Calico Plains

Pam Tillis

Sweet Abilena looks out at the midwestern sky
Sweet seventeen with a faraway look in her eyesShe said, "I feel like a bird in a cage
Come September Im flying away"
And I said, "Im gonna miss you"
Then I made her promise to writeSince we were tall as the corn in the spring
We shared every secret, shared every dream
So anxious to grow in the new summer rain
And bloom like a rose on the Calico plainsHow could she hear as we laughed
On that warm summer night
The tiny heart of the baby, she carried insideI stood beside her when September came
Watched her get married and caught the bouquet
And like those hand me down dresses she gave me
I made her dreams mineFrom a seat by the window on wings made of steel
I stared at the patchwork over the fields
Where young tears that once fell like warm summer rain
Were turning to snow on the Calico plainsSweet Abilena looks out at the midwestern sky
Closer to thirty but farther away in her eyes
She holds her babies like she holds her dreams
Each night she kisses and rocks them to sleep
While she reads the letters, she makes me promise to writeSweet Abilena looks out at the midwestern sky

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