

## Cross Of Flowers

Jeffrey Foucault

There's a cross of flowers at the roadside  
Where some fool bought it two years back  
There's an orchard gone to hell  
Beside a burned out one room shack  
There's a thousand sparrows falling  
In a thousand shades of black  
I'm coming home

There's a steeple on the skyline  
Like a single iron nail  
There's a windmill doing nothing  
And a low moan on the rails  
Where the coal train takes the corner  
And the light begins to fail  
I'm coming home  
I'm coming home

There's a red barn in the half light  
And a white frost on the shade  
And in the bars down off the main drag  
They're drinking down what they got paid  
And I wonder in all my leaving  
If I ever could have stayed  
I'm coming home

There's a junked out car in the tall grass  
It ain't ever gonna sell  
And Jimmy's raising daughters  
And Jack's out raising hell  
And I always said I loved you  
I never said I loved you well  
I'm coming home  
I'm coming home  
I'm coming home