

# Dogwood

Terry Allen

Well my name is not important  
You could say I've been around  
And my song it has been stolen like all others in this town  
I can tell the way I'm headed by the moss upon the trees  
I mean every word I've said  
And nothing means a thing to me I'm a man without a direction  
I'm a ship without a sea  
Meet me at the resurrection  
Say you'll save a place for me Now the sky is casting over  
There's a storm cloud rolling in  
I believe it could be months before I pass this way again  
Count the scars on the horizon  
Count the birds up in the sky  
There's a dogwood at the crossing  
You can't miss it if you try And if you see me coming through the distant grass  
Send a hand to clear the stones out of my path If you see my dear companion  
Tell her that I am not lost  
I am standing at the station  
I am trying to get across  
Count the clouds on the horizon  
Count the stars up in the sky  
There's a dogwood at the turning  
You can't miss it if you try

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