

Mill Creek

Darden Smith

I used to go down to the Mill Creek
When I was only nine or ten
I'd run trot lines in the muddy water
I'd watch the leaves riding the windIt was there I smoked my first Marlboro
It was there I kissed Laurie Jones
I'd lie in the tall grass for hours
I'd walk in the shallows, I'd skim those stonesAnd one day I was a climbing in the railroad trestle
I heard the sound of a coming train
Man, it was on me like a rolling thunder
Lit a fear inside I can't explainSent me running, sent me screaming
Like a wild man through the tall grass
Trying to make it back homeAnd it was then I ran into that stranger
With his suitcase and his walking cane
He put his hand on my little shoulder
And since that day, I ain't been the sameSends me running, sends me screaming
Down a freeway, down a runway
Trying to make it back homeAnd here I stand, in this darkened hallway
My baby's sleeping, dreaming soft and low
I feel his hand on my shoulder
Like that day, down by the Mill Creek, long ago

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