

Andy

Indigo Girls

Andy, do you love me?
Do you think about it? Will you say?
Turning brushwood into blazes
Turning summer grass into hay
Turning sharply past the graveyard
To the lakefront
With the black waves licking up the stones
To the swayed back screened in front porch
Who could ever stay the weight
Of flesh and bones Andy, aren't you tired?
From the sun and rain, river soaking you
From the beer cans on your dashboard
And the bullet hole glass spiderweb
Staining your rear view
I have watched you watch an empty road
Is it only her upon which
All of you is depending
To fill your twenty hour work day
While all the fences In this county still need mending, hey And in the night I do my checking
Fix the broken parts with visions of rare beauty
But in my heart I know I'm second
Forever fixed in your pursuit
It is my duty, hey Andy, will you toss me?
A little scrap of something that I can taste
Instead of dust from all the leaving
And the smell of summer lying here to waste
Under the burnt pyre of all the castaway
Tiny shoots will spring like questions
Will you take me?
Out to the fenced hill sprinkled with horses
Wild in resistance to the taming
Will you break me? Will you break me?

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