To a Scrapyard Bus Stop

Charlie Parr

There's someone out there, Out in the snow
I think that I knew her, long time ago
Homemade outfit, frayed cap and gloves
She is a monument, a tribute cause.(CHORUS)
It must be a bus stop, there through the snow
The wind whips right through her thin winter coat
(Mm-hmm)She pulls a cart behind her, there are tracks in the snow
That lead to her possessions, tied up just so.
I know that I knew her, but I can't say how.
Long time before anyway, the way she is now.There's someone out there, but I can't make her out
Salvation Army shoes on, sole all walked out.
I know that I knew her, we were in love.
Long time gone anyhow, there comes the bus(CHORUS)Crowd pushes past her, no one looks twice
She looks through her window, and I catch her eye
She doesn't know me, She looks away.
The bus slowly disappears through the snowy haze.

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