

Cracked Windshield

Hiss Golden Messenger

Drifting down the line like the gospel ship
Magnolia ringing all the bells in my headI can feel October coming on the back-scratch wind

Red weather calling through the cracked windshield

Quite a few have fallen on the path back there

When their mamas come calling it's the saddest thingSome are dead and buried

Some are never found

If you feel a storm coming, better shut your mouth

I was a dreamer, babe

When I set out on the road

But did I say that I could find my way home?

Cracked windshield light - will you be the death of me?

Oh, burn it, babe - just enough to seeI've been the king of Brixton and roamed the Bywater 'round

I saw all the colors of the little river townAnd the drums the masses were like a funeral band

Then the Lion of Judah came and stole their flagA song is just a feeling and when you make it pay the rent

Next thing that you know, you're saying something you'd never sayI was a dreamer, babe

When I set out on the road

But did I say I could find my way back home?

Cracked windshield light - don't you take the best of me

Oh, burn it, babe - just enough to see

Monday morning, early, getting the kids to school

I can fix this, babe - I can fix this, babeI can see the ghosts coming over the tidewater plains

I don't know if I'm running

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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