Ohio Clouds

Laura Veirs

Roll Ohio clouds oh roll on in
Wash the cigarettes the smell from grandma's skin
Clear the dank and dusty kitchenettes
The bourbon bottles resting empty on the chest
Empty on the chestGrandpa's on the outside of the fence
He's calling to his son again he's on the outside never in
So roll Ohio clouds oh roll on by
We gotsta get rid of that guy
He's gonna blacken up the skyDaddy's old transistor radio
Is crackling by the window I just can't make it out
Stories passing through I know they're mine
American treasure find
I just can't make them out
What they're all about...

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