I Am a Town

Mary Chapin Carpenter

I'm a town in Carolina, I'm a detour on a ride
For a phone call and a soda, I'm a blur from the driver's side
I'm the last gas for an hour if you're going twenty-five
I am Texaco and tobacco, I am dust you leave behindI am peaches in September, and corn from a roadside stall
I'm the language of the natives, I'm a cadence and a drawl
I'm the pines behind the graveyard, and the cool beneath their shade
Where the boys have left their beer cans
I am weeds between the graves.My porches sag and lean with old black men and children
My sleep is filled with dreams, I never can fulfill them
I am a town.I am a church beside the highway where the ditches never drain
I'm a Baptist like my daddy, and Jesus knows my name
I am memory and stillness, I am lonely in old age
I am not your destination, I am clinging to my ways
I am a town.

Songwriters
MARY CARPENTER, MARY CHAPIN CARPENTERPublished by
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