

Road to Your Soul

All About Eve

Behind me, a caravan weighed down
With bad dreams and ghosts of apologies
There's no room, no room inside
For a hitcher with a suitcase of pride
Before me, a stallion pulls like the moon
Sun through the trees tells me I'll be there soon
The wind cries, 'cause she saw me crying
About the times I find myself lying.
I must have fallen by the wayside
The wheels crack beneath my foolish pride
Give me a sign in your direction
And show me to road to your soul.
Unhitch the wagon 'cause it hinders me
I'll hitch my skirts up and go carelessly,
Barefoot and riding bareback
Wind in my hair, it feels like honesty.

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