

Everywhere In Denver

The Promise Ring

Your young English eyes on the highways,
Climbs and dives, climbs and dives like its alive,
And the black in Indiana is leaving for Atlanta.
I wonder if shell ever go anywhere, anywhere with me.
From the corner of coffee and fever,
Hazel and curry and your long walking worry.

You say it's easier to sleep when the engine beats.
And you think I'm not eating.
"Yeah, what have you been reading?"
We talked over Ida and Arkansas like the country whispers to no
thing near at all.
And they put out the lights and I lit up the crickets.
They knew I was taking you out.