

The Long Way Home

Mary Chapin Carpenter

You could be this man; he's got it all worked out
To the nth degree, no fears, no doubts
He'll retire at thirty to his big-ass house
Next to the putting green

Now he's got a picture in his head of the perfect wife
Their perfect children, their perfect life
Nothing wrong with that
Coming home each night to his cul-de-sac of dreams

Funny now how it all went by so fast
One day he's looking over his shoulder at the past
When everybody had to go, had to be, had to get somewhere
How did he forget about what got him there?

Now you could be this woman; she's the CEO
She's got her power suits and her IPOs
She punched a hole in the ceiling years ago
And she hasn't pulled back since

Now there's a gardener for the flowers
A cook for the meals, a maid for the laundry
An accountant for the bills, a walker for the dog
And a trainer when she feels the need to lose an inch

Funny now how it all went by so fast
One day she's looking over her shoulder at the past
When everybody had to go, had to be, had to get somewhere
Somehow she forgot about what got her there

Accidents and inspiration lead you to your destination
Or you could be the one who takes the long way home
Roll down your window, turn off your phone
See your life as a gift from the great unknown
And your task is to receive it

Tell your kid a story, hold your lover tight
Make a joyful noise, swim naked at night
Read a poem a day, call in well sometimes and
Laugh when they believe it

Funny now how it all goes by so fast
One day I'm looking over my shoulder at the past
Now everybody's got to go, got to be, got to get somewhere
Baby, don't forget about
You really shouldn't forget about
Baby, don't forget what got you there
I think it's what got you there
Yeah, it's really what got you there
You know what got you there