

# Iowa (Traveling, Pt. 3)

## Dar Williams

The summer ends and we wonder where we are  
And there you go, my friends, with your boxes in your car  
And you both look so young  
And last night was hard, you said  
You packed up every room  
And then you cried and went to bed  
But today you closed the door and said  
"We have to get a move on.  
It's just that time of year when we push ourselves ahead,  
We push ourselves ahead." And it was cloudy in the morning  
And it rained as you drove away  
And the same things looked different  
It's the end of the summer  
It's the end of the summer,  
When you move to another place And I feel like the neighbor's girl who will never be the same  
She walked alone all spring,  
She had a boyfriend when the summer came  
And he gave her flowers in a lightning storm  
They disappeared at night in green fields of silver corn  
And sometime in July she just forgot that he was leaving  
So when the fields were dying, she held on to his sleeves  
She held on to his sleeves And she doesn't want to let go  
'Cause she won't know what she's up against  
The classrooms and the smart girls  
It's the end of the summer  
It's the end of the summer  
When you hang your flowers up to dry And I had a dream it blows the autumn through my head  
It felt like the first day of school  
But I was going to the moon instead  
And I walked down the hall  
With the notebooks they got for me  
My dad led me through the house  
My mom drank instant coffee  
And I knew that I would crash  
But I didn't want to tell them  
There are just some moments when your family makes sense  
They just make sense So I raised up my arms and my mother put the sweater on  
We walked out on the dark and frozen grass  
The end of the summer

It's the end of the summer

When you send your children to the moonThe summer ends and we wonder who we are

And there you go, my friends, with your boxes in your car

And today I passed the high school, the river, the maple tree

I passed the farms that made it

Through the last days of the century

And I knew that I was going to learn again

Again, in this less hazy light

I saw the fields beyond the fields

The fields beyond the fieldsAnd the colors are much brighter now

It's like they really want to tell the truth

We give our testimony to the end of the summer

It's the end of the summer,

You can spin the light to gold.

Songwriters

DAR WILLIAMS

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Other patents pending.

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