

Nashville

Noah Gundersen

packed up my piano and a suitcase full of clothes
and i went looking for a better place to hide
ride across the border in a broken down sedan
with a bottle and a rifle on my mind on and on and on the miles stretch for hours
the radio keeps spitting out the tunes
every other song is just another tired rhythm
another tired lover's tune it's a long, long way back to nashville
where i come from, where i been
it's a long, long way back to nashville
but i promise i will see you again through the ice and fog this morning the sun is coming up
i'm standing on the shores of the hudson bay
over glass fired violet, silence, silence
calling up the day and every man is an island, an island
in his own special way
there's a white ghost out on the water, the water
with one good song and nothing else to say it's a long, long way back to nashville
where i come from, where i been
it's a long, long way back to nashville
but i promise i will see you again
in heaven

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