

I Tried Going West

Mary Chapin Carpenter

I tried going west where the sky meets the sun
Where the edge of the world's always been
As far from this place as a girl gets to run
When her reasons to stay have worn thin Out there the days were so bright and so blue
Yet I missed all my thunder and rain
The way a storm punctures a hot afternoon
Washing away every stain When my maps pointed north they were calling for snow
To cover all sound and all sight
Tell me where on this earth does all that noise go
Underneath all of that white With thaws scarcely mentioned I dug out my truck
By the time the storm cleared I was gone
Back on the road with the radio up
Singing at the top of my lungs Driving and crying and driving some more
Oh the south is a good place to hide
Hot nights, cold beer and creaky screen doors
And a motel's vacancy sign A letter a day I wrote back home to you
But not one you ever received
Because I can't stand a man who lies like you do
And I can't bear a woman who pleads One day it dawned I had run out of road
And out of reasons to run
Like a horse to the barn I was hell bent to go
As fast going back as I'd come Home, home was the song that I sang
As I pulled in just before dark
There was only a hook where your coat used to hang
That's where I hung up my heart I tried going west, where the sky meets the sun

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