

# I Tried Going West

Mary Chapin Carpenter

I tried going west where the sky meets the sun  
Where the edge of the world's always been  
As far from this place as a girl gets to run  
When her reasons to stay have worn thin

Out there the days were so bright and so blue  
Yet I missed all my thunder and rain  
The way a storm punctures a hot afternoon  
Washing away every stain

When my maps pointed north they were calling for snow  
To cover all sound and all sight  
Tell me where on this earth does all that noise go  
Underneath all of that white

With thaws scarcely mentioned I dug out my truck  
By the time the storm cleared I was gone  
Back on the road with the radio up  
Singing at the top of my lungs

Driving and crying and driving some more  
Oh the south is a good place to hide  
Hot nights, cold beer and creaky screen doors  
And a motel's vacancy sign

A letter a day I wrote back home to you  
But not one you ever received  
Because I can't stand a man who lies like you do  
And I can't bear a woman who pleads

One day it dawned I had run out of road  
And out of reasons to run  
Like a horse to the barn I was hell bent to go  
As fast going back as I'd come

Home, home was the song that I sang  
As I pulled in just before dark  
There was only a hook where your coat used to hang  
That's where I hung up my heart

I tried going west, where the sky meets the sun