Something Small

Joan Shelley

It's a small town, it doesn't ask for much
broken down and always building back up
something small, something to shine the lights on
for those passing cars
the hopeful words they've drawn
He's a young man, light load on his chest
single again, he follows a dream to the west
to a town nearby, a hand on his back
and her haunting eyes
and a clear voice whispering
It's all laid out in front for you to take it
It's all laid out in front for you to take it
You stoke the fire, holding onto the light
Folding the layers and bending them in to shape
with a pounding iron, a heat that draws the moths out
from their holding walls
to your humble home they come
It's all laid out in front for you to take it
it's all laid out in front for you to take it...
It's a small town, it doesn't ask for much
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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