

## Northbound 35

Jeffrey Foucault

Northbound 35  
Through the iron hills  
Under infidel skies  
It's two hundred miles to drive  
You won't be home

I saw an elsebound train  
On the overpass  
In the driving rain  
Every ticket costs the same  
For where you can't go

CHORUS:  
Mustang horses, champagne glasses  
Anything frail anything wild  
It's the price of living motion  
What's beautiful is broken  
And grace is just the measure of a fall

So I rolled into your town  
I passed the smokestacks  
And the ore docks down off of Main  
And the sky spun around  
With her diamonds on fire

We fought all night and then we danced  
In your kitchen  
You were as much in my hands  
As water or darkness or nothing  
Can ever be held

CHORUS

It's just flashes that we own  
Little snapshots  
Made of breath and of bone  
And out on the darkling plain alone  
They light up the sky

It's 51 and driving south  
Ain't it funny  
How things'll turn out  
I never even kissed you on the mouth  
When we said goodbye

CHORUS