Iowa (Traveling III)

Dar Williams

I've never had a way with women,
But the hills of Iowa make me wish that I could
And I've never found a way to say I love you,
But if the chance came by, oh I, I would
But way back where I come from,
We never mean to bother,
We don't like to make our passions other people's concern,
And we walk in the world of safe people,
And at night we walk into our houses and burn.

Iowa

How I long to fall just a little bit,
To dance out of the lines and stray from the light,
But I fear that to fall in love with you
Is to fall from a great and gruesome height.
So I asked a friend about it, on a bad day,
Her husband had just left her,
She sat down on the chair he left behind, she said,
"What is love, where did it get me?
Whoever thought of love is no friend of mine."

Iowa
Once I had everything,
I gave it up for the shoulder of your driveway
And the words I've never felt.
And so for you, I came this far across the tracks,
Ten miles above the limit, and with no seatbelt, and I'd do it again,
For tonight I went running through the screen doors of discretion,
For I woke up from a nightmare that I could not stand to see,
You were a-wandering out on the hills of Iowa,
And you were not thinking of me.

Iowa

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