

# On a Bus to St. Cloud

Trisha Yearwood

On a bus to St. Cloud, Minnesota  
I thought I saw you there  
With the snow falling down around you  
Like a silent prayer  
And once on a street in New York City  
With the jazz and the sin in the air  
And once on a cold L.A. freeway  
Going nowhere  
And it's strange, but it's true  
I was sure it was you  
Just a face in the crowd  
On a bus to St. CloudIn a church in downtown New Orleans  
I got down on my knees and prayed  
And I wept in the arms of Jesus  
For the choice you made  
We were just gettin' to the good part  
Just gettin' past the mystery  
Oh, and it's just like you, it's just like you  
To disagree  
And it's strange but it's true  
You just slipped out of view  
Like a face in the crowd  
On a bus to St. CloudAnd you chase me like a shadow  
And you haunt me like a ghost  
And I hate you some, and I love you some  
But I miss you mostOn a bus to St. Cloud, Minnesota  
I thought I saw you there  
With the snow falling down around you  
Like a silent prayer

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