

# 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 light Michael 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 eye I 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 sorrow The 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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