These Days In an Open Book

Nanci Griffith

Shut it down and call this road a day
And put this silence in my heart in a better place
I have traveled with your ghost now so many years
That I see you in the shadows
In hotel rooms and headlights
You're coming up beside me
Whether it's day or nightThese days my life is an open book
Missing pages I cannot seem to find
These days your face
In my memory
Is in a folded hand of grace against these timesNo one's ever come between your memory and me
I have driven this weary vessel here alone
Will you still find me if I leave you here beside this road
'Cause' I need someone who can touch me
Who'll put no one above me
Someone who needs me
Like the air he breathesThese days my life is an open book
Missing pages I cannot seem to find
These days your face
In my memory
Is in a folded hand of grace against these timesI can't remember where this toll road goes
Maybe it's Fort Worth, maybe it's a heart of gold
The price of love is such a heavy toll
That I've lived my life in the backroads
With your love in my pocket
If I spend the love you gave me
Tell me where will it go?These days my life is an open book
Missing pages I cannot seem to find
These days your face
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Is in a folded hand of grace against these timesThese days your face
In my memory
Is in a folded hand of grace
Folded hand of grace
Folded hand of grace
Against these times

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