The Power Lines

Nanci Griffith

Nobody seems to care about you
With your tool case by the roadside
There beneath the power lines
Or the pallor of your skin
Paled beneath fluorescent lights
In a Greyhound station's cruel midnight
Where you can't afford the rideOh, the power lines
They go from sea to sea
They carry voices
Love from him to me
The power lines you fall beneath
Are the rainbows you can't climb
And you will not climb the power lines
'Cause you are lost beneath the power linesThere's no place that you haven't been
And no place that you call your home
There's no place that you cannot go
With the gift within your hands
And the tools to build another's dream
That connects them to the power lines
You do not feel you needOh, the power lines
They go from sea to sea
They carry voices
Love from him to me
The power lines you fall beneath
Are the rainbows you can't climb
And you will not climb the power lines
'Cause you are lost beneath the power lines

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