Michael's Song

Nanci Griffith

There's a light out on the freeway
Says it's time to go
I'm wasting my time counting
Stains on a barroom floor
Thinking 'bout my hometown
And the friends I'll leave behind
Mostly 'bout the man who writes
His songs with smiling rhymes
And I'm holding on to a smokey view
Of his dreams in the midnight lightMichael counts his songs
In the years of wasted miles
I used to think he was really part
Of that fantasy in rhyme
But looking back on all his tunes
Of butterflies and sunshine
There was only one about the
Man he kept inside
About the time he crossed the line
And let a tear come to his eyeI used to hide out
In his pretty smile
And hope it would shine me
Through the morrow
Until I learned the way
It feels to be the man
Who sings the world a smile
Without a soul to share his sorrowThe light here at the freeway
Well, it's turning green to gold
The stains on that barroom floor
Ten miles back down the road
Thinking 'bout how that old bar
Brought Michael back to mind
And how I can sing his blues
And be smiling here inside
I guess a weary soul will always

Songwriters
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