Your Way Is the Way Home

Tired Pony

I can smell the redwood fire of Oregon
These memories form a choir and they sing to me
It's years since I've been home
and I've ached for you
And I wonder how you changed
and if you know my face at all
I'm praying that you willI'll carry the thought of you
So gently in my two hands
The decades are stuck like glue
Like the blood soaked into the land
My stampeding heart is lost
Like the compass you always were
I can see in the thawing frost
That your way is the way homeOur ghosts fill up the room completely
So there's barely room for us and
a clumsy silence falls
These years have humbled me and
I know it's too late
Your eyes have been my guide they've lit my
northern sky for twenty years or moreI'll carry the thought of you
So gently in my two hands
The decades are stuck like glue
Like the blood soaked into the land
My stampeding heart is lost
Like the compass you always were
I can see in the thawing frost
That your way is the way home

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