

Automobile

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Creeping down on Franklin Street
Bare feet on cold concrete
Walking to the corner stone
Where she recalls her own world war
She can hear the automobile
Driving in the frozen rain
Headed for the memory of all these people
Gathered on a hill
Oh I think they stand there still
Waiting for someone to carry them home
And they always will

She got in the automobile
Driving to the place where the bombs went off
Teacher says you ought to look down
But you're looking out
At all the fire's turned to ash
Songs have burned like paper trash
The flames that ate the phonograph
Are nipping at you now

Drifting in a dreamless sleep
Curled up on a cold car seat
Startled by an earthquake sound
She wakes to watch the moon fall down
She got in the automobile
Driving in the frozen rain
Headed for the memory of all these people
Gathered on a hill
I think they stand there still
Waiting for someone to carry them home
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