

Caroline

Jon Foreman

Caroline
Middle finger queen of the never mind
It's been a little while since the second time
I knew that you'd never come home

Caroline
You were just a child
In the fireline
You were just a child
When your mama died
And daddy couldn't make it alone

And I wonder out loud
Where your heart is now
Where your heart is now
Where your heart is now
Caroline

Now then you're in the magazines
Tabloid rags and the trash machines
Spitting out the image of the memory
Of a girl with the pigtails flying

I had a dream that you were calling home
Standing in the rain on the pay phone
All that you were getting was a dial tone
No one on the end of the line

And I wonder out loud
Where your heart is now
Where your heart is now
Where your heart is now
Caroline

Ohhh, ohhh

They say your heart is where your treasure is
But maybe there's another way to measure this
Cause it feels like what you find pleasure in
Are the things that are bringing you down

And every now and then I wonder if you'll ever make it home again
Back to the childhood innocence of the girl on the old playground

And I wonder out loud
Where your heart is now
Where your heart is now
Where your heart is now
Caroline