

# Drenched

## Dusk, Blackdown

Riding through nostalgia, shaking memories by the mile  
The city lights are closing in on him  
And the distance grows shorter for a while Still he wonders what dreams fill her heart  
And wonders if what they had could ever be sparked  
The roads never lead where they're supposed to go  
That's what he tells himself before he lets it go Out on the cold gray plain, sunken on the side of the road  
The words bleed off the page, the letter becomes well soaked  
"No more turning backwards", he says, as he drives on, off in the rain  
Ventures on up through the Colorado's and settles under the rock  
Pines and stakes claim He wonders what dreams fill the heart  
And wonders if what they had could ever be sparked  
The roads never lead where they're supposed to go They just twist 'round and 'round the flame  
The eyes closing, the heart retains  
A bit of a spark before it fades away  
That's where he gets lost and drifts off alone  
And what he tells himself, "Better let it go"

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