

# Bus to Baton Rouge

Lucinda Williams

I had to go back to that house one more time  
To see if camellias were in bloom  
For so many reasons it's been on my mind  
The house on Belmont Avenue Built up on cinder blocks off of the ground  
What with the rain and the soft swampy land  
By the sweet honeysuckle that grew all around  
Were switches when we were bad I took a bus to Baton Rouge  
I took a bus to Baton Rouge All the front rooms were kept closed off  
I never liked to go in there much  
Sometimes the doors they'd be locked  
'Cause there were precious things that I couldn't touch Company couch covered in plastic  
Books about being saved  
The dining room table nobody ate at  
The piano nobody played I took a bus to Baton Rouge  
I took a bus to Baton Rouge There was this beautiful lamp I always loved  
A seashore was painted on the shade  
It would turn around when you switched on the bulb  
And gently rock the waves The driveway was covered with tiny white seashells  
A fig tree stood in the backyard  
There are other things I remember, as well  
But to tell them would be just too hard Ghosts in the wind that blow through my life  
Follow me wherever I go  
I'll never be free from these chains inside  
Hidden deep down in my soul I took a bus to Baton Rouge  
I took a bus to Baton Rouge  
Yeah, I took a bus to Baton Rouge

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