

## Your Way Is The Way Home

Tired Pony

I can smell the redwood fire of Oregon  
These memories form a choir and they sing to me  
It's years since I've been home  
and I've ached for you  
And I wonder how you changed  
and if you know my face at all  
I'm praying that you will

I'll carry the thought of you  
So gently in my two hands  
The decades are stuck like glue  
Like the blood soaked into the land  
My stampeding heart is lost  
Like the compass you always were  
I can see in the thawing frost  
That your way is the way home

Our ghosts fill up the room completely  
So there's barely room for us and  
a clumsy silence falls  
These years have humbled me and  
I know it's too late  
Your eyes have been my guide they've lit my  
northern sky for twenty years or more