

# Bobbie's Gone

Emmylou Harris

Beneath her clothes, her heart is breaking  
Spends her mornings making lines  
Though her pain is real and aching  
All she owns are borrowed lines  
Doesn't know which side to be on  
Though she's trying every door  
Only needs the floor she sleeps on  
All she asks is a little more time  
Bobbie's gone to California  
I won't see her anymore  
Bobbie's gone to California  
Like she did the year before  
And the year before  
The day she left, her shirt was clinging  
To her back wet with rain  
I watched her leave, heard her singing  
A song she wrote when Christmas came  
Bobbie's young but getting older  
The face she shows is not her own  
Winter's near, it's getting colder  
California's called her home again  
Bobbie's gone to California  
I won't see her anymore  
Bobbie's gone to California  
  
Like she did the year before  
And the year before  
The mirror gives back no reflection  
Of shadow she will not see  
It understands she needs protection  
Of what she swears she has to be  
Bobbie's nights are empty tables  
Hold her 'til she's made to leave  
Bobbie's dreams are empty fables  
She makes herself believe  
To be free  
Sometimes she cried because of visions  
Of what she loved had all been sold  
There's not much left, no one to listen

To the echoes that she holds  
How could I tell her when she's fading  
She'd run out of a place to be  
There will be no one waiting  
For the poetry of her soul  
I won't see her anymore  
Bobbie's gone to California  
Like she did the year before  
And the year before

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