

Evangeline

Icicle Works

It was sometime after midnight
I was looking for a friend
My headlights lit her body
By some pine trees on a bendI slowed down right beside her
I turned the music down
She looked around then climbed inside
She didn't make a soundEvangelineWell, soon we started talking
I asked her for her name
She said it's not important
But I'll tell you anywayMy mother loved the bayou
My daddy worked the land
They named me after what they loved
So the world would understandEvangelineWe stopped just past the crossroads
She thanked me once again
I didn't wanna leave her
But I drove on just the sameI thought about her story
Words whispered from her mouth
Her beauty and her innocence
A credit to the SouthEvangelineI could not believe she was gone
When I returned
The forest's evening choruse
Was the only sound I heardNow if you ever see her
Be sure to say hello
Her leveled thumb may stop you
If you're Westbound and aloneEvangeline

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