

# 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 you I still  
see the fire in your stare  
I still think I coulda burned up there Out 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  
sun Roll 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 go Times of trouble, times of grace and ease  
Mama always said there'd be days like these And 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  
you Tell you stories told by mountains and tall trees  
Tell you maybe this is one of these Was the year the west was burning, I  
was on a mountain sleeping I  
woke up a-dreaming  
about you

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