You hung the sign out please do not disturb
Driver's waiting out front on the curb
Write it off as one more half sold show
Once they've seen your best
They can forget about the rest don't you know