

If I Were Brave

Shawn Colvin

All the happy couples on their way to New Orleans
Reminding me of when we got along
And they're only renting time and space to fill up with their dreams
And dreams are what they'll have, when they have gone
How could it be that I was born without a clue to carry
on?
And still it is the same, now I am older
Armed with just a will and then this love for singing songs
And minding less and less, if I am colder
But I have this funny ache and it's burning in my chest
And it spreads just like a fire inside my body
Is it something God left out in my spirit or my flesh?
Would I be saved, if I were brave and had a baby?
It was never clear what would next
But that's the risk and that's the test
And you were the only one so far to follow
And no one talks about when one might stop and need to rest
Or how long you sit alone before you stop looking
back
It's like you're waiting for Godot
And then you pick your sorry ass up off the street and go
And what the hell is this? Who made this bloody mess?
And someone always answers like a Martyr
Is it something you should know, did you never do your best?
Would you be saved if you were brave and just tried harder?
So now, I ride the ought one thirty-five to New
Orleans
I float a mile above life's toil and trouble
A thousand lonely lifetimes, I still wait and then go on
A clown to entertain the happy couples

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