The West Was Burning

Martha Scanlan

Was the year the west was burning, I
was on a mountain sleeping I
woke up a-dreaming
about you
I was walking down a road of dust and bones and ash and following a burning set of tracks that led to youI still see the fire in your stare
I still think I coulda burned up thereOut the window there are fields of wheat in Kansas that roll out forever under ever underneath the sun
if I could lie there for a moment I
could feel your arms around me I
could feel the spinning round the spinning
sunRoll on through the wheat and roll on by
Touch of green against a deep September turquoise sky
(you and I)When all the glory you could somehow shove inside
a bottle doesn't seem to fill the empty cup inside
your soul and all the winding roads you used to
follow never seem to get you halfway where you
want to think you need to goTimes of trouble, times of grace and ease
Mama always said there'd be days like theseAnd if wishin' was a-walkin
and a-thinkin
was a-talkin
I'd be walkin', and a-talkin'
back to you
And if I could be a river winding down a mountain I
would twist and curl and turn and tumble
down to
youTell you stories told by mountains and tall trees
Tell you maybe this is one of theseWas the year the west was burning, I
was on a mountain sleeping I
woke up a-dreaming
about you

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