

Cracked Windshield

Hiss Golden Messenger

Drifting down the line like the gospel ship
Magnolia ringing all the bells in my head
I 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 thing
Some 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 see
I've been the king of Brixton and roamed the Bywater 'round
I saw all the colors of the little river town
And the drums the masses were like a funeral band
Then the Lion of Judah came and stole their flag
A 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 say
I 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, babe
I 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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