

Windshield

Neil Cribbs

Brother don't you cry alone
There's plenty people feeling down
Brother don't you sing that sad sad song
Cause you don't have me to bring you out

Mother don't you weep for me
I've made my stamp in this old town
Mother I wish that you could see the world I see
Where it's never crowded with my crowd

Chorus:

Singing, high on the world
Breathing songs that make the simple people spin
Sitting high beside my only girl
She smiles and makes my dreams a closer friend

Breakneck speeds of roads and bars
And empty glasses sing the songs
Windshield reveals where we've been and where we are
But just not quite where we belong

My heart is always pointed South
Where she leaves the porch light on
She sighs goodbyes from her downturned mouth
And whispers, "Baby, Hurry Home."

Lyrics submitted by Foo.

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